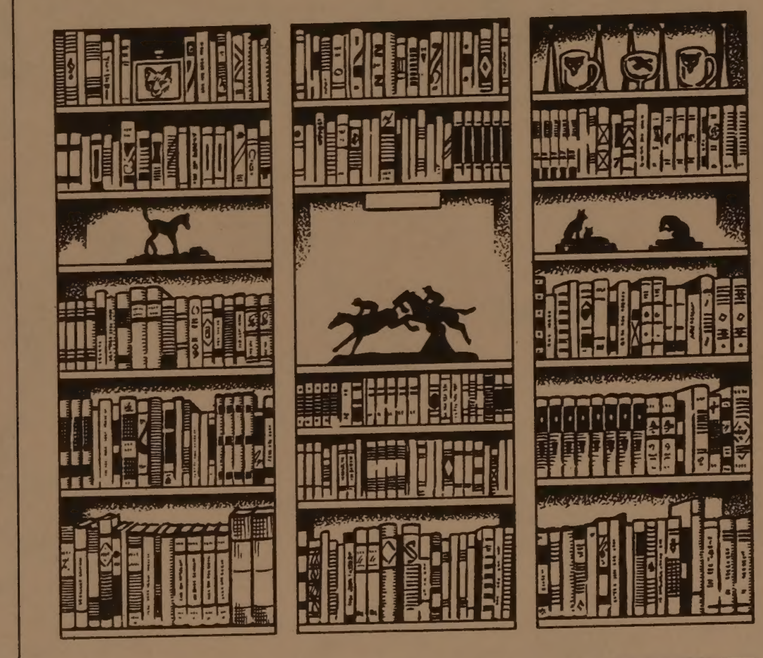

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THE SPORTSMAN.

THE

BOOK OF SPORTS,

British and Foreign.

1843

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"El Toro."

LONDON:

WALTER SPIERS, 17, NORTH AUDLEY STREET.

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BRITISH AND FOREIGN;

DEVOTED TO THE PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATION OF THE PURSUITS OF THE SPORTSMAN IN EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE.

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THE FOX.

THE FOX.

BLESS thy handsome face, my sweet Pug!—Nature's fairest work—the pride of Noah's ark—the Apollo of quadrupeds—how I love to gaze on thy beautiful form; a head whose every feature is typical of sagacity (so we call the *reason* of four-footed beings)—a body made to exhibit the poetry of motion in its sweetest inflections. To describe the various beauties of thy person, my Pug—thy lightning eyes, thy delicately-moulded mask, thy ears that indicate the passions of thy inward fox as truly as the weathercock points out the course of Zephyr; thy coal-black feet, whose fleetness is greater than that of Zephyr himself; thy BRUSH—of gold tipped with silver—the boast of thy race, more beautiful than the train of the peacock, more glorious than the comet's pendant: to describe these worthily would require a pen dipped in the rainbow, a language spoken only by poets in the laurel bowers of Tempe. Thou art known where man is known, and wherever wit and wisdom are venerated, there thou art admired and cherished. From the cradle of Time thou hast been esteemed for thy intelligence. Poets have sung thy praises in their sweetest numbers; sages have celebrated thy exploits and illustrated thy conceits with their quaintest aphorisms. Thou art the Robin Goodfellow of quadrupeds, the Joe Miller of the woods, a "fellow of infinite jest," the Sheridan, Foote, Quin, and Garrick of carnivora—and the subtlest of all burrow-mongers.

By some the testimony of fabulists may perhaps be objected to; but for ourselves we had rather take their word than that of the most veracious naturalist or most credible historian that ever lived. Every one has his peculiar opinions, which, though they may seem strange to the world, are easily justifiable to himself; and this of ours may possibly be one. In justice to ourselves, then, we state the reason of our belief, which is simply this: that, as the fabulist (and with him we may include the novelist, the dramatist, and writer of fiction generally) has nothing to depend upon for credit, but the consistency of his tale, he will be careful how he ventures into the realms of hyperbole, or indulges in the wild flights of a lawless fancy: while on the other hand, the historian and philosopher, relying entirely on the sobriety of their characters, boldly advance the most preposterous statements, and build up

the most inconsistent hypotheses. However, we shall not multiply examples from our fabulist friends, though we could cite a hundred at this moment. In fact, most of Pug's sayings have passed into proverbs, and there are few who will not be able to call to mind a crowd of them for the trouble of thinking. There is not one but deserves a type of gold.

Buffon, the great French naturalist, pays our favourite a high compliment on his housekeeping qualities. "As, among men," says he, "those who lead a domestic life are more civilised than perpetual wanderers; so, among animals, the taking possession of a home supposes a superior degree of instinct. The choice of situation, the art of rendering it a convenient habitation, and concealing the entrance to it, likewise indicate superior skill and industry." Most veritable! And the immortal historian of the dumb world might have gone farther, to applaud that elegant *taste* which Reynard evinces—a taste that none but a being of abundant intelligence could display—a taste that is strongly manifested in the location of his woodland home. What a home it is! in the middle of a deep grove, where the wild rose and the honeysuckle intertwine their sweets—where the primrose and the violet gem each sunny bank—where around are heard the sweet melody of the birds and the sleep-inviting murmur of the brook. In such a spot as this he takes up his abode; or haply, if winter winds come too fiercely over the fallen stump that protects his threshold, he builds his bower among the ever-flowering furze; among which we can now fancy him, lying along with out-stretched legs; or in more merry mood running circles with his tail—*brush*, we beg pardon—and toying with that beautiful appendage to his person, as we have seen a fair demoiselle playing with her raven ringlets. Happy, happy Reynard! the beams of the newly-risen sun, that come slanting up the narrow dell and paint those autumn leaves with new and brighter tints, shine not upon a being more beautiful, more fortunate than thou! Thou hast had thy moonlight banquet, a delicate leveret which thou rescuedst from the snare of the poacher, and art thinking of winding up with a tender partridge before thou seekest the quiet of thy earthly dormitory. But, O horror! what unhallowed foot has invaded thy peaceful homestead!—what villain hand has blocked up the portal of thy castle! And, hark! the horn of the hunter is on the opposite hill, and the odour of the savage pack is upon the gale. Pug trembles—and well he may! but still he hopes—and hoping, believes—that his territory will not be violated; he has heard that note before, and his domain has not yet been invaded. But then the barricaded earth! that had never before been assailed—and for a good reason, it had never been before discovered. These and such as these, are the reflections that agitate poor Reynard's bosom. He has little time for doubt—little time for hope; the voice of the huntsman is heard cheering on his hounds, and soon the deep note of old Stormer announces the discovery of the drag.

There is no time to be lost now, and poor Pug puts his two pair of heels into requisition forthwith. As he leaves the wood, his flight is announced by the advanced guard of the Nimrodian chivalry; and now the horrid yell—music some call it—of the blood-thirsty pack assails the ears of the fugitive; and, taking a sidelong glance as he bends his course to a neighbouring cover, he sees the madly-rushing bands—men, horses, and hounds—that are bounding over the plain, bent on his destruction. Fear lends him wings, and he dashes into the welcome thicket: but there again his hopes are baffled, the refuge

is forbidden—*the earth is stopped!* Onward he flies, scarcely knowing whither he goes, or what he does; but as he finds the distance between him and his enemies increase he takes courage, and resolves to put in practice those various stratagems that the traditions of his race have celebrated or his own ingenuity suggests. To this end he gallops into the middle of a flock of sheep, hoping thus to prevent his path being traced. He then plunges into the river hard by, and suffering himself to be carried a considerable distance down the stream, lands on the opposite side. Then, making a circle towards his old home, he congratulates himself on the prospect of a speedy deliverance.

But an unexpected mischance renews all his fears. In passing over some ploughed land, which he had selected as least likely to betray his course, he is espied by the men at work in an adjoining field. A holloa is given, and he soon hears his canine enemies opening upon his track. At this juncture he perceives several old neighbours of his, magpies and jays to wit, with whom he has not been on the best possible terms, endeavouring by their cries to direct the vengeance of his pursuers. In vain he protests that all his old animosities are forgotten—in vain he apologizes for various little liberties he has taken with their progeny; their screams and horrible chattering are continued, and his doom seems irrevocably fixed—his death-warrant signed, sealed, and delivered! His spirits sink, his tongue is parched, his legs totter. He has barely strength to carry himself into an adjacent cover—the scene of many a youthful frolic—where he throws himself into a bed of rushes, and gives himself up to despair. Fear has disarmed death of its terrors—he cares not for life now, and almost wonders that he should have struggled so hard to retain it. To live would be but to subject himself to a renewal of his agonies. Life seemed lovely when he was in the heyday of health—it is little now that all his energies are fled. He is at Death's door—he may as well enter.

As these thoughts pass in the poor trembler's mind, the hollow peal of the pack, like funeral bells, is reverberated through the wood. It becomes louder—louder and fiercer—O that moment!—on a sudden it ceases—*that* moment is more awful still—and Reynard looks tremblingly round, expectant of the rushing death. The roar is renewed—but where? Not on the threshold of Pug's sanctuary, but afar off. The furious hounds have found a new victim—they have GONE AWAY WITH A FRESH FOX! Pug—*our* Pug—can hardly believe his senses: but hope revives—his whole soul is lifted into his ears—they *are* gone—the sound grows fainter every moment. and life becomes dear again. Where is now the carelessness with which he viewed the affairs of this world—where is now the resignation, the almost pleasure with which he looked upon death? Night suddenly becomes day—despair, delight—and existence seems new-born, like a beautiful goddess, from a "sea of troubles." All his hopes, all his pleasures, seem restored. His native groves appear before him in all their beauty—an eternal spring seems to hang upon their boughs. His heart beats freshly—his spirits rush back into their old pulses. His passions revive—not the best only, but some of those least to be commended; and as he takes a glance at his old friends in the tree-tops, he feels that there may yet come a time when the insults he has this day received shall meet with a just retribution.

SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

LORD SOUTHAMPTON

AS A MASTER OF HOUNDS.

[Charles Fitzroy, Baron Southampton, of Southampton, in the county of Hants, was born September 25, 1804, and succeeded to his father, the second Lord, on the 24th of June, 1810.]

THE Quorn country was taken possession of by Lord Southampton, in 1827, when it was nearly as full of foxes as of fox covers, and he made quite as good a start as could be expected with about seventy couples of hounds, collected from different kennels, but still of the right sort. His lordship also entered, with great spirit, into all the *minutiæ* of his new undertaking, going through the cub-hunting with his men, and reckoning his twenty brace of *noses* on his kennel door, before regular hunting commenced. His pack—divided by the sexes—was hunted by Dick Burton, with Will Denny for his first whip; but who his second was, does not at this moment occur to me. Lord Southampton made a good finish to his first season, rendering himself very popular in the country, a circumstance that renders the remarks I am about to make, until further explained, somewhat difficult to account for.

The year succeeding to that in which Lord Southampton made his debût as Master of the Quorn hounds, his country was nearly stripped of foxes. That is to say, the covers of the Laughton Hills, Barkby, Queenborough, Langton, Cowdale, and others, were cleared of them, together with one litter taken close to Melton town. That this, however, had nothing to do with the character or conduct of Lord Southampton as a Master, is proved by the fact of the same plunder having been committed on some of the Pytchley covers, then hunted by Mr. Osbaldeston. It afterwards appeared that a well-organized gang of fox-stealers had traversed parts of the two adjoining counties with traps, wires, and nets, for the purpose of supplying with Leicestershire and Northamptonshire foxes, such masters of other countries as might be supposed to have entertained a notion, that a cross from the crack countries would improve their own sorts. This system, however, was fortunately put an end to, before any very serious mischief had been the result.

Lord Southampton hunted Leicestershire only two seasons, a circumstance to be lamented on account of the expense he went to, in building a kennel at Leicester. In the second season, Dick Burton left his service, and was succeeded by George Mountford, who came to him from the Oakley, together with one whipper-in. Burton was considered to be rather too slow in his saddle for that fast country, not having, up to that period, quite recovered himself again, from the effects of a desperate fall he had experienced five years previously, by which his pelvis was fractured; a similar accident to that which Mr Griffith Lloyd met with in the Bicester country.

Although Lord Southampton's last season was not so good as his first, his retirement from the Quorn hounds was much regretted, as he did the thing well. When he commenced his career as master, he was considered slow over a country; but the force of good example, aided by increasing confidence in his horses as they became accustomed to the fences, removed that imputation, and he rode near enough to his hounds to see that they performed their work.

NIMROD.

LORD SOUTHAMPTON.

F. Alken, fecit.

W. B. Scott, sculpt.

THE HOG HUNTER.

THE HOG-HUNTER.

The sun was blazing over a barren plain on the table land of the Deccan. It was the burning month of March. No speck of green relieved the wearied eye; the black soil, cracked into gaping fissures, looked like a parched wilderness deserted by every thing, and the crumbling rocks resembled lava scarce cooled since it swept from the volcano's crater. No beast on the earth but the timid antelope, no bird in the air but the vulture and the kite, braving the scorching sun from its copper sky.

A solitary horseman was cantering along the dusty road which led to the distant Ghauts, rearing their bold grey outline against the horizon. He was a slight, lean figure, like one whose frame had been wasted although hardened by exposure and fatigue. His thin legs, cased in leather breeches japanned by use, and jack-boots reaching to the middle of his thighs, clung as if glued to the saddle. Little of his bronzed features was visible from beneath the folds of a white turban wound round his hunting cap, and falling in a broad lappet under his chin to shelter his face from the burning rays. A sabre at his side, and a hog-spear in his right hand, with an old red coat, stained into every variety of tint of which red is capable, completed the attire of the eastern sportsman, whose easy seat connected him with the fiery Arab which he rode as if both were carved from one block. A true son of the desert was that gallant grey. Every vein seemed bursting from his satin-like skin, flushed by exercise to a purple tint. His square, short head, full eye, fine muzzle, wide nostril and light airy neck, with a silky mane floating from the hard crest, showed marks of the highest blood; while the swelling muscles of his lengthy quarters, and clean limbs, all bone and sinew, were modelled to unite speed with strength. In a cloud of dust and smoke they passed on. Alike to the weather-beaten hog-hunter were sun and rain. He had borne the heat of Guzerat, the miasma of the jungle, and the deadly fevers of Kandiesh, as if his sun-dried body was impervious to the dread disease which had cut off many of his early friends in the pride of youthful strength.

As he approached a more cultivated country, antelopes became visible in such numbers that the plain appeared dotted with animated groups to the horizon, along which distant herds dwindled into white specks, were cleaving the air like flying fish skimming the surface of a tropical sea. The graceful gazelle, with its brilliant eye and airy step, tossed its little head and bounded with the speed of light across the heated stones as the lean gaunt wolf followed on its trail. Bustards stalked among the waving grain, and rock grouse nestled in packs over the warm sand. Another mile brought our traveller to the banks of a river, which separated the plain from a low range of hills, covered to their summits by the evergreen bamboo.

Here was pitched the tent of his friend, under a magnificent banyan tree, spreading its giant arms over a grove of its own shoots, which drooped from their parent stem to take root beneath its shadow. One accustomed to eastern manners could have told, by a glance at his encampment, the nature of its owner's pursuits, without the proofs afforded by the spoils of various wild animals hanging to dry from the branches. The peons who were

cooking their messes, were distinguished by belts of panther's skin instead of the more usual badge of red cloth. Each horsekeeper had a spear leaning against the tree to which his charger was fastened, and the stately elephant who stood blowing clouds of dust over his back, had evidently carried a howdah in the field oftener than baggage on the road.

Before several smaller tents, ranged on either side, were picketed groups of horses. Nearly all of these showed by their battered fore-legs that they had not been *cantered* over the Deccan stones, and several were disfigured by scars that might have been mistaken for sabre cuts, did not a hog-spear in the hand of each horse-keeper show in what field they had been gained. Ever and anon a sunburnt rider, dressed in the uniform of one of the many hunting clubs which then flourished throughout the Bombay Presidency, galloped up to the mess tent, where a shout of welcome received him, ere he threw himself from his smoking hack.

Never was a happier set of fellows assembled than sat that evening round the old teak table; and "The boar! the mighty boar!" was toasted in bumpers of Burgundy and Claret, with a spirit that roused the excited feelings of the party to a pitch of enthusiasm.

The Boar, the mighty Boar's my theme,
  Whate'er the wise may say,
My morning thought, my midnight dream,
  My hope throughout the day:
Youth's daring spirit, manhood's fire,
  Firm hand, and eagle eye,
Must they require, who dare aspire
  To see the wild Boar die!

We envy not the rich their wealth,
  Nor kings their crowned career;
The saddle is our throne of health,
  Our sceptre is the spear,
We rival too the warrior's pride,
  Deep stained with purple gore,
For our field of fame's the jungle side,
  And our foe the jungle Boar.

Then pledge the Boar, the mighty Boar,
  Fill high the cup with me,
Here's luck to all, who fear no fall,
  And the next grey Boar we see.

Then pledge the Boar, the mighty Boar,
  Fill high the cup with me,
Here's luck to all, who fear no fall,
  And the next grey Boar we see.

When age hath weakened manhood's powers
  And ev'ry nerve unbraced,
These scenes of joy will still be ours,
  On memory's tablet traced;
And with the friends whom death hath spared,
  When youth's wild course is run,
We'll tell of the dangers we have shared,
  And the tusks that we have won!

Then pledge the Boar, the mighty Boar,
  Fill high the cup with me,
Here's luck to all, who fear no fall,
  And the next grey Boar we see

Soon, the old steady going sportsmen, valuing a cool head in the field, had slipped away quietly to their tents. But the lark was singing in the heavens, and the turtle-dove cooing as the first streaks of light shot up from the horizon, before some of the young hands rolled to their beds to seek a brief repose.

At ten o'clock next morning the bugle sounded loud to saddle, and each man mounting his best horse, walked him towards the grove. The beaters, armed with matchlocks, rattles,

drums, trumpets, and other noisy instruments for rousing the game, were put into line. Small flags of pink and white to signal in what direction the hog broke, were sent to the rising grounds,—and the beat began.

Listening to an expected footstep is exciting, the winning of a race, the charge of a tiger, the first whimper of hounds drawing a cover, the "gone away," the "who-whoop," all are exciting, and I have felt them all. But they are nothing to that feeling when the canes begin to rustle before the boar shows his bristling front in the plain; and oh! nothing to that maddening excitement when your blade sinks into his brawny back.

The party drew up in a retired spot, waiting in breathless anxiety for a break. Every heart beat with a violence almost painful, and the old Arab hunters trembled under their riders, as the cry arose of game afoot, and the crash of an animal bursting through the dates, became each instant more distinctly audible.

In another moment a flag telegraphs that he has broken cover, and several rise in quick succession, pointing out his line. "There he goes, a welting boar, with his grey head set for the hills. Let him get well away, for God's sake, gentlemen, or he'll break back yet. Now he's safe. Ride!"

Away at the word thunders the whole field. Recorder in front, waited on by those well-known horses, Chancellor and Holy Billy. The boar, who was going leisurely along, hearing the clatter of hoofs, looks round. It is now too late to turn back, and with a gruff grunt he lays out at a pace which for a moment gains on his pursuers. His speed begins to abate, and they near him rapidly on the banks of a deep ravine. He clears it like an antelope, the leading horses take it in their stroke, three, unable to turn or pull up, attempt it at an impracticable point, and jumping short, go in with an awful smash; the remainder do it in and out, and lose so much time, that their chance is gone. Now comes the crisis; the boar is getting blown, and turns half round to meet the foremost horse, with bloody sides and expanded nostrils gaining on him at every stroke. It is Holy Billy, who went a-head at a swerve. His rider drives the rowels to the head, and draws up his horse; the spear quivers within an inch of its mark; "he must have it now." No, the boar makes a sharp turn, Recorder at his haunches is let go, and as the hog crosses, in goes the blade. It disappears and is withdrawn in an instant. "Blood!" the spear is won. Then comes the death. The boar has missed a rip which he attempted at the moment of feeling the steel, and now trots sulkily in front, champing his tusks. Another spear has been sent deep into his side, by a rider passing him at full speed. "Now look out!" He stops with his back to a bush, cocks his ears, erects his bristles, fixes his fierce little grey eye on the object of his attack, and dashes at him with tremendous force. The spear receives the shock, passes clean through his body, and shivers to pieces, but it has not stopped him, for a gash in the horse's flank shows that the ripping tusk has been buried in that lightning charge. The boar staggers forward with the shattered shaft upright in his back, then turns to meet Chancellor, cantering up well in hand ready to receive him, and rushes on till under the right stirrup,—the horse wheels off, and at the same moment his rider drives the blade straight down between the hog's shoulders; he reels at the blow; a stream of foam and blood rushes from his mouth—one shrill cry and he is gone,—"Who-whoop!"

DECCAN.

CAMEL.

CAMEL, a brown horse, sixteen hands and half an inch high, is the property of John Theobald, Esq., and was bred by the Earl of Egremont in 1822, being got by Whalebone, out of a Selim mare, her dam Maiden—by Sir Peter—Phenomenon—Matron by Florizel —Maiden by Matchem—Squirt, her dam (Lot's dam) by Mogul—Camilla by Bay Bolton —Old Lady (Starling's dam) by Pulleine's chesnut Arabian—Rockwood—Bustler, &c.

In 1825, at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, Camel received 50 sovereigns forfeit from Mr. Greville's Peter Proteus, and ran second for the Newmarket Stakes, receiving 100 sovs. out of the stakes. At the Second Spring Meeting he won a plate of £50; a subscription of 25 sovs., ten subscribers, at the Second October Meeting; and beat Mr. Udny's Tarandus, in a match for 200 sovereigns, at the Houghton Meeting.

In 1826 he ran only once, winning the Port Stakes of 100 sovs. each, six subscribers, at the Newmarket Craven Meeting, and beating Red Gauntlet, Lionel Lincoln, and two others.

In 1827 he ran but once, beating Lord Exeter's Red Gauntlet, 200 sovs., at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting.

Although this scanty catalogue of triumphs prove Camel to have been but an indifferent performer on the turf, his fame as a Sire is far spread. He is also an example of the fact that a horse's youth is by no means his prime, all his best stock having come out in his later years.

Camel had fourteen winners in 1840, and seventeen in 1841.

Camel is a very finely shaped horse, of a hardy colour. The peculiar formation of his hind quarters is generally supposed to have arisen from an accident which happened to him when a yearling, but this is not the fact; I have myself seen a portrait painted of him when a foal at his dam's foot, in which this peculiarity is very strongly marked. In addition to this, it may also be observed that his stock are generally characterised by the same form, which would not be the case, if it had been the effect of a casualty. Mr. Lowe after he had broken his leg did not get broken-legged foals.

It is worthy of remark, that high hind-quarters, and a tail set on low, are generally characteristics of good qualities in a horse.

RIDDLESWORTH.

THE BITTERN.

"At evening o'er the swampy plain,
The Bittern's boom came far."—SOUTHEY.

CONNECTING the habits of the feathered race with the scenes and localities which they inhabit, what different impressions are conveyed to the mind of the true observer of nature. The raven is never mentioned but in connection with the wildest and rudest scenery—his name is ever associated with deeds of rapine and of blood. Pass we lower down the scale, and what cheering recollection of our youthful days does the sight of the redbreast restore to us; and if we turn to the subject of our present sketch, our thoughts immediately wander to the solitude of the swamp and fen, and call our lowland scenery to mind.

The Bittern has been—and perhaps not improperly—styled by many "the bird of desolation." We find its name in holy writ, connected with a severe and terrible curse, above two thousand years ago; and our modern poets and writers have ever alluded to this bird, in terms conveying to the reader wild ideas of solitude and barrenness not easily effaced.

Every creature is by nature admirably adapted to the situation which it is intended to fill, and it is therefore only in the low dreary swamp, where the stagnant pool, choked with weeds, affords a hiding place for the water newt and the frog, and the bulrush and the reed offer a fit shelter, that we meet with this solitary and beautiful bird.

Wilder and more reserved in every respect than any one of its genera, the bittern altogether spurns the protection of mankind; and as cultivation advances and man intrudes himself into spots where Nature has hitherto reigned paramount, this lonely bird (as the wild tribes of native Indians recede before the foot of the settler) withdraws itself at once from its former haunts, and seeks in wilder and more retired scenes a fitter and a more congenial home. In this respect it differs from the heron, which although it may be ranked among the wildest of the feathered race,—and when in pursuit of prey shows as solitary a disposition as any, does not entirely despise the protection of man, nor altogether shun the society of its own race; for in the spring of the year these birds repair in colonies to the tall trees in some well timbered wood or park, often close to the old mansion house, where they rear their young, and, after the manner of the rook, return at the beginning of each succeeding season to the "heronry." Not so the bittern; rarely is it found in company, but as the breeding season advances, a pair of birds will seek some spot in the wild solitudes of the fen, where human footstep seldom, if ever, strays, and here, unmolested, save occasionally by the moor buzzard or such of our birds of prey as frequent those lonely districts, they form a flat rude nest (either on the ground or in any of the low bushes which abound in our fens, but never at any great height from the ground) composed of dead leaves, reeds, and rushes. On this the female lays four or five eggs, of a light olive brown colour, and about the size of those of

the heron, but not so oblong in shape. Here, concealed from observation by the rushes and the reeds which grow around the nest, the old bird sits during the period of incubation—its bill just elevated to the heighth of the surrounding herbage—and its vigilant eye turned in all directions, scanning the surface of the plain to watch the approach of any enemy. At this season of the year the female utters a hoarse plaintive sound, and this is responded to by the male as he rises in a spiral flight above the nest. This is the hollow booming noise that oftentimes conveys such terrors to the romantic mind, and probably it may startle the unaccustomed ear; but it is a sound familiar to the fenman, as he plods his solitary homeward track after the toils of the day; and we have more than once on our return from some fishing excursion in the Cambridgeshire fens, listened with a kind of awe to the sullen boom of the bittern, rendered more audible by the solemn stillness which pervaded the marsh in the sultry summer's eve.

In beauty of plumage the bittern may vie with any of the British birds. The prevailing colour is a pale yellow ochre, splendidly variegated with black. The feathers are mostly very long, and the killing properties of the bittern hackle are well known to every fly-fisher; the bird appears nearly double its ordinary size, as it sets up its feathers and hackles in the attitude of fear or surprise. The bright eye, the strong piercing bill, and its bold carriage, all render it a formidable object of attack, and though it never molests any other birds, it shows great courage when itself attacked. The claws of the bittern are very powerful, the toes being slightly serrated on each side, and the colour yellowish green.

Much as I have frequented the fens, I never but once had the good luck to see the bittern on the wing. I sprung one while snipe shooting in the Isle of Ely, in the winter of 1839, and as he rose close to me he fell to my gun. He rose from the side of a fen dyke in a very exposed situation, and stole quietly away without any of that bustle exhibited by the heron, when taken by surprise, and as far as he flew seemed to float in the air without much exertion. It was a male bird in very fine plumage. I have twice seen the young birds taken from the nest, in both cases accompanied by the female; and never did I see rage and spite so vividly pourtrayed, as in the conduct of the old bird when I peeped into the hamper which contained them.

Unlike the heron, the bittern eats but few fish, and never trespasses on the fish stew or pond. Its principal food consists of water-rats, frogs, newts, and other aquatic reptiles, and woe to the unfortunate lizard or frog that catches the vigilant eye of this bird when on the feed; occasionally it will take fish, but not so frequently as the amphibious reptiles that feed upon the slime and swamp.

There is another bird of this genus which has been occasionally though rarely killed in Britain, the "Little Bittern." This beautiful bird is scarcely half the size of the common bittern, the colour of its upper plumage is a bright black and green, and that below of a reddish yellow. The habits of the two are alike, frequenting the same localities, and living on the same food. I have never heard of the little bittern breeding in England. I received a full nest of the eggs from France, probably taken in the Netherlands. They are of an uniform white colour, nearly as large as the egg of the pigeon, and rough on their surface.

Painted by E. Landseer R.A.

Engraved by J. Webb.

THE OLD DOG LOOKS LIKE A PICTURE.

From my youth up Nature has been my preceptress; ornithology my chief study and delight; and the wilder and more retired the subject, with so much more interest have I regarded it. I am sorry to say that some of the wilder of our British birds are gradually year after year becoming more scarce. And I apprehend that the day is not far distant, when the bittern will be as a by-word among us. Nothing will be known of its habits but what is handed down by tradition, and specimens will never be met with but in the museums of our ornithologists. That this solitary bird is a favourite with me, is probably owing to my having spent the greater portion of my life in the neighbourhood of the fens, and though we can never turn over a page in the great book of nature, without deriving instruction and amusement, still we all have (as in the works of human authors) some topics which delight us more than others; the lonely habits of this bird, its wild, shy disposition, give it an interest in my eyes, and I must say that I shall feel sorry should this race ever become extinct. We well know that many of the feathered tribes are as it were proscribed by the arbitrary caprice of man, or from some other cause; yet we cannot but feel that in every such case, a gap is made in the operation of nature, which all our vaunted knowledge, all our ingenuity, must entirely fail of ever filling up again.

Toho.

THE OLD DOG LOOKS LIKE A PICTURE.

This plate, from a picture by Edwin Landseer, is the faithful portrait of a celebrated spaniel, the property of a friend of ours, to whom the following dialogue, overheard between his keepers, suggested the idea of having him painted in this position:

"Bang!---I say Bob, how's your eye? she'll get away." "Don't be too argumentative, Joe,—the old dog wouldn't busy himself if she worn't *'it.* I makes it a pint always to goinside (coincide) with the old dog; he never makes peagrennations (peregrinations) for nought: he's got too much *hinterlect* for that. Old Trim's got more sense than all the modern dandy dogs put together—hark to him now! I know'd the rotten burrer member had taken his seat for the last time. Whenever the old dog makes a horation he's sure to *carry his measure:* 'tisn't often as he speaks, but if he does open, 'pend your life on't it's a *sartainty.* Master will never see the like of Trim again! there's no ram-shamming about him; he takes the perusal of things as they come, and knows as well as you do, Joe, the pedigree of all the game as flies and walks; and 'tis my opinion that Sussex spaniels ought to take the lead of any other sort. *I say, Joe, the old dog looks for all the world like a picter now, doesn't he? with the rabbit in his mouth and all, eh?* There, so fit for service—strong in the leg and *lines:* indeed all over built for beauty and use,—with the perfection of *all*factories; yes, yes,—give me liver and white Sussex for ever—long lugs, and heads big and strong enough to carry a hare, if necessary."

THE FISHERMAN.

Blessed, beautiful May! Sabbath month of the year! sacred to love, and joy, and hope, and every glad emotion that hearts are capable of feeling! how delightful now to pronounce thy name again—to know thee once more among us—to say "It is May!" Who can speak those glad words, who can say "It is May," and resist the desire to rush into the midst of the fields and woods, clamber the steep hills, dive into the "bosky dells," wander wildly by the babbling streams, loiter dreamily by the roaring waterfall! For our own part, we are lost creatures for the whole month: from the very earliest day that the almanac announces **"May I. St. Philip and St. James,"** we are changed beings: no use now to ask us to dine or dance—we are engaged for the whole month: tariffs and income taxes are now nothing to us—coffee and leather are not to be thought of: violets and buttercups are all we have time to think about. Our very creditors now may come with their simulated friendly double-knocks: we are "not at home." It is of no use trying to resist the influence of the time: we have no power to do so: our heart would break in the attempt—as those of young ladies (are said to) do when their loves-at-first-sight are thwarted by the tyrannical interference of adamant-hearted uncles. With us it is a decided May-nia—excuse the wantonness of the pun—being May, we must be allowed to have our fling without let or hindrance. Nothing too fantastic for us now—nothing too egregious for such a decided May-homedan as we are.

May—May—May! I could write the word till the month came round again. Blessings on it! What a beautiful word too! How bland and sweetly it falls from the tongue, like a leaf dropped from a rosebud. May—May! it is as fair a word among month-names, as Mary among girl-names: almost the same, in fact:---as sweet, as soft, as delicate, as *dear*. But let us be amongst the fields—away without more ado, rod in hand and creel at back—away among the glorious, gorgeous meadows, which are so bright and full of blossoms now, that it is just as much as we can do to tell whether they are really meadows or *only* flower-gardens. We said "rod-in-hand," for *of course* we are fishermen: not of the chub-dapping, roach-twitching, stationary, stick-in-the-mud sort, who have drawn so much odium on the gentle craft by their sleepy, stupid, cork-and-quill system of sport—if sport it may be called—but of the thorough-paced, wide-awake, look-alive, go-ahead clan, to whom motion is as necessary as life; whose noble quarry is the trout, the salmon, the jack, the grayling; whose haunts are the glen, the ravine, the arrowy stream-side, the gushing rapid, the roaring water-fall, the path among the rocks, the labyrinth in the forest dell. This is *our* delight—roaming, roaming—walking through landscapes as you would turn over the leaves of a picture book—something fresh at every page—quiet, bland, sleepy views now—now, rugged, rocky, Salvator-like scenes, whose smoothest feature is a prostrate mountain or a riven forest—now meadows all spangled with the fairest blossoms of spring—now rocky gorges, where "Devils' Bridges" and "*Mauvais Pas*" meet you at every step. What excitement, what

THE FISHERMAN.

joy is here! joy only felt in all its joyfulness by the fisherman; for he is there for an object—it is *his* home: others look upon these things only as a sight, a show; but he—he is part and parcel *of* them: he is as necessary to the landscape as the stream and the mountain themselves. Your tourist is an alien in the picture: he is a blot on the scene: he is a living not-in-keeping in the composition. We look upon him as a fly upon a painting: we must *blow him off* before we can enter into any enjoyment of its beauty. We are like the countryman and the crowd in London streets: we must wait till the tourist is gone by.

Not so of the fisher: he, as we have before said, is a necessary part of the landscape. Look at our plate else! Take away Piscator, and what becomes of the picture? You have a cascade on the one side and a mountain on the other, sky overhead and foliage beneath. But take away Piscator, I say, and what becomes of your subject? Who then could bear that horrid straight line, running right through the middle of the picture, like a tight rope at Bartlemy fair? No, no: depend upon it, Piscator's presence is providential. He is as necessary to the landscape as the sun that lights it. He forms part of its *life* (for who ever loved a dead landscape?). The clouds moving in the sky, the river moving in its channel, the fisherman moving on terra firma—these are all and equally necessary to the vitality of the scene; and without these the whole poetry would be gone; would be as verses written in a lost language; as hieroglyphics carved on the cold granite.

We are among the glorious, old, long-remembered, dearly-beloved scenes now: and there is not an object within the horizon that is not familiar to us. Great and small, noble and ignoble, we know and love them all—that mountain, that gate-post—that forest side, that stepping-stone in the streamlet. From this old, weather-beaten stile, what a burst of beauty! meadow, river, wood, hill, cloud, sky! the meadows full of life and joy—joy of birds, joy of beasts, and joy of men, for whom all were created! the river, winding between the green hills, here blue and gushing, there still and white under a cloak of myriad blossoms; every wave, every blossom instinct with life; and every life a separate mystery! the woods, leafed in for shade and shelter to its endless tribes of wild creatures, winged and wingless! the hills, rising peak over peak as far as eye can reach, with their green vallies between, from whose farthest summit new hills may be descried and new vallies may be numbered, all full of wonder and beauty and never-ending life! the clouds, mere vapours indeed, yet how beautiful! in form, in colour, in motion! and then the sky, the bright medium between us and the great void, the incomprehensible space, the wondrous no-world, the everlasting gloom—how admirable the wisdom, how beneficent the providence that hid from us the dark obscurity, and in its stead adorned those heavens with light, and painted us a roof so blue and fair—so pleasant to the eye,—so gladdening to the heart!

There—a truce to rhapsody—just one mouthful of brandy to wash the metaphors down, and away now to the old starting place by the mill-dam, where so often we have waged deadly war with trout and grayling,

"from morn till dewy eve."

Now, my *Little Yellow May Dun*, gently over the sunbeams; for, any time these twenty

years, have I caught a mammoth trout behind that stone in the bend of the stream. The old miller yonder, with his wicked black eye and white face, looks fiercely methinks at my preparations. If I have any skill in physiognomy, that look is as much as to say, "Devil take ye, I was saving that fish for myself." Wish you may get it, mister *Milner!* Now, my little pet Dun, away with you over the whirlpool, and if there is truth in Kendal steel, we'll lead the fellow such a dance as never yet danced he by bank or brae. That throw convicts the miller. Though he has at least a penny-loaf-worth of flour on his face, I saw the flush of rage come upon his visage as plainly as I saw the *Fire of the Tower of London* come through the *Prospect of the Polar Regions* at the Dissolving Views t'other night. But annihilation to all millers! the mammoth trout has seized my poor little May Dun, and is doing all he can to devour him. But dunny is not to be caught with chaff, and so old pinksides finds to his horror. He would fain spit him out now, but tiny is not to be spat upon. Crikey! what a jump was there! a yard and a half, if it was an inch. Never mind! yellow-wings holds his own, and mammoth takes nothing by his motion. Stick to him, my little Kendal-back: we have got him clear of stone and roots now; and it shall go hard, but, with a clear stage and no favour, we come in conqueror at last. Gently, Behemoth! have a care of our hickory; anglerods are not Maypoles—neither are running-lines chain cables. There again! by the immortal Isis, if you take to the air in this guise we'll send for our double-Manton (our's is a "regular Joe") and bring you down flying. Hollo! who the deuce is this at our back? the miller! horrid wretch, what does *he* want? *You* assist us? Certainly not. *You* land the fish for us? By no means. We know you too well. You want to give him a jerk with the hoop of the net and so set him at liberty. No, no: we want nobody's help—much less a miller's—stand aside, sir, or we may do something desperate: the river is before us, and the foot-spear in our hand: we have no wish to commit murder, but even the "gentle angler" may be provoked beyond his endurance. There are points of view, sir, in which life becomes of small consideration: there are circumstances in which the existence of a miller—as placed, I mean, in juxtaposition with the capture of a trout—is an affair of such positive insignificance, such absolute nothingness, that—

Hip, hip, hurrah! we've got him at last—safely banked—four pounds if he's an ounce—hip, hip, hurrah! a thousand glories to my little May Dun—hip, hip, hur— * *

My dear fellow, Hopkins, how do you do? so glad to see you! hope the mill goes on prosperously—and Mrs. Hopkins—and the young master and miss Hopkinses—trust they are all as well as can be expected: and, my dear Hopkins, if you *will* accept this little trifle of a —trout for your dinner—for your's and that of dear Mrs. Hopkins, and the dear little masters and misses Hopkins, we shall account ourselves the happiest creature in the Solar System."

SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

SALMON.

LION AND LIONESS.

THE KING OF THE DESERT.

They who have beheld the "monarch of the forest" but in crippling captivity, immured in a cage barely double his own length, until his brawny sinews have become relaxed by irksome confinement, have seen but the shadow of the lordly savage that wields the sceptre of the desert! The pen and the pencil are alike inadequate to do justice to the majesty of this terrible original as he appears when prowling at liberty over his native plains; and neither by verbal description, nor even by the most accurate of portraits, can I hope to convey more than a feeble representation of him, beneath the gleam of whose tawny eye the brute creation quail: and who, from the earliest periods of antiquity, down to the present day, in his character of King of Beasts, has maintained over the human mind an ascendency which his noble and imposing presence, his gigantic bodily powers, his undaunted resolution, and his dignified self-possession, are alike calculated to inspire. A combination of the models of strength and of agility, his carnivorous regimen, predatory habits, and the tremendous machinery by which he is adapted for the work of destruction, have created Leo indisputable tyrant of the waste.

It is in the scorched and desolate regions of the torrid zone, whence mankind are excluded by the rigorous heat of climate, that the lion has established his head quarters, and may most properly be said to reign, Lord paramount. The desert of Zahara, and the interior tracts of the vast continent of Africa, exhibit him in all his grandeur, and in uncontrolled abundance—his disposition partaking strongly of the ardour of his native soil. Residing in Southern Africa chiefly on immense open plains which are in no way redeemed from their pristine sterility by any attempt at cultivation, the Prince of the Felinæ is an invariable attendant upon the great migratory herds of Quaggos and Springbooks which there abound; and to these, rather than to the genus *Homo*, he forms an object of unceasing dread—the number of bleaching skeletons wherewith the lone pastures are embellished, fully attesting the extent of the havoc he commits. After the sun has declined towards the western horizon, forth stalks the despot, attended by a knot of hungry vultures; and early in the morning should his nocturnal foray have proved unsuccessful, may he be seen with tasseled tail erect, chasing his dismayed subjects over the open plain. Twice I chanced upon the dropsical carcase of a fine fat Eland, whereon his majesty had only the moment before completed an early repast—the entrails yet reeking, and the sand still moist which the prints of his heavy feet had displaced. No sooner is his appalling voice heard rolling along the ground like breakers of the sea, than every animal reposing upon the waste starts upon its feet, and betaking itself to headlong flight, not unfrequently rushes into the very teeth of the danger it is seeking to avoid.

Scarcely a day passed towards the tropic without our party observing one or more either in deep repose amid the straggling thickets of brushwood and evergreens which skirt the "green pastures by the quiet waters"—issuing from their lair among clumps of reeds and

mat-rushes, or promenading over the plain in troops to the number of four or five. Yet like the rest of the brute creation, Leo uniformly retreated when aware of the approach of man, seldom during the day manifesting the slightest inclination to be uncivil unless we first commenced hostilities.

But although the unmolested lion is little to be dreaded so long as day-light lasts, widely different is the case during the dark nights, when after a lowering evening, the clouds are wont to gather in every quarter, and the most vivid flashes of lightning serve as the fore-runners of a deluge. The thunder being vertical, there is no interval between the fire and the crash, which latter may be likened to the peal of a volley of heavy ordnance, discharged in a mountain gorge, where the reverberation from surrounding heights multiplies with terrific energy in deep and astounding echoes. During every night the lion is abroad, patrolling the wilderness in quest of prey; but it is at such dismal periods as these, that he evinces particular activity; and the fury of the elements appearing to rouse him thoroughly from his ordinary indolence and torpidity, he was then wont to beleaguer us with less than his customary caution, and appeared in no way dismayed by the incessant barking of our canine companions. Whilst a cutting blast whistled through the unsheltered waggons with a violence that bid fair to overturn them, the foe prowled around our slender breastwork, and roaring in concert with the howling of the tempest, strove ever and anon to effect his entrance into the fold. No possibility existing of keeping up the usual fires for defence against such nocturnal invasion, our cattle became momentarily more restless and uncontrollable—and aware before ourselves of the advent of their blood-thirsty enemy, struggled to break away from the enclosure, in the vain hope of escaping by flight the danger that impended—repeated volleys of fire-arms alone serving to allay their uneasiness, or to avert the threatened attack.

The first impress of the cushioned foot of the lion, when discovered on the sandy plain, caused vast excitement among our followers, who crowded round the spot, and chattering long and incessantly, could at last with difficulty be persuaded that a grim fellow was not *low'ring* at them from every bush by the way side. During the still evening that followed, shortly after the sun had ceased to shine upon us, the voice of the prowling savage, like the rumbling of an earthquake, came up repeatedly with the breeze; and about midnight, being encamped on the broken and jungle-cumbered banks of the Meritsane, he introduced himself in a mode befitting his rank and character. An unusual commotion causing us to start from our slumbers, we found that the whole of the cattle had burst through the thorn fence, and panic stricken, were blindly charging they knew not whither—oxen, horses, and sheep, tumbling headlong over the waggon poles, and over each other, in indescribable confusion. The night was intensely dark, and all the watch fires had gone out. Cœur de lion, ever the first to take the alarm, had clambered upon the top of the omnibus, whence he was screaming like a woman for assistance; whilst each Hottentot, as he sprang from his sleep, was precipately discharging his gun, loaded with a hard bullet, in any direction that the muzzle might happen to have assumed. Of our live stock, the horses were least dismayed; and after floundering about in the dark for a considerable time, and scratching ourselves considerably among the thorns, we succeeded in removing all save one; but every endeavour

to reclaim the oxen and sheep proving abortive, we retired again to our beds, having first ascertained, by the light of a candle, that the consternation had been caused by three lions, which had entered the fold, and slain two of the sheep.

The moment it was light enough to see, we despatched the Hottentots upon the tracks of the fugitives, escorted by a party of Batlapi, who had passed the night in our camp. Some of these latter shortly returned with the flock, several more having however been devoured during their flight; but our own people did not make their appearance again until noon, when they imparted the pleasant intelligence that the oxen had divided into two parties, and being dreadfully terrified, would not tarry in all probability until they should reach the Kuruman—adding, that if we were desirous of recovering a sufficient number to draw the waggons, each Hottentot must forthwith be provided with one of the best horses, and a week's supply of ammunition. Aware, from sad experience, of the mischief that would befal our steeds, upon whose well-being our future sport entirely depended, we stoutly resisted this modest application—whereupon the whole gang, Claas and Ethaldur excepted, begged at once to throw up their commissions. Andries, who looked especially out of humour, was evidently the ringleader of this mutiny, as indeed was he of al mischief; but it was not until after he had been bullied into taking his departure on one of the sorriest hacks, accompanied only by Cobus, that we discovered the wretch to have been the instigator of a plot which had at first been joined by all, to desert us in the wilderness, and abscond to the Colony with the horses, and whatever other property they could lay their hands upon. Apprehensive of another attack, we shifted our camp in the afternoon to the opposite bank of the river, clearing away the jungle around the waggons, which were so drawn upon the top of a hillock as to flank the cattle enclosure—an arrangement which was ever afterwards observed with the greatest advantage. Much to our surprise, our friends the Batlapi returned about sunset with all the oxen, reporting that they had overtaken them about twelve miles off, for which signal piece of service they were rewarded, according to previous stipulation, with a yard of tobacco and a tinder box. Cobus and Andries likewise straggled back during the night, after deeply galling the backs of both the horses, as we had anticipated, without however obtaining the smallest tidings of the lost one; and it afterwards appeared that instead of attending to the important business upon which they were sent, they had been engaged in an attempt to destroy a lion, that drove them fairly out of the field, after nearly making an end of Cobus. The whole of the following day was passed in fruitless endeavours to recover the truant, and it was not until six months afterwards, that we ascertained him to have found his way back to the farm on which he had been bred in New Hantam—a distance of five hundred miles!

As our little party rolled further and further from the abodes of civilized man, few evenings passed during which we did not hear the solemn voice of Leo rumbling along the ground like the murmuring of distant thunder; and in return for our obtrusion upon his legitimate empire, many were the unwelcome visits that he paid us during that hour, when sleep is wont to "knit up the ravelled sleeve of care." My first, and least agreeable interview with "the Governor," took place after a night's solitary bivouac on the banks of the Meritsane. Although long accustomed to the sound of his voice, and to the contemplation

of his shaggy figure from the back of an elephant or of a fleet Arab horse, I confess that on the occasion in question, I neither felt soothed by his deep drawn nocturnal music, nor gratified, when bestriding a jaded garron the next morning, by the bull-dog aspect of his broad tawny muzzle, or the glance of his hazel eye, as he scowled at me over his shoulder. The Meritsane is a positive nest of felinæ, and we found the banks of the Bagobone equally infested by the species. Being engrossed with the contemplation of a dead elephant, and with conjectures as to the when and how it had departed this life, 'Lingap suddenly pointed with his assegai to a bush a few yards distant, and whispered *Tao*, when I immediately perceived through the umbrage, no fewer than three lionesses fast asleep. Ensconcing himself behind his shield, he made signs to me to fire, which I foolishly did, into the middle of the party, springing at the same moment behind a tree which completely screened me. Thus unceremoniously aroused, the Royal Harem broke cover, roaring in concert, and bounding over brakes and bushes, like so many cats over a foot stool, darted into an adjacent thicket, whilst we continued our course in the opposite direction, as expeditiously as our legs could carry us.

Being encamped one moonlight night on the banks of the Machachochan, north of the Cashan mountains, our slumbers were disturbed by sounds of desperate strife at no great distance, which elicited many surmises as to the nature of the noisy conflict. Proceeding at break of day to the spot, we found that the "Emperor" had done his pleasure upon an unfortunate cow giraffe, heavy in foal, that had come down to quench her thirst at a pool surrounded by tall green reeds, whence she was surprised, and overthrown on the spot.

The dark nights were usually tempestuous, but how boisterous soever they might be the weather generally cleared up with the dawn. On one occasion, however, whilst encamped near a rushy bottom, it continued until nine o'clock to pour with such violence, that we were unable to open the canvas curtains of the waggon. Richardson and myself were the first astir, and peeping out during a temporary cessation, to ascertain whether there existed any prospect of the rain holding up, we perceived three he-lions insolently squatted on their hams in the open plain, within one hundred yards of the cattle pound. Their round golden orbs were attentively fixed upon the oxen, whose wet coats stood on end with the cold; and watching their motions from the naked branches of a withered tree at the back of the kraal, sat a family of expectant vultures, with drooping wings and ruffled plumage---their hang-dog air of poverty and abject humiliation, calling to mind a herd of wandering gipsies drying their rags. With a view to the dislodgement of this formidable foraging party, our rifles were hastily unstrapped, but the dampness of the atmosphere prevented either of them from exploding. One after another, the Hottentots next sprang out of the pack waggon, and exclaiming "*Almightig, kek daar de leuwen,*" snapped each his long gun at the unwelcome intruders, as they moved sulkily away at a good round trot, and took up their position on a stony eminence, within point-blank range. Fresh caps and priming were quickly applied, and a general volley, fired by word of command, was followed by the instantaneous demise of the largest, whose muffled cranium was perforated by two bullets at the same instant. His sinewy frame just quivered slightly---his huge head dropped upon the ground---and he was lying on his side a corpse. Swinging their tasseled tails over their backs, the sur-

LIONS AROUSED.

vivors took warning by the fate of their companion, and dashed with a roar into a neighbouring mimosa grove. In another half hour the voice of Leo was again heard at the foot of the mountains, less than a quarter of a mile from the camp; and clambering on to the waggon top we could perceive a savage monster rampant, with his tail hoisted, and whirling in a circle---charging vigorously along the base of the range—and in desperate wrath making towards John April, who was tending the flock, whilst every one instinctively snatched his weapon, and calling loudly to warn the expected victim of his danger, rushed to the rescue. But without taking the smallest heed either of the shepherd or his mutton, the infuriated monster, intent upon some urgent business best understood by himself, dashed past at a lumbering gallop, roaring and lashing his dun sides, until concealed behind the mist. Having advanced one afternoon, during our return route, some five and twenty miles over boundless plains covered with pale yellow dry grass, a long line of Karree trees darkening the horizon, proclaimed our approach to some hidden stream; and at a late hour we struck upon a sudden bend of the Vaal river winding abruptly between willowed banks round a narrow peninsula, the neck of which scarcely exceeded six hundred yards in breadth. Whilst our cavalcade was in the act of drawing up near a cluster of deserted Bushman wigwams, three saucy lionesses, as lank and active as grey-hounds, leaped out of a bush immediately on our flank; and the lynx-eyed Piet, who vowed that he could discern the tawny muzzle of a fourth, having lustily cracked his long whip into the bush, forth there stalked a venerable lion, evidently as much subdued and enfeebled by years as the poor fellow in Æsop's Fables, who was fain to set up for a Physician. A bullet discharged from the waggon box as he walked leisurely off, "smote him with a great smiting;" and penetrating the patriarch's shoulder, he bounded forward with a roar---thrust his hoary head into a clump of brushwood, and was gathered unto his fathers.

The only instance in which I believe our party to have had a very narrow escape from the clutches of the felinæ, was on the occasion of our arrival at the source of the Likwa, immediately prior to our exit from Moselekatse's dominions. It was late in the afternoon when we prepared to unyoke, and two lions, with manes like new mops, were observed actively shifting their quarters among the labyrinth of ravines, and seeming vastly disposed to assert their pretensions to the dominion of the desert, and to dispute our right to encamp thereon. My whole attention being shortly afterwards directed towards the slaughter of a Hippopotamus that was ploughing up the turbid waters, and making directly for the shore, the first I observed of a couchant lioness was her tufted tail vibrating angrily among the grass within a yard only of my foot. Happily her buttocks were turned towards me, and her ladyship's thoughts were so full of beef, that I had time to retreat, and to draw back Piet, who was even still nearer than myself, without her being aware of our intrusion; and she would have retired quietly enough, had not another of the Hottentots stupidly fired at, and turned her. Roaring and brandishing her tail, and ripe for any mischief, she dashed impetuously through the middle of our party, and had she been wounded by the discharge, there would doubtless have been a casualty amongst us; but as usual, the ball had fortunately missed the mark, and finding that we all stood to our arms, she merely favoured each with a good-natured glance *en passant*, curling up her wrinkled nose, and exhibiting her

white fangs, until, being joined by her royal mate, they both dived into the thick jungle, with which portions of the river bank were clothed.

Returning with Maphook on one occasion to the theatre of my morning's sport, in order to take up the horns of a koodoo which I had concealed in a bush, I was not a little surprised to find an enormous fellow, rougher than a French poodle, banqueting upon the headless trunk, whilst an odious assemblage of eager vultures garrisoned the adjacent trees, and awaited their turn when the gorged monarch should make way for them. Immediately upon my appearance, his majesty walked heavily off, expressing by a stifled growl his royal displeasure at being thus unceremoniously disturbed at his meals. It was not however destined that our acquaintance should terminate here; for passing the scene of this introductory interview the following morning, Richardson and myself were suddenly made aware of the monster's presence, by perceiving a pair of round gooseberry eyes, with small jet black pupils, glaring upon us from beneath the screen of a shady bush; and instantly upon reining up our horses, out the grim savage bolted with a roar like thunder, and bounded across the plain with the agility of a greyhound. The luxuriant beauty of his shaggy black mane, which in its full and bushy grandeur, almost swept the ground, tempted us, contrary to established rule, to offer him battle with the design of appropriating his *regalia* —and on putting spurs to our horses, he no sooner felt himself hotly pursued, than he swung round like a cutter letting go her anchor, under a full press of canvas, and standing at bay in a mimosa grove, measured the strength of his assailants with a port the most noble and imposing. Disliking our appearance however, and not relishing the smell of gunpowder, he soon abandoned the grove, and took up a strong position on the summit of an adjacent stony hill, of which the base was so thickly clothed with thorn-trees, that we could only obtain a clear view of him from the distance of three hundred yards, and were thus compelled to open battery at long range. Crouched on this fortified pinnacle, like the sculptured figure at the entrance of a nobleman's park, the enemy disdainfully surveyed us for several minutes, daring us to approach, with an air of conscious power and pride, which well became his grizzled form. As the rifle balls whizzed about his ears, and ploughed up the ground nearer and nearer at each discharge, his wrath, as indicated by his glistening eyes, increased roar, and more impatient switching of the tail, was clearly getting the mastery over his prudence. Presently a shot broke his brawny leg. Down he came upon the other three with reckless impetuosity, his tail straight out, and whirling on its axis, his mane bristling on end, and his lurid eyeballs flashing rage and vengeance. Unable, however, to overtake our horses, he shortly retreated under a galling fire, limping and discomfited to his strong hold. Again we bombarded him, and again exasperated, he rushed into the plain with headlong fury---the blood now streaming from his open jaws, and dying his clotted mane with crimson. It was a gallant charge, but it was to be his last. A well directed shot arresting him in full career, he sprang into the air as if seized with a vertigo—pitched with violence upon his ample skull, and throwing a complete somerset, subsided amid a cloud of dust!

Abridged from a Paper by Captain Harris, in the Bengal Sporting Magazine.

RUFFS & PLOVER.

THE RUFF, AND THE LAPWING.

THERE is no group of the British birds comprehending more varieties, the manners of which are less known, probably on account of their retired habits, than the grallatores or waders. The whole *order*, technically speaking, comprises about twenty-five genera, extending over sixty-two species, and including the tribe of plovers, dotterel, snipe, sand-pipers, crakes, in fact, the whole of that class of birds which, as the term signifies, obtain their food by wading, and frequent such districts as the sea-shore, the margin of lakes and rivers, the marsh and the lowland, and other localities in which worms and grubs, their principal food, abound.

Of the whole tribe none are more frequently met with by the sportsman and countryman, than the lapwing or peewit, and few are less common, or more locally distributed, than the ruff. Of these two, as being the subject of the illustration to which our sketch refers, it will be my more immediate province to speak, and although I may occasionally touch upon the general habits of the whole tribe, I shall chiefly confine my observations to these birds.

Let us commence with the lapwing, or as it is termed in common parlance, the plover. Every sportsman knows how comprehensive are all local terms relating to the birds which form the object of his pursuit; and whether on the coast, the moor, or the fen, he will frequently experience great difficulty in recognising them by their provincial names. Among the coast gunners, the oxbird, and stint, comprehend almost every bird met with on the coast (except the divers and gulls); among the fen-men the half bird signifies almost every variety of duck, except the mallard, which they call the whole bird for distinction; and on the moors the term plover applies equally to the golden plover, the grey, the dotterel, and the lapwing.

Strictly speaking, the golden plover *(charadrius pluvialis)*, the dotterel *(c. morinellus)*, the ring dotterel *(c. hiaticula)*, and one or two other very rare species, are the only true plover, while the grey plover *(vanellus griseus)*, and the lapwing *(vanellus cristatus)*, though closely allied, form a different genus. None of the true plover have a toe behind, but the grey plover, and the lapwing have—this is the chief distinguishing mark.

The lapwing must be a bird familiar to every countryman, and so universally is it dispersed over our Island, that there are few localities which it does not visit at some season of the year. Its principal food being worms, it is a constant frequenter of the lowlands and fens, as well as of heaths, warrens, and any moist uplands. During the winter, large flocks of these birds congregate together, and in the beginning of spring they draw towards our low water-meadows to feed. At this time many are shot as they sit in a line along the banks of the ditches, where they may always be found at morning and evening. And plover shooting forms a no inconsiderable source of profit to the fen gunners. About the end of March they separate, and repair to some sedgy meadow, or moist upland ploughed field to breed. Being completely a gregarious bird, the lapwing breeds in company, and where one nest is found, others are sure not to be far off. Like most other birds that lay on the

ground, they take but little trouble with their nests,—a shallow hole is scooped, almost always on the top of the ridge (for although they frequent damp situations for the purpose of obtaining their food, they always choose as dry a spot as possible whereon to deposit their eggs), and the nest being formed of a layer of dried reeds, bits of stubble or grass,—the female lays four eggs of an olive colour, blotched all over with black. Like the eggs of all the birds of this group, they are very thick at the top, finely tapering towards the smaller end; and are laid with very great precision, the fine points of the four eggs invariably meeting in the centre of the nest. The delicacy of the plover egg is well known to every epicure, and in our lowlands, plover egging in the spring forms the trade of many, some thousands being annually collected in and around the fens, and sent up to the London, or provincial markets, where they frequently fetch four pence or six pence each.

There is something very grateful to the countryman's ear, in the plaintive note of this bird, as it wheels in graceful airy circles over the breeding ground. When all nature is at this time bursting into new life after its long sleep,—the monotonous cry of the peewit is a cheering promise that spring is at hand, and at this season it may be heard as soon as the first faint streak of morning light illumes the eastern sky, and never ceases till long after the sun has sunk below the western horizon.

Should any one now enter the field in which the eggs are laid, every bird will rise from the ground, and as long as the intruder remains on the spot, they hover round him, and the whole air resounds with their cries. It is a pleasing, although a melancholy sight to watch the various artifices resorted to by the old birds, to lure the enemy from the nest. At times they will settle on the ground before him, and endeavour by imitating the actions of a wounded bird, to draw attention to themselves, should this fail, they will fly round his head, and as they sweep past him, often near enough to be knocked down by a stick, their plaintive lamentations might almost turn the hardest heart from its cruel purpose of robbing their nests. Occasionally their endeavours succeed, but the systematic plover egger heeds them but little; he goes methodically to work, crossing the field backwards and forwards, beating every land regularly; and so true is the knowledge obtained by close observation, that these men, upon a bird rising, can always tell whether it rose from its eggs, and almost to a foot where they lie.

As soon as the young birds leave the shell, they can run, and funny little objects they look at this time, covered with down, their large heads and eyes giving them a very grotesque appearance. During the summer they keep about the breeding haunts,—but towards autumn they collect in vast flocks, and retire to the fens and extensive moors and lowlands, where they remain throughout the winter.

Although by no means a solitary bird, there is an idea of solitude and desolation often connected with the habits of the lapwing. The localities it frequents are many of them barren and retired, and Goldsmith mentions this bird in connection with the bittern, when alluding to the desolate condition of the once smiling, but then "deserted village."

"Along thy glades a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries."

The golden plover is a complete northern bird in the breeding season, and rarely comes southward except in winter, when the snipe shooter occasionally falls in with flocks of them. To see this bird in its natural character we must seek the wild moorlands of the north; and here, in all the grand solitude of mountain and moor, we shall meet with it in its native home. We know no greater treat than a ramble on the moors about sunrise on a fine morning in May; the freshness of the air—the grandeur of the landscape—the purple blossom of the heather just budding forth, tinged with the golden rays of the early sun, contrasted with the dark hue of the lichen, all must delight the lover of rural life. The various sounds that greet the ear—the "cec-cec" of the grouse as they rise at our feet and skim over the heather—the plaintive wail of the curlew, blended with the soft shrill whistle of the golden plover, and the monotonous cry of the peewit—all mingle in soft harmony, and cold must be the heart that does not vibrate with feelings of delight at such a season, and in such a place.

The golden plover lays four eggs on the ground not unlike those of the lapwing, but larger and much finer in colour. The plumage of this bird varies with the season; in the summer the breast and under plumage being of a deep black, but during the winter white.

The real dotterel is a scarce and very local bird, and, unlike the golden plover, is never met with in our island during the winter. Twice in the year the dotterel is sure to visit certain districts; in the spring (when they return to this country) as they are paasing over to their breeding haunts, and in the autumn as the old and young birds are retiring towards the north-eastern coasts for the purpose of migrating. The breeding habits of the dotterel are but little known, the nest is very difficult to find, and I have only once met with the egg. A full nest of four eggs was sent to a friend of mine in the north, taken on the Cumberland hills, as being new to him; they were much prized. Their colour was not unlike those of the golden plover, but smaller. They breed on the most barren hills, among loose stone and lichen, in high and dry situations. As the feathers of the dotterel are held in high estimation by fly-fishers, many are shot during their annual migrations; and as they are pretty regular to their time, and generally frequent the same localities every year, the dotterel shooter knows when and where to expect them. I have killed them in Northumberland, while on the road to their northern breeding haunts, and I have shot them in Cambridgeshire and Herts, in September, when the old and young birds, as I suppose, were returning from their breeding places in the Welch mountains. The most I ever killed in one morning was four and a half couple, off a piece of new wheat in Northumberland; this was in April.

Of the ruff, from my own *personal* observation, I can say but little. It is true I have met with it in the fens during the breeding season. I have shot the old and young birds in the autumn, but they are now so rarely met with, that I have not had the opportunity I should have wished, of studying the habits of this interesting bird. The ruff is a complete fen bird, and formerly, before drainage and cultivation had improved so much of our low lands, these birds were very common in the Lincolnshire fens. It is a migratory bird, arriving in the spring, and taking its departure in the autumn; and about September I have met with flocks of them on the moors and marshes in the north. About May the male bird puts on the breeding plumage, and it is then that they show the ruff round the neck, which

distinguishes them from the *reeves* or females, and from whence they take their name. They lose the ruff about June, and are then not unlike the reeves in plumage. It is a beautiful bird when the ruff is on, and so exceedingly do they vary in colour, that scarcely two of the ruffs are exactly alike. During the breeding season the males are extremely quarrelsome, whence their synonym of "tringa pugnax." Although not nearly so common as formerly, many of these birds still frequent our fens in the breeding season. They are then taken in nets by the ruff and plover catchers, put into coops, and fatted on bread and milk for the London market, where when fat they will realize about 7s. 6d. each. Like all other delicacies, being so expensive a luxury, it is only to be met with on the tables of the rich. I know one or two ruff catchers in the Thorney Fen, but of late years their trade has greatly fallen off, and five or six dozen in a season is now considered a good catch.

These birds make their appearance in the fen about the middle of April, and the male birds very soon assume the breeding plumage. They are in full feather throughout May, and are then eagerly sought after by collectors. What few are now taken, are killed with the gun, or taken in springs. They are but little molested at this season, but about September the fowlers' season comes in, and both plovers and ruffs are then taken in their nets, as the old and young birds congregate in flocks before migrating. They are rarely taken nearer to us than about ten miles below Peterborough. A rainy spring always brings up both ruff and plover, and whenever the river is level with the Whittlesea Wash, the fowlers anticipate a good harvest.

"Fowling," says an old writer, "is used two manner of ways, either by enchantment or enticement, by winning or wooing the fowl unto you by pipe, whistle, or call, or else by engine which unawares surprizeth them." And it is wonderful how well the fen men can imitate the different calls of the birds which frequent the fens. I have frequently seen plovers flying over head brought within shot of the gunner by his call, as he lay concealed behind a fen bank; and in the netting season the principal success of the fowler depends upon the exactness of his imitation. "In olden days, as now we call when the first James was king," our country was in a very different state from what it is now; and before the art of shooting flying was known, the net and the spring were the chief engines used in the destruction of all kinds of game. But still the fowler of the olden time possessed neither the skill or knowledge of the present day, and I would recommend any one interested in the various field sports of our island, and who delights in the study of the feathered race, to take a trip to the fens in the spring; and here he will have an opportunity not only of observing the nicety required in netting the fen birds, but also of watching the natural habits of the ruff and the lapwing in the wild solitude of their lowland home.

Oundle, May, 1842. TOHO.

HUNTING, Nº 1. THE ROAD TO COVER.

THE CHASE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the numerous essays that have been written on Fox-hunting, we think there are only two destined to longevity as accurate and inspiriting portraitures of the Chase. Doubtless there have been other good ones written, partaking either of the humorous or locally descriptive, but for broad and bold generalism, there are but *two* entitled to "first class." These we need hardly say, are from the pens of Mr. Beckford and Nimrod.—The origin of these essays was as different as their construction.—Mr. Beckford, a gentleman of fortune, residing in Dorsetshire, presented what in his day was considered an anomaly, viz., a fox-hunting author. His "Thoughts upon Hunting" are the bona fide instructions of a well informed practical man upon a subject that he was eminently conversant with. It is true that his country was not a first rate one, but that very circumstance makes his work more valuable, inasmuch as his precepts are applicable to a greater number of countries. Had such a work been written by Mr. Meynell, provincial masters would hardly have ventured upon it, knowing that what might do very well for Leicestershire, would not hold good in a bad scenting, plough, or woodland country. Indeed as it is, we sometimes see a disposition on the parts of the new literary lights on hunting, to throw the parent candle into the shade, and gentlemen, with a little *grass* experience, talk of Beckford as "obsolete," and of theirs as the only "true sun." Still Beckford we think will ever hold "his own" where the useful and instructive are concerned, nor are we inclined to place his description of a run second to that of Nimrod. It is true that the latter is more amplified, more of a run in fact, but Beckford's, as far as it goes, is in no wise inferior. This is saying much, considering Beckford's was an unpractised pen, attempting a description of what had never been attempted. Nimrod had the advantage of somewhat of a precedent, though of course his run being the primary object of his paper, required much more filling up than Beckford's, whose chase appears to have been written as much for the purpose of showing the positions that servants should occupy, and the acts they should perform during certain critical periods of the chase, as to present a panorama of what the penny-a-liners call the "moving incidents by flood and field."

The idea of the Quarterly Article originated with Mr. Lockhart, and it is singular, that one, whose pursuits are so different, should have been able to sketch out such a paper with greater ease than Nimrod, riding his own hobby, should have been able to fill it up with. The first attempt was a failure. Instead of the lively dashing article that appeared, a learned historical treatise was written, which after passing the ordeal of the Quarterly Review types, was returned to the author in print, as a misfit, or "not the sort of thing that was wanted." That article subsequently appeared in the New Sporting Magazine, under the title of the "Antiquity and Advantages of Field Sports." The second attempt was more successful, and catching the idea, Nimrod hit off the scent with the article that appeared—Still we think we recognise touches from another hand, but these we shall notice as we proceed, the pur-

port of this paper being to compare the rival runs of Beckford and Nimrod, as a sort of running commentary on our hunting plates. The former was written sixty years ago, the latter about eight or nine. Each is strikingly characteristic of the times. "The hour most favourable to the diversion," says Beckford, "is certainly an early one; nor do I think I can fix it better than to say, the hounds should be at the cover-side at sun-rising." Our plate represents something of that sort, at all events there is a rurality about the huntsman that tells more of what Mr. Smith would call the "lower" than the "upper countries."

"Let us indulge ourselves with a fine morning in the first week of February," writes Nimrod, "and at least two hundred well mounted men by the cover side. Time being called,—say a quarter past eleven, nearly our great grandfathers' dinner hour—the hounds approach the furze brake, or the gorse, as it is called in that region."

The style of the cover is as different as the hour. Dorsetshire, at this day, presents immense tracts of ungovernable woodlands, consequently artificial covers are, at least *ought* to be, unknown, but the bullock fattening soil of Leicestershire, does not admit of such unthrifty produce as wood, at least not in her best fox-hunting parts, consequently artificial covers supply the place of woods. Far be it from us, however, to say that they are either sightly or desirable objects. To say nothing of the useless profusion with which they are scattered over Leicestershire, producing ringing, short running foxes, there is too much of the hare and the turnip field air about them to excite those wild feelings of the chase, produced by the dash into an echoing wood of stately growth when each hound is seen, nose to ground, drawing steadily on his line. Let us suppose ourselves at the meet—Delightful scene! as Somerville sings

> "Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs;
> And in each smiling countenance appears
> Fresh blooming health, and universal joy."

Our friends with the hounds are now in the background, and two Squires are seen talking parish business perhaps, while the gaitered groom holds the stirrup for a third. The country fox-hunter talks of turnips, the London one of Tamburini. But hark to Beckford again.

"Now let your huntsman throw in his hounds as quietly as he can, and let the two whippers-in keep wide of him on either side, so that a single hound may not escape them; let them be attentive to his holloa, and be ready to encourage, or rate, as that directs; he will of course draw up the wind, for reasons which I shall give in another place. Now, if you can keep your brother sportsmen in order, and put any discretion into them, you are in luck; they more frequently do harm than good: if it be possible, persuade those who wish to holloa the fox off, to stand quiet under the cover side, and on no account to holloa him too soon; if they do, he most certainly will turn back again. Could you entice them all into the cover, your sport, in all probability, would not be the worse for it.

"How well the hounds spread the cover! the huntsman, you see, is quite deserted, and his horse, who so lately had a crowd at his heels, has not now one attendant left. How steadily they draw! you hear not a single hound, yet none are idle. Is not this better than to be subject to continual disappointment, from the eternal babbling of unsteady hounds?"

J. Cooper R. A. pinxt.

J.n R. Scott Sculpr.

THE COVER SIDE.

No 2.

THROWING OFF.

No doubt, Mr. Beckford, but the thing is, how to get them so. Now for Nimrod.

"*Hark in, hark!* with a slight cheer, and perhaps one wave of his cap, says Mr. Osbaldeston, and in an instant he has not a hound at his horse's heels." We do not like that start. "Hark in, hark!" is not the term, and we question if Osbaldeston ever used it on such an occasion. There is nothing cheering in it, "*yooi over in!*" or "*Eloo in!*" is much better, and for "*says*" Mr. Osbaldeston, we would have put "holloas" Mr. Osbaldeston, or "cries" Mr. Osbaldeston. But *n'importe,* they are now in cover.

"In a very short time the gorse appears shaken in various parts of the cover,—apparently from an unknown cause, not a single hound being for some minutes visible, presently one or two appear leaping over some old furze, which they cannot push through, and exhibit to the field their glossy skins and spotted sides. 'Oh! you beauties!' exclaims some old Meltonian, rapturously fond of the sport."

Beckford avails himself of Somerville for his description of the draw, and quotes on as follows:—

> "Hark! on the drag I hear
> Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
> More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth."

He then proceeds on his own account. "How musical their tongues! And as they get nearer to him, how the chorus fills!—Hark! he is found—now where are all your sorrows and your cares, ye gloomy souls!—or where your pains and aches ye complaining ones!—one holloa has dispelled them all."

We like that better than the perfumed exclamation of the old Meltonian, "rapturously fond of the sport" though he might be.

Nimrod's gorse "now shakes more than ever. Every stem appears alive, and it reminds us of a corn field waving in the wind. In two minutes the sterns of some more hounds are seen flourishing above the gorse. '*Have at him there,*' holloas the Squire---the gorse still more alive, and hounds leaping over each other's backs."

On the principle of seniority, Beckford's fox must get away first, and having apostrophised the aching ones, we will suppose Beckford to have sat listening, horn in hand, making the following observations.

"What a crash they make!—and echo seemingly takes pleasure to repeat the sound. The astonished traveller forsakes his road, lured by its melody; the listening ploughman now stops his plough, and every distant shepherd neglects his flock, and runs to see him break—what joy! what eagerness in every face!"

That is a beautiful description, and the mention of the shepherd conveys the idea of an unenclosed country, of which the greater part of Dorsetshire no doubt was in Mr. Beckford's day,—indeed in some parts they still compute their farms by the mile.

Our "Gone away" we think is very good,—the attitude and fire of the horse are excellent.

Nimrod's fox breaking cover is a very correct representation of what often takes place in Leicestershire, and indeed in other countries where the master has not his field under some controul, but the particulars of certain gentlemen anxious for a start, and satisfied

when they see three couple of hounds on the line, does not present a sufficiently pleasing idea to the mind, to induce us to task our fingers by copying it. Lord Alvanley's facetious observation after larking home across country, "What fine sport we might have, if it was not for those d—d hounds," was a keen satire on Melton fox-hunters.

The eager "Snob" now casts up in Nimrod's run, and the hacknied inquiry of "Do *you* think you can catch the fox," is somewhat counter-balanced by the interpolation by Mr. Lockhart, of "Mr. Osbaldeston's not suspecting Snob might be nothing less than one of the Quarterly Reviewers."

"Now huntsman," says Mr. Beckford, "get on with your head hounds, the whipper-in will bring on the others after you; keep an attentive eye on the leading hounds, that, should the scent fail them, you may know at least how far they brought it."

A turn in their favour gets heads and tails added together with Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds, and "the scent being good, every hound settles to his fox; the pace gradually improves—*vires acquirit eundo;* a terrible burst is the result." That is very neat, and had a line of stars

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to denote a lapse of time been placed between the close of that paragraph and the beginning of the next, the effect would have been improved. There is a knack in setting out an article, as well as in writing one.

"Mark *Galloper*, how he leads them!" says Beckford, "it is difficult to distinguish which is first, they run in such style; yet *he* is the foremost hound. The goodness of his nose is not less excellent than his speed,—how he carries the scent! and when he loses it, see how eagerly he flings to recover it again!—there, now he's at head again!—See how they top the hedge!—Now, how they mount the hill!—Observe what a head they carry, and show me, if thou canst, one shuffler or skirter amongst them all. Are they not like a parcel of brave fellows, who, when they engage in an undertaking, determine to share its fatigue and its dangers equally among them?"

This all savours of an open country. It is the d—d hedges that prevent modern Nimrods seeing what their "Gallopers" are about, or rather they are too busy with their gallopers to see what the hounds are about.

At the end of nineteen minutes (railway reckoning this), Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds come to a fault, but *Pastime* hits off the scent, and away they go, over the cream of Leicestershire, the line of the run being generally supposed to have been furnished by a member of the old Club at Melton. "Not a field of less than forty, some a hundred acres,---and no more signs of the plough than in the wilds of Siberia." Rather different to Mr. Beckford's up hill, and down dale Dorsetshire, with its chalky downs, and wilderness of woods.

How the following observations proclaim the keen and observing sportsman! How Beckford teaches, while he seems to be only aiming to amuse.

"It was then the fox I saw, as we came down the hill; those crows directed me which way to look, and the sheep ran from him as he passed along. The hounds are now on the very spot, yet the sheep stop them not.---Now see with what eagerness they cross the plain! *Galloper* no longer keeps his place, *Brusher* takes it,---see how he flings for the scent, and

A. Cooper R.A. pinxt. J.n. R. Scott Sculpt.

GONE AWAY.

CITY FOWLERS. — MARK! —

Against the Wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong Gale directs him to the prey;

Now the warm scent assures the covey near,
He treads with caution & he points with fear.

Gay

J. Jones fec

THE CHECK.

how impetuously he runs! How eagerly he took the lead, and how he strives to keep it! yet Victor comes up apace: he reaches him!—See what an excellent race it is between them! It is doubtful which will reach the cover first. How eagerly they run!---how eagerly they strain!—Now Victor, Victor! Ah! Brusher you are beaten; Victor first tops the hedge!---See there! see how they all take it in their strokes! The hedge cracks with their weight, so many jump at once!"

Nimrod's hard riders press on, and Snob gets through his horse. The Quarterly editors making "the reviewer walk through" when Snob opens the gate, is neatly put in—second horses, and the Wissendine brook (not exemplifying our plate) follow on, but with the exception of Abigail and Fickle, and an observation as to the head the hounds are carrying, we hear little of the pack. The riding of the men, and not the hunting of the hounds, is the point.

"Now hastes the whipper-in to the other side of the cover; he is right unless he head the fox." That sentence is quite the old sportsman,—it is right, if it isn't wrong. He won't praise the whipper-in if it is right, but perhaps he'll "blow him up" if it's wrong.

"Listen! the hounds have turned,—they are now in two parts, the fox has been headed back, or they have changed at last."

In some editions,—indeed in the one before us the *or* here is *and*, "and they have changed at last," but our copy, once the property of an old sportsman, stands corrected in ink to *or*, and there seems no doubt but that is the right reading.

"Now my lad, mind the huntsman's holloa, and stop to those hounds which he encourages. He is right! that doubtless is the hunted fox; now they are off again."

"What lengths we pass! where will the wand'ring chase
Lead us bewilder'd! Smooth as swallows skim
The new-shorn mead, and far more swift, we fly.
See my brave pack! how to the head they press,
Jostling in close array, then more diffuse
Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning mouths
The vollied thunder breaks.
———————— Look back and view
The strange confusion of the vale below
Where sour vexation reigns;———
———————— Old age laments
His vigour spent; the tall, plump, brawny youth
Curses his cumbrous bulk; and envies now
The short pygmean race, he whilome kenn'd
With proud insulting leer. A chosen few
Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
Their pleasing toils." SOMERVILLE.

"Ha! a check. Now for a moment's patience! We press too close upon the hounds! Huntsman stand still!—as yet they want you not. How admirably they spread!—how wide they cast!—Is there a single hound that does not try? If there be, ne'er shall he hunt again. There, *Trueman* is on the scent, he feathers, yet still is doubtful. 'Tis right!—how readily they join him!—See those wide-casting hounds, how they fly forward to recover the

ground they have lost!—Mind *Lightning*, how she dashes; and Mungo, how he works!—Old Frantic, too, now pushes forward, she knows as well as we the fox is sinking."

"———— Ha! yet he flies, nor yields
To black despair. But one loose more, and all
His wiles are vain. Hark! through yon village now
The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
And leafless elms, return the joyous sounds.
Thro' ev'ry homestall, and thro' ev'ry yard,
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies." SOMERVILLE.

The rest of the run is all Beckford, so sporting and neat, that we must give it entire.

"Huntsman! at fault at last?—How far did you bring the scent? Have the hounds made their own cast?—Now make yours. You see that sheep-dog has coursed the fox: get forward with your hounds, and make a wide cast.

"Hark! that holloa is indeed a lucky one. If we can hold him on, we may yet recover him; for a fox so much distressed must stop at last. We shall now see if they will hunt as well as run; for there is but little scent, and the impending cloud still makes that little less. How they enjoy the scent!—See how busy they all are, and how each in his turn prevails!

"Huntsman, be quiet! Whilst the scent was good, you pressed on your hounds: it was well done:—when they came to a check, you stood still and interrupted them not:—they were afterwards at fault; you made your cast with judgment, and lost no time. You now must let them hunt. With such a cold scent as this you can do no good; they must do it all themselves. Lift them now, and not a hound will stoop again. Ha! a high road at such a time as this, when the tenderest-nosed hound can hardly own the scent! Another fault! That man at work, then, has headed back the fox. Huntsman! cast not your hounds now; you see they have over-run the scent: have a little patience, and let them, for once, try back.

"We now must give them time. See where they bend towards yonder furze brake! I wish he may have stopped there! Mind that old hound, how he dashes o'er the furze; I think he winds him! Now for a fresh *entapis!* Hark! they holloa!—Aye, there he goes!

"It is nearly over with him: had the hounds caught view, he must have died. He will hardly reach the cover. See how they gain upon him at every stroke! It is an admirable race—yet the cover saves him.

"Now be quiet, and he cannot escape us: we have the wind of the hounds, and cannot be better placed. How short he runs! He is now in the very strongest part of the cover. What a crash!—every hound is in, and every hound is running for him. That was a quick turn!—Again another!—he's put to his last shifts. Now Mischief is at his heels, and death is not far off. Ha! they all stop at once: all silent, and yet no earth is open. Listen! now they are at him again!—Did you hear that hound catch view?—They over-ran the scent, and the fox had laid down behind them. Now, Reynard, look to yourself!—How quick they all give their tongues!—Little Dreadnought, how he works him!—The terriers, too, they now are squeaking at him. How close Vengeance pursues!—how terribly she

Painted by G. H. Laporte

Engraved by J. Scott

THE BROOK.

FROM SCENT TO VIEW.

Painted by J.J. Hamilton. Engraved by T.M. Ayrton.

presses!—It is just up with him!—Gods! what a crash they make!—the whole wood resounds!—That turn was very short! There! now—aye, now they have him! Who-hoop!"

Nimrod's fox does his best to escape; "he threads hedgerows, tries the out-buildings of a farm house, and once turns so short as nearly to run his foil; but—the perfection of the thing—the hounds turn shorter than he does, as much as to say—*die you shall.* The pace has been awful for the last twenty minutes. Three horses are blown to a stand-still, and few are going at their ease. 'Out upon this great carcase of mine! no horse that was ever foaled can live under it at this pace, and over this country,' says one of the best of the welter-weights, as he stands over his four-hundred-guinea chesnut, then rising from the ground, after giving him a heavy fall—his tail nearly erect in the air, his nostrils violently distended, and his eyes almost fixed. 'Not hurt, I hope,' exclaims Mr. Maxse, to *somebody* whom he gets a glimpse of through the openings of a tall quickset hedge which is between them, coming neck and croup into the adjoining field, from the top bar of a high, hog-backed stile. His eye might have been spared the unpleasing sight, had not his ear been attracted to a sort of *procumbit-humi-bos* sound of a horse falling to the ground on his back, the bone of his left hip indenting the green sward within two inches of his rider's thigh. It is young Peyton*, who, having missed his second horse at the check, had been going nearly half the way in distress; but from nerve and pluck, perhaps peculiar to Englishmen, but very peculiar to himself, got within three fields of the end of this brilliant run. The fall was all but a certainty; for it was the third stiff timber fence that had unfortunately opposed him, after his horse's wind had been pumped out by the pace; but he was too good to refuse them, and his horse knew better than to do so.

"The Æneid of Virgil ends with a death, and a chase is not complete without it. The fox dies within half a mile of Woolwell-head, evidently his point from the first; the pack pulling him down in the middle of a large grass-field, every hound but one at his brush. Jack Stevens with him in his hands would be a subject worthy of Edwin Landseer himself: a black-thorn, which has laid hold of his cheek, has besmeared his upper garments with blood, and one side of his head and cap are cased in mud by a fall he has had in a lane—his horse having alighted in the ruts from a high flight of rails; but he has ridden the same horse throughout the run, and has handled him so well, he could have gone two miles further, if the chase had been continued so long. Osbaldeston's who-whoop might have been heard to Cottesmore, had the wind set in that direction, and every man present is extatic with delight. 'Quite the cream of the thing, I suppose,' says Lord Gardner, a very promising young one, at this time fresh in Leicestershire. 'The cream of every thing in the shape of fox-hunting,' observes that excellent sportsman Sir James Musgrave, looking at that moment at his watch. 'Just ten miles, as the crow flies, in one hour and ten minutes, with but two trifling checks, over the finest country in the world. *What superb hounds are these!*' added the baronet, as he turned his horse's head to the wind. 'You are right,' says Colonel Lowther, 'they are perfect. I wish my father had seen them do their work to-day.' Some of

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* The only son of Sir Henry Peyton, Bart, one of the best and hardest riders of the present day.

the field now come up who could not live in the first flight; but as there is no jealousy here they congratulate each other on the fine day's sport, and each man turns his head towards home."

The moral of the article—the admission of the expediency of taking a season or two in the acknowledged *school* of the craft, and yet the expression of the hope that resorting *year after year* to this metropolis of the chase, may not become the *fashion* with persons whose hereditary possessions lie far from its allurements, is evidently Mr. Lockhart's, and we are surprized at its retention in Murray's corrected edition of the work. Nimrod shows in his introductory matter that it *is* the fashion, and censuring it is blowing cold on what he has long been blowing hot upon.

One great beauty of Beckford's run is that there is nothing cruel or unsatisfactory about it. Killing a fox, like killing a wolf, is rather a matter of rejoicing than otherwise, and the manner of finding him, divests the mind of anything like a domestic idea—sportsmen will understand what we mean.—Nimrod's run breathes of desperate demands upon the generous exertions of the horse, while the fate of Snob's good little bay, must enlist the sympathy of every reader. Mr. Peyton putting a pumped out horse at a third timber fence, the three horses blown to a stand still, and the gentleman with the three broken ribs, are all rather eye-sores in the tale. Beckford's is the hunting run, Nimrod's the riding one.

Shortly after the publication of the Quarterly article, Nimrod essayed to write a duplicate—at least one as good—in the New Sporting Magazine, and if it did not surpass it in goodness, at all events it did so in cruelty. This appeared in a series of papers then published anonymously, called "Characters of Hunting Countries," but which Nimrod afterwards claimed as his own. In the character of Leicestershire a run was described, in which the principal performer rode a five year old horse. The manuscript, as delivered, made the horse get his eye knocked out by a bullfinch, and his humane master persevere in riding him after he saw it leave the socket. The editor altered it, making the horse get a thorn in his eye; but upon the appearance of the article, a gentleman (from Lincolnshire we believe) wrote a strong letter of remonstrance, assuring the editor that sportsmen would not enjoy anything that savoured of cruelty, let it be ever so well written, and urging him to submit all similar papers to the revision of Nimrod!

It may be thought in this paper, that we have underrated the great writer, but such was not our intention. We merely wished to see whether half a century has made any material improvement in this species of literature, and we do not think it has. We think the old fox-hunter, with his heart in his subject, is quite as graphic and amusing as Nimrod and his cotemporaries; and we would recommend gentlemen, who pretend to under-rate Beckford's abilities, to ask themselves what sort of figures they would cut, if they had not his thoughts to go by.

R Dalziel

THE 12TH OF AUGUST

GROUSE SHOOTING.

UNDER the generic name of *grouse*, three species are usually comprehended. The black grouse, black game, or black cock; the ptarmigan, or white grouse; and the red grouse, or moor-fowl, which on the 12th of August is the grand object of the shooter's attention.

The English moors on which red grouse are most plentiful, are those of Yorkshire, Westmoreland, Cumberland, Durham, and Northumberland; and considerable numbers also breed on the moors in Staffordshire, Lancashire, and Derby. The places preferred by grouse are wild and mountainous districts, where heath or heather is abundant. In some of the northern counties above named, those mountainous tracts extend for fifteen or twenty miles in length, and are from ten to twelve in breadth, in alternate rise and hollow, at a height of from one thousand to four thousand feet above the level of the sea. On the upper parts of those mountains which rise, in some districts, to a considerable height above the surrounding moors, red grouse are not so abundant as in those less elevated, whose tops are diversified with hollows and hills, and to which the ascent is by a succession of gently swelling banks, gradually rising one above the other, and affording ample shelter for the grouse in their valleys and on their sides. For instance, in Cumberland, grouse are more plentiful on Hartside-fell, than on Skiddaw; in Yorkshire, on Swaledale-moor, than on Whernside; and in Northumberland, on Hareshaw-common, than on Cheviot-hill. Red grouse pair early in the season; and the female, if the weather be mild, begins to lay about the end of March. She lays from eight to eleven eggs, in a rude nest, among the roots of the heather, and most of the young are hatched by the first week in May. A very dry summer generally proves destructive to young grouse; many of the small springs in the moors are then dried up; and the young birds not being able to obtain water, die of thirst. The food of the red grouse consists chiefly of the tops of the young heather, and of various kinds of berries which grow on the moors.

In the hilly district in the North Riding of Yorkshire, comprehended by three imaginary lines uniting Whitby, Coxwold, and Gisborough as the three points of a triangle, red grouse are found in considerable numbers, more especially on the moors belonging to Lord Feversham, in the neighbourhood of Helmsley, and in those of Lord Downe between Whitby and Pickering. The rail-road which has been formed between these towns within the last two or three years, will certainly not tend to increase the breed of grouse in the district adjacent to the line. Gentlemen having permission to shoot over the moors between Whitby and Pickering, used frequently to take up their quarters at Saltergate-inn, about half-way between those towns.

In the West Riding of Yorkshire the moors of the Duke of Devonshire in the neighbourhood of Bolton Abbey are generally considered among the best for red grouse; at any

rate they are among the best preserved, for the weavers and spinners of Leeds and Bradford are not remarkably fond of shooting, and by no means such fearless poachers as the lead-miners of Durham and Cumberland. The neighbourhood of Settle affords tolerably good grouse-shooting; and a little further to the north-west, in the same Riding, grouse are in general plentiful. In this part of the country, Dent or Hawes is the most preferable place for the sportsman's head quarters.

The extensive moorland tract which lies at the north western extremity of Yorkshire, between the Swale and the Tees, and is bounded on the eastward by an imaginary line drawn between Reeth and Barnard Castle, contains perhaps as many grouse as any other part of the county of equal extent, although no moors in England are more shot over, nor so much poached. Every season, bands of poachers make their appearance on those moors, setting keepers and watchers at defiance, and sometimes continuing their lawless sport for two or three days together, till they have killed what they consider a sufficient quantity. I was out on those moors a few years ago, when a band of poachers, said to be miners from Middleton in Teesdale, made their appearance, and never did I see such havoc as they committed. When I saw them they were shooting on the very best part of the moors, between Arkindale and Tanhill. About eight of them who had guns, advanced in the form of a crescent, at an interval of about thirty yards between each man; and as the grouse were plentiful, and the day fine, the fire that they kept up was almost incessant. As fast as the packs rose, bang! bang! bang! went the guns, as long as there was a grouse on the wing within killing distance. This was about ten in the morning; and about four in the afternoon, a motley band, most of them poachers in a small way themselves, left Reeth with the professed intention of apprehending the marauders, but whom they well knew were at that time far beyond their reach. The commander-in-chief of those game-preservers, hired for the nonce at half-a-crown a head, was as great a poacher as any in the country; but by some means or other had contrived to get himself appointed keeper for the moors. The principal places which afford accommodation to gentlemen in the district above noticed are Muker, towards the head of Swaledale; Reeth, and Bowes. A few years ago there used to be a convenient public-house at Tanhill, which would accommodate one or two gentlemen very well, but the person having been too fond of dealing with poachers, he was deprived of his licence. There is still a small public-house at Tanhill—one of the dirtiest in Yorkshire—where the cartmen who come for coals to the pits in the neighbourhood stop to bait. It will, however, afford shelter to the sportsman who happens to be caught in its neighbourhood by a shower of rain, and also a glass of brandy should his flask be empty. As there are one or two *subscription* moors in the neighbourhood of Bowes, and as Stanemore is a kind of no-man's-land, a miscellaneous assortment of shooters usually take up their quarters there, and soon thin the adjacent moors; not indeed by killing the grouse—for most of those subscription gentry are rather *shakey* on pulling the trigger, though no *great shakes* at a shot—but by frightening them away to other moors which are better preserved, and not so much molested by bands of irregular infantry.

On the Westmorland moors which adjoin those of Yorkshire, grouse are rather plentiful; and the best place for the sportsman to make his point for is Kirby-Stephen. Shap-fells

RED GROUSE.

are famous for grouse; but the moors on which they are most abundant are those belonging to the Earl of Lonsdale, between Orton and Shap. Orton I consider to be one of the best shooting stations in the county. Several sportsmen establish their quarters at Brough and Appleby during the season, for the sake of shooting on the moors to the northward, bordering on Cumberland and Durham.

In Cumberland the moors which contain the greatest number of grouse, are those which lie within ten miles south-west and north-ward of Aldstone. The Durham and Northumberland moors which adjoin those of Cumberland on the south-east and north-east are equally well-stocked. There are some good moors in the neighbourhood of Naworth Castle, the seat of the Earl of Carlisle, though not of very great extent; and the extensive mountainous wastes bordering on Scotland and the south-western parts of Northumberland, afford excellent shooting. There are a good many grouse among the hills round Keswick, but as it rains almost incessantly there during the best part of the season, the shooter who wishes for sport without the heavy drawback of wet days, ought not to make choice of that part of the country. The best moors in the neighbourhood of Keswick belong to the Earl of Egremont.

In the county of Durham the districts in which grouse are most plentiful, are Teesdale and Weardale. In the former, the best moors are those of the Duke of Cleveland and Mr. Bowes, and the shooters' principal rendezvous is Middleton. In Weardale one of the best places for the sportsman to fix his quarters at, is St. John's Chapel. There is also tolerably good grouse-shooting on the moors between Stanhope and Edmund Byres.

In the south-western parts of Northumberland, the best moors are those belonging to Mr. Beaumont to the southward and eastward of Allendale, and those of Mr. Ord in the neighbourhood of Whitfield. On Mr. Ord's moors there are a considerable number of black as well as red grouse, and the breed of the former appears likely to increase in that part of the country. The best moors in Northumberland for grouse, both black and red, are those which lie between the river Reed and the borders of Cumberland and Roxburghshire; and the places in that district which afford accommodation to sportsmen are Woodburn, Bellingham, Falstone, Rochester, and Otterburn. The moors rented, I believe, by M. Bell, Esq.—formerly one of the members for the southern division of Northumberland—are well stocked with grouse. They comprise a large part of Hareshaw-common, extending northwards towards Trough-end; and his head quarters are the Bay Horse at Woodburn, a comfortable little house;—the Bay Horse, by the bye, which is exhibited as a sign, is a cleverly painted portrait of that once famed north-country racer, Dr. Syntax, presented by Mr. Bell to the landlord. Sir John Swinburne's moors, in the neighbourhood of Mounces, a shooting-box of the worthy Baronet, up North-Tyne, afford capital shooting; but the very best in the county, —perhaps in England—are those of the Duke of Northumberland, northward and westward of Keilder Castle,a sporting residence belonging to the duke, adjoining the Scottish border. These moors, which for the last three or four years have been very little shot over, abound in grouse, which there seek a refuge from the more numerous shooters sporting over the moors adjacent,

and breed in quiet in the lonely waste, over which there is no path, and which, except during the shooting-season, is only traversed by the shepherd, or the keeper who now and then takes a range in spring to look out for hawks, which sometimes build near the waterfall on Bell's Burn. It has generally been supposed that where black grouse establish themselves, the red grouse in a few years disappear, being driven away by the new comers which are much stronger and larger birds. Mr. Dagg, however, the duke's keeper, who has lived at Keilder all his life, says, that neither in his time nor in that of his father, whom he succeeded, has it been observed that the black grouse, which are there very plentiful, have in the least degree caused a diminution in the numbers of the red. There are a good many grouse on the moors in the neighbourhood of Elsdon, and towards the head of the river Coquet. The Cheviot range of hills, in the neighbourhood of Wooler, also affords tolerably good shooting, though there are not many grouse on the particular hill called Cheviot. Some of the best moors in the latter district are the property of Mr. Errington.

Having thus briefly noticed some of the principal moors in the North of England, we will offer the grouse-shooter a few hints which perhaps may be of service to him if he has not already obtained his information by experience.

If the early part of the day be very windy, you had better not go out, for in such weather the grouse become restless, and will never lie, but keep constantly shifting their ground. Your appearance on the moors at such a time would only make them more wild and diminish your chance of sport at another time. Should the wind abate about mid-day, you will be likely to have fair sport between two and five o'clock in the afternoon.

When the heather is wet after rain, the grouse frequently assemble in places where the ground is comparatively bare; and the same in damp misty weather, when they may often be observed in the road or path, if there be one, across the moor.

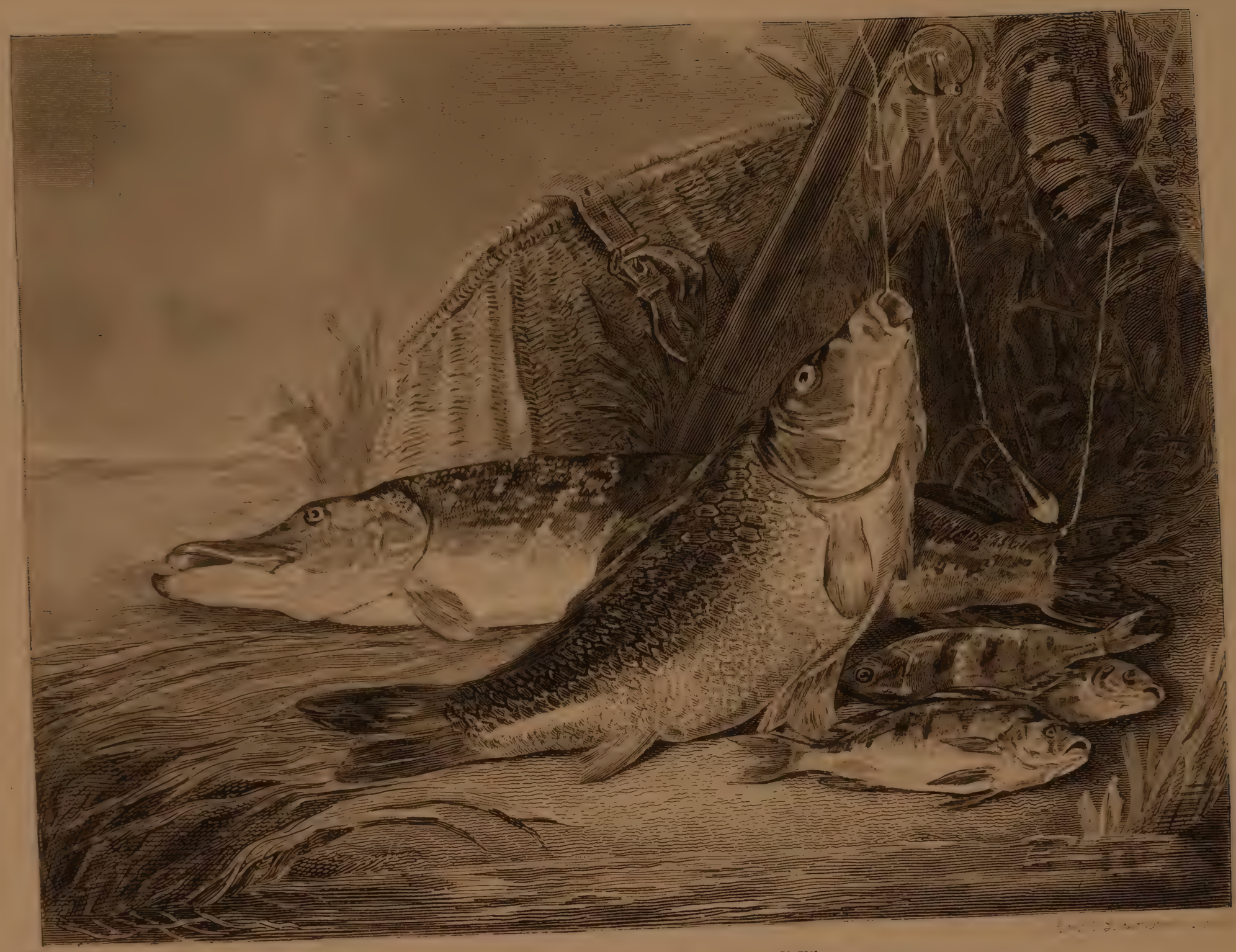
If you have acquired the bad habit of stretching out your left leg considerably in advance of the right, and of stooping almost double when you take aim, endeavour to correct it as soon as possible: by standing almost upright, with the feet not more than nine inches apart, you will stand both easier and firmer, and be more at liberty to turn in any direction.

Avoid over-*charging* yourself when on the moors with sandwiches of ham or salt beef, which are liable to create thirst at a time when the shooter is already "too dry"—nothing is so sweet as a rib of roast mutton or lamb on the fells.

Do not be too indulgent to yourself with the brandy-flask; and avoid taking a drop "neat." If you feel continued thirst, wash your mouth frequently with weak brandy and water, occasionally swallowing a thimble-full.

As mists, which you may cut with a knife, are not unfrequent on the moors, a pocket compass will often be found a useful companion.

PIKE AND PERCH.



CARP, PIKE & PERCH.

PIKE FISHING IN GERMANY.

Scene.—THE NETZE.

[Von Piscator—Amicus—Fritz, *in attendance.*]

Ami. So, this is the Netze!

Von. P.—Yes! it is not so rapid as the Brake, and is, therefore, more congenial to the Pike, and fish of similar habits.

Ami.—Ergo, the order of the day is trolling. By the way, in coming hither, methought I detected some traces of that Arch-Enemy of anglers, the otter.

Von P.—No doubt you did. There are enough here, of the base vermin as he calls them, to have regularly badgered old Izaak Walton.

Ami.—Well, I always said your German Beavers would turn out to be Otters.

Von P.—Ah! our old argument, which ran so long upon Castors. But you are decidedly wrong. The beaver, is at this very time to be found in Germany.

Ami.—Yes! "all round my hat."

Von P.—No! in the Elbe. I lately read in the newspaper from Torgau, a paragraph, not only proving that the animal in question is indigenous, but affording a singular illustration of its instinctive sagacity. It stated that the river had been higher than within the memory of man, but that the circumstance had been expected from a sure sign of spring floods in the Elbe, viz. that the beavers had built such unusually high dams. That is what I call proof positive.

Ami.—Yes; and water-proof into the bargain. I wonder if the builders of that unusually lofty edifice, the Tower of Babel, had received a hint from the beavers of the Great Deluge.

Von P.—Probably the shrewd aquatic beast can foretaste a flood in the quality of the element; for instance, whether it contains an unusual proportion of snow-water from the mountains. But yonder is Herr Von Muckelback, who is going, by appointment, to make his first essay in the gentle craft.

Ami—What is his quality.

Von P.—A Blomberg Official. He is the Royal-Mail-Coach-Wheel-Grease-Over-Comptroller.

Ami.—Mercy on us! I shall never learn it! Mr. Royal-Mail-Coach-Wheel-Contractor-all-over-Grease! Does Mr. Von Huckelback speak English?

Von P.—You shall hear. Herr Von Muckelback, this is my friend Amicus, an Englishman and a fisherman, of whom you have heard me speak.

Von M.—Sare, I am mush happy for to make acquaintance at you. *(Amicus bows).* —Company is a great plaisir. Ve vill all togeder catch vun fish.

Ami. Sir, I shall be proud to have the honour of wetting a line with Mr. Royal-Mail-New-Fast-Post-Coach.

Von P. Come, come—a truce to compliments—and let us fall to work. Fritz—the tackle. Mr. Over-Comptroller please to watch how I put together your rod. There; now I fit it with a line, thus. Next, the hook must be baited.

Von M. Ya—yes. Mit von vurm, and von fly, and von little life fish, and von frog.

Von P. As a Tyro, I would recommend your beginning with only one of them at a time—and when you are more advanced in the arts you can try them all together—if you like. Here is a large worm, almost a serpent, fit to tempt a big chub. There; your tackle is all ready.

Von M. Nein! nein!—stop—halt! I must first set fire to mine pipe. So—

Von P. There's your rod, then. Remember the instructions I gave you before hand, and no doubt you will soon have a bite.

Von M. May be so, and may be not so. To-day I shall catch someting, and to-day I shall catch noting. It is all de same as von. I vill be glad dis vay, and I vill be glad dat vay. Ven I do not have a bite at a shub-fish I shall be full of contemplations, and make a smoke. [The Tyro removes to a distance. Von Piscator looks after him, and shrugs his shoulders]

Von P. There's a sample for you of German phlegm! I wish to Heaven he may hook a Wels!

Ami. A Wels! What is that?

Von P. A very ugly customer in any sense. I am ignorant of his name in English, and suspect, indeed, that he is a Great Unknown in our British rivers. There are none in the Brake, for they delight in muddy and sluggish streams—but they are plentiful in the Netze and are common in the Elbe and the Oder. I remember reading in the newspapers, some years ago, that two immense Wels had been taken at Berlin and Stettin, and being fastened to the shore with chains, were publicly exhibited on account of their great size. As a full grown one will weigh about a hundred weight, you may suppose the chance you have against such a monster with rod and line.

Ami. Have you ever had the misfortune to take such a fresh water Leviathan?

Von P. I incline to think so—for one day in trolling in the Netze, I hooked an enormous fish, which I could not get to show himself at the surface. By dint of sheer strength and weight he kept at the bottom, till he fairly wore out the wire-gimp and made off. They are very strong. An old Netze fisherman told me—

Fritz. Mr. Lieutenant, sir,—look at Herr Von Muckelback!

Von. P. Eh—what?—Ha! ha! ha!—Yes—he has caught his first fish!

Ami. How he capers! It is like St. Vitus's dance!

Fritz. Mr. Lieutenant, sir, he is calling for help.

Von P. So he is! Amicus, let us go to the rescue. Fritz, run forward with the landing-net.

Von M.—Hola! help! Mine good friend! Gleich! Quick!—One great fish has caught me, and he shall pull me in!

Von P. Steady, my dear sir! Don't be alarmed. It's only a chub, Give him plenty of line but, Zounds! Your reel is foul. You had better let me have the rod.

Von M. Wit all mine heart—and wit all mine soul! Ach!—Potztausend!

Von P. Amicus! did you see that! The chub was seized by a bigger fish—'twas a Wels!

Ami. Yes; but look at the Royal-Mail-Post-Coach-Man!—[The Over-Comptroller, alarmed by the struggles of the huge fish, sets off running crabwise, but encounters a stump. The rod snaps in two, and Herr Von M. falls on the broad of his back, with his mouth wide open—his meerchaum flying a yard or two beyond his head.]

Von P. My dear sir—I am very sorry—give me your hand—I hope you are not hurt?

Von M. Ach Gott! I am all shook and broke into little crumbs! and de rod is broke also, and, tousand tevils! here is mine pipe all smattered to little bits!

Von P. Accidents will happen, my dear sir, and especially to anglers in their noviciate; but if you would like to try my tackle

Von M. Sar, I tank you vary much. But it shall be better for me to go home where I have mine wife and some more pipes. Adieu Herr Von Piscator—Herr Von Amicus, I am your servant very homble. (*Exit*).

Von P. Adieu Mr. Over Comptroller. Fritz—gather up the wreck. And now, Amicus, let us try our own luck in the Netze.

Ami. As Trollers, not as Comptrollers. Your German friend was not born under Aquarius or Pisces. By the bye, did you ever read Robinson Crusoe?

Von P. What! was I English-born? Have I ever been a boy? Did I ever get beyond my A. B. C. But hush! you talk overmuch—We're come to the Pike.

Ami. Then pay threepence, and ask for a ticket.

Von P. A pun—a wretched pun—and most villanously out of season! What has a turnpike to do with Fishing?

Ami. A good deal, in Germany. Have I not travelled on your highroads, and seen the toll-man sitting in his toll-house, and with a trolling-rod—I beg pardon---a tolling-rod thrust out of the window, fishing for groscher and pfennings?

Von P. A true picture I admit.

Ami. And, by the way, just the very sort of fishing for your Mail Friend Mr. Shaka back—Pickaback—Stickleback—

Von P. No—Muckelback—and pray remember the prefix.

Ami. True. Only give him his Von, and I may cough or sneeze for the surname.

Von P. So—here we are! Now let us fall to work.

Ami. And fortune send us a Wels!

Von P. So wished and so fished! It misgives me that I am now into one. Just feel my rod.

Ami. Phoo! you are fast to a great stone, or a stump!

Von P. Nay, look at the line—it moves!

Ami. Give him time to pouch! It's a heavy Pike!

Von P. Long odds on a Wels! I am sure of it by his weight and style of going

down like a sinking barge. Now then for the Fisherman's first virtue, Patience, for of course I am at anchor here for half the day.

Ami. Keep a steady pull upon him and try to raise him.

Von P. So I do—but it is like trying to pull up the bed of the river.

Ami. How lucky there are two of us!

Von P. Why?

Ami. Let's lift up the bed of the river by the four corners and we shall have him in it —perhaps fast asleep!

Von P. Nonsense! Stop—he gives a little! No he don't! What a sulky hulk it is. It's full twenty minutes since he took the bait. What's to be done?

Ami. Why, as he will not come up to us, we must go down to him. Can you dive?

Von P. What—blow him up like the Royal George!

Ami. Stay; I have an idea. Did you ever hear of scratching for Barbel?

Von P. Yes, amongst the pot-fishers on the Thames.

Ami. No matter. When a Wels will not be caught fairly, he must be hooked foully: if he will lie at the bottom like a drowned body, he must be dragged for—which is the gist of my plot. This stout cord, and a lead, and some of our double eel-hooks, will make capital grappling tackle. Only hold on warily till I am ready. Now then—look to your own line. I know exactly where he lies. There—huzza!—I've got hold of him!

Von P. Bravo!---at the very first cast!—But hollo! Murder! Fire! Water! Zounds, man, hold him in!—hold him in—hold him in, or he'll run me out! Fritz, lend a hand!

Ami. Aye, do!—for he's pulling like a horse! now then,—haul boys, haul---yes—there he comes, tail foremost, for the grapple has hitched at that end. Another heave—so—and there he flounders on the bank, by all that's ugly!

Von P. I did not promise you a beauty. His great flat head, his enormous wide mouth and thick lips, are fatal to any pretensions of the kind.

Ami. Humph!---let me see. He has no teeth—a body fringed with fin, and tapering from the head to the tail---and a slimy skin like an eel's. I think I recognise the species of your Wels.

Von P. Indeed! Pray enlighten me.

Ami. It is the Silurus, sive Glanis, the Sly Silurus, alias Sheet Fish, which is figured in Yarrel's work. It is said to be found in the Nile, as well as in some of the great American rivers, and I am so well content with having helped to capture one in the Netze, that with your consent, like the Royal-Mail-Coach-Wheel-Grease-Over-Comptrolling gentleman, we will postpone all meaner fishing for to-day.

Von P. Agreed---especially as it is about to rain cats and dogs. Fritz shall present the Sly Silurus to my Landlady, the Miller's Wife, in revenge for the loss of her ducklings.

Ami. And so ends what a London Cockney would call our "performance at the Wels with real water."

T. Hood.

CARRIER PIGEONS.

CARRIER PIGEONS.

" Led by what chart transports the timid dove,
The wreaths of conquest or the vows of love?
Say through the clouds what compass points her flight,
Monarchs have gazed, and nations blest the sight.
Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rise,
Eclipse her native shades, her native skies.—
'Tis vain! thro' Æther's pathless wilds she goes,
And lights at last where all her cares repose.

ROGERS.

MUCH as we may find to excite our wonder and admiration in the study of the animal kingdom, we are at a loss to say whether that instinct, so clearly marked throughout all its members, predominates when exercised in the wild state of native freedom, or when made subservient to "the Lord of all," it is turned by him to a source of greater pleasure or profit. Be this as it may, there is scarcely any one group of more general utility to man than the tribe of pigeons, and in the habits of none is instinct so clearly yet so inexplicably developed as in the "carrier pigeon." As *the fancy* has of late been much in fashion, both among high and low, I shall hope that the few following hints on the management of this beautiful bird, the result of some experience in the loft, may prove useful to many, interesting to most, of your readers.

Respecting the origin of the different species of the pigeon (and of no one bird are so many varieties known to us) two opinions prevail, some naturalists deriving them from the stock dove (Columba Œnas), the lesser wood-pigeon; others from the rock pigeon (Columba Livia). I certainly incline towards the latter opinion, as the habits of the rock dove are closely allied to those of the dove-house pigeon, and a cross between the dragoon and rock dove may be effected: while I believe the young of the stock dove has never yet been subjected to the confinement of the loft; but at the same time, I must say I have great doubts as to all the curious, especially the foreign, varieties of the pigeon, being derived from one parent stock—but I certainly consider the dove-house pigeon or skemmie, and the real wild blue rock as one and the same bird.

It would be useless for us to attempt to assign any reason why one particular breed, out of so many species, alone should possess the peculiar knowledge and instinct of the carrier. We must content ourselves without diving too far into the hidden mysteries of nature, and ascribe this wonderful faculty to the same power that guides the swallow and other birds of passage across the waters of the Atlantic to our shores, or reconducts the wild pigeon each succeeding spring to the same coppice where for previous seasons she has reared her young.

We may divide the breed of Carriers into five species:—the Horseman (which is con-

sidered the genuine Carrier),—the Dragoon, the Beard, the Skinnum, and the Antwerp—a bird less known to fanciers than any of the others. Of the Horseman, the chief colours are the blue, the black, and the dun. These birds are the largest of all the flyers. Their principal beauty consists in the wattle or fleshy excrescence round the eye, and at the top of the beak; and the larger and deeper the wattle, the more valuable the bird. The first property of a carrier is the length of the *flight* or wing feathers, and the *distance* or length from the base of the bill to the end, which should always taper gradually. The colour is the next, and though fanciers disagree on this point, I prefer a blue before any other, as I have generally found them hardier and swifter than the blacks and duns; but like dogs, good pigeons are to be found of all colours. The eye should be of one colour, and not bull-eyed as many dragoons and horsemen are. Firmness of feather always indicates a good constitution, and the age may be guessed by the size of the wattle and the generally heavy appearance of the bird.

The Dragoons are so closely allied to the horseman, as to require but little description. They are smaller birds; better breeders; generally hardier; and of rather a finer shape, though, to the eye of a fancier, deficient in the leading points of the true carrier. They carry less wattle, and are of more variety in colour; the blue and the whites are my favourite colours; but grizzles are generally hardy birds, and the yellow usually soft feathered. Some are, to use the language of the fancier, handkerchief-backed, i. e. the feathers of the back and shoulders mottled; and rose-pinioned, i. e. with the pinion feathers mottled, or marked with white, something in the form of a rose. These varieties have a very pretty appearance while on the wing.

The Skinnum is a cross between a flyer and a beard or tumbler, and will be found very useful in a loft, possessing many of the good qualities of the carrier; though none of its *properties* but its speed. The best cross is between a dragoon and a beard, and for a short distance, these birds are nearly equal to the horseman.

The Beard is a distinct species, may be either classed among the flyers or tumblers, and is an excellent bird for a short distance. They are remarkably clean made birds,—something like the dove-house pigeon, short in the beak, and have no wattle. They however are generally long in the flight. The best colour is blue, with a white tail and flight, which are indispensable; and the more distinct the beard (or white feathers under the chin) the better. The great advantage of beards or tumblers, in a flight of pigeons, is to raise them while flying, and on a clear day they will frequently rise in the air until they are almost imperceptible to the eye.

The Antwerps are a later introduction into our country, and their name bespeaks their origin. I believe little was known of them by our fanciers before the famous Antwerp match in July 1830, when 110 birds were tossed from the yard of a noted fancier in the Borough. The first bird reached Antwerp, a distance of 186 miles, in five hours and a half, and gained the gold medal: out of the 110 about 100 reached home. To the eye of any one, who has been solely accustomed to the English carrier, they possess but little recommendation, but the fancier soon detects the points of speed and beauty in the fine and

lengthy shape of the bird. They carry no wattle, are more in shape like the blue rock than the horseman, and are evidently a kind of skinnum, though the cross is not known. From the shy disposition of many of these birds, I think that a cross between the beard and the owl with the horseman strain must have been resorted to. They are of many colours, but I have found none better than the mealy reds and the blues. This bird is, in my opinion, equal to the horseman in sagacity and speed, and altogether I prefer them to any other kind.

The pigeon loft should always, if possible, face towards the west or south, be high and roomy, with railed pens to shut in the birds for matching in the spring, or other purposes; it should be kept well lime-washed, which will both destroy the insects and keep it cool, and it should be repeatedly cleaned out. A glass tile or two in the roof, if a slanting one, will be useful to light the loft. There must be a railed trap projecting in front, into which the birds may go out from the loft, and the front of the trap will let down and pull up by means of a string inside. This is called the dormer, and in most large lofts projects from the top of the roof. When the trap is shut the birds will come in at two wires which open *inwards* to the loft on a pivot which is called the bolting wire.

Of course in stocking a loft all depends upon its size, and the taste of the fancier. I should say six couples of strong horsemen and dragoons, and two couple of beards well matched, and purchased in the spring, will be a good breeding supply. These must be shut in the loft for breeding, and the young birds flown. They will begin breeding about the end of February, and continue till October. I would however for flying, save no birds till May. The old birds sit eighteen days, and the male relieves the female. Peas form their chief food, but tares will be found best for the young ones till they leave the nest. While matching the birds give them a little hemp-seed. Often before the young ones can leave the nest the old birds will lay again. As soon as the young can fly they should be allowed to bask on the dormer, and when they have gained confidence they will join the flight. After they have become accustomed to the loft, and are able to keep pretty well with the flight, take them about half a mile from home in a bag made of coarse canvass (to hold two birds with a little straw), and toss them: repeat the same distance for a few days, and gradually increase it up to five miles: after this they are pretty perfect, and two or three miles may be added to the distance each day. If your loft be near a high road, a great advantage will be found by giving the birds to the coachmen to toss, especially if they are *hot*. There are many ways of marking birds. I generally make a little notch in the beak or between the toes in the same manner as game fowls. A little stamp with the initials of the name to mark them in red ink on the tail or pinion feathers, will be useful till the birds moult. In tossing a bird, always clear its wings and feet, and holding it round the body and legs with one hand, throw it well up; never near any trees, as the young ones will frequently perch and there remain.

The speed of the carrier has perhaps never been fully ascertained. I have had them come seven miles (by the *road*) in five minutes, and forty miles in the hour is commonly done, but too much depends upon circumstances to give any certain opinion.

If a bird is going to fly a long distance, it should never be over-fed the night previous

but shut in a dark pen. If possible, choose a clear day for tossing, as nothing beats pigeons like wind and fog. A real carrier will rarely stop till he reaches home.

If they are regularly flown, well-fed, and watered, and kept clean, few diseases will be known in the loft. Let them have a large tin pan to wash in (changing the water every day), and a lump of rock salt to peck at. Many use a salt cat, which is a mixture of salt, mortar, and other ingredients; but this is more frequently resorted to as a lure for stray birds, than as a fair practice in the loft.

The canker in the wattle is their worst disease, and frequently arises from dirt, or the birds fighting. The best cure is a piece of bitter aloes the size of a pea, given inwardly, and the day after, wash the wattle with warm water, and in the evening dress the sore with bol ammoniac and burnt alum, mixed with lemon juice, till cured. Tobacco smoke will be found useful to clear the loft from vermin.

The value of birds will frequently depend more on the fancy of the buyer than on their real merit. In first stocking a loft, I would never be too particular about price, as a good breeding stock is more than half the battle. It would be difficult to affix any price as a general guide. I have known horsemen fetch £5 a pair, though good ones may be bought for £2, and dragoons will fetch from 5s. to £2 a couple. Beards are usually the cheapest, and the Antwerps are to be bought at but few fanciers, and frequently fetch long prices. Of course much depends upon the shape and colour, but birds of a good *strain* will always fetch their value among the fancy.

I shall confine my remarks to the *flyers*, and say nothing about the *toy* birds, which include powters, nuns, tumblers, jacobins, and many other species, which by their respective fanciers are held in as high estimation as the best carriers. Of the whole species powters fetch the longest prices. An amateur, who has never attended a London pigeon show, would be astonished at the prices set on the birds by their owners; and I know no prettier sight than a pen of good powters or horsemen.

Like all other fancies, that of the pigeon will be found both troublesome and expensive, but this will be fully compensated for, by the amusement afforded in rearing and flying the birds, and I think that every real lover of this bird will agree with me, that an hour may be spent much less profitably and usefully, than in the pigeon loft.

TOHO.

Oundle.

Painted by Edwin Pinnet. Pye. Sculp.

BEAUTY & GENERAL.

BEAUTY AND GENERAL.

THE PROPERTY OF RICHARD LACY, ESQ.

BEAUTY, a celebrated trotting pony, *barely forty-four inches high*, was imported by her owner from the Shetland Isles in the year 1824, being then but a year old, and remained unbroke for six years. Her astonishing powers and speed were first discovered by the extreme ease with which it was found that she could "beat the Glasgow mail, at the long trot." In consequence of this, in 1831, her owner gave a public challenge for her to trot ten miles in harness against any pony in the world of her size, for 100 sovs.; which, not having been accepted, she performed that distance on the Leeming-lane road, *in thirty-nine minutes and a half*, driven by a man weighing 11st. 4lbs. Shortly afterwards, on several occasions, she did the mile *in three minutes and forty-four seconds;* and on the third day of August, 1832, starting at the second mile-stone from Borough-bridge, and going seven miles out and home, performed, *unurged*, and with *perfect* ease, *fourteen miles in fifty-five minutes and forty-five seconds*, in the midst of rain and upon a heavy road; driven by the same man, weighing then 11st and a half! Upon this occasion she would no doubt have done fifteen miles *within* the hour, but, as one side of the draught rein (which was composed of plaited silk, about the thickness of a strong whipcord) broke at the twelfth mile; and as the other side was wearing fast against the terret, it was deemed prudent to pull up at the fourteenth mile, although the pony was quite fresh, and the best and easiest mile of the fifteen remained.

Beauty is remarkably fast in *all* her paces, and her *trot* is of the fairest and most perfect kind. To the utmost docility of temper, she unites the highest courage. Her symmetry is fine—and being withal a beautiful pie-bald, she presents a rare combination of excellencies; and it may, perhaps, be a matter of some doubt, whether the performances of this little Shelty (all circumstances fairly considered) have ever been exceeded.

MR. DALYELL.

AS A MASTER OF HOUNDS.

HERE we have a Scotch master and huntsman not to be beaten in zeal for fox-hunting by Lord Kintore, or any other man the fox-hunting world has hitherto had experience of. When I was on my Scotch Tour, Mr. Dalyell hunted Forfarshire, formerly hunted by Lord Kintore, Captain Barclay of Ury, Mr. Rigge, and others, from whence he removed to the Puckeridge country, Hertfordshire, that of the renowned Mr. Sampson Hanbury, whom he succeeded.

Mr. Dalyell possesses all the requisites for a master of hounds; untiring assiduity in both field and kennel, together with an overflowing zeal in all that belongs to fox-hunting. The few times I was out with his pack in Forfarshire, the tide of ill-luck set strong against us; but he showed a good average of sport during the years he hunted that country—one which puts a huntsman to his wits, being, like Lord Kintore's Turriff country, a good deal infested with that worst of all riot, the roe-buck. In the Puckeridge country, however, which Mr. Dalyell hunted three seasons, he was not so fortunate as in his Scotch one. Whether, as was Lord Middleton's case, his coming after "the well-graced actor" had any thing to do with it, I cannot determine, but he did not quite satisfy his field in killing his foxes so often as he should have done; and having lost the services of Jack Skinner, his head whipper-in, who died, he resigned Hertfordshire to Mr. Parry, and a committee, and is no longer a master of hounds.

But there is in the Puckeridge country a worse description of riot than the roe-buck, and one which I doubt not would put the temper of my worthy friend, Mr. Dalyell, to rather a severer test than its nature was able to submit to. I allude not to quadrupeds, but to bipeds, in the shape of fox hunting farmers on galloping hackneys, who, taking advantage of the innumerable lanes with which the Puckeridge country is intersected, together with their knowledge of the same, are perpetually heading foxes, already very little disposed to run straight, although proverbially stout.

NIMROD.

JOHN DALYELL Esq.r

OWLS.

THE OWL.

" Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign." GREY.

" Of all the birds that ever there be,
The owl's the fairest in her degree,
For all the day long she sits in a tree,
And when the night cometh, away flies she.

So says the old rhyme, and so say we, as we cast our eyes upon the grave solemn counte nances of the two old fellows now before us, sitting in placid silence, blinking with their large round bright black eyes at the sunbeam which has intruded itself through the shade of the wood, upon their hiding-place in the old hollow tree.

No bird has more attributes, none bears a more varied character, and to no one are more different epithets applied, than to the owl. By the scholar it is distinguished as the bird of wisdom, and ancient mythology has honoured it with a prominent niche in its records. By the superstitious it is regarded as the bird of ill-omen, and being included (no matter to *him* why), in the keeper's list of vermin, it is a proscribed bird by the sportsman. The intelligent agriculturist, to whom its habits are known, is almost the only one who gives it a good word, on account of its mousing propensities, and as for ourselves, we ever regard the owl with feelings of interest nearly approaching to awe, and never do we wilfully molest this serious old-fashioned bird. However, as its enemies are far more numerous than its friends, it is not to be wondered at that it should shun society, and withdrawing itself from the broad glare of daylight, retire to some sequestered spot, and there wait till night has overspread the landscape, before it ventures forth in search of food or takes its pleasure abroad in the tranquil twilight.

The habits of the owl are well worthy of observation, and we have always delighted in seeking out their hiding places, and watching them as they revel in the security of their secluded haunts. Not any one of the localities which this bird frequents, but is fraught with interest. If we penetrate the hidden recesses of the wood, unknown to all save the wood-cutter and the keeper, we shall probably find the skeleton of some old monarch of the forest, whose gnarled and barkless trunk has borne the buffet of many a wintry storm, and whose knotted limbs, scathed and blighted by the lightning's glare, now point to the sky, a bold memento of by-gone days. This is the roosting place of the owl—but we need not travel so far from home. Let us seek the ivy-bound tower of the old village church, at the

time when the pale moon casts a wan light over the graves at our feet, and when all nature is buried in repose, and broken only by the iron tongue of the old clock tolling forth the hour of night at measured intervals, and ever and anon the discordant shriek of the owl, from the old belfry, will fall upon the ear, rendered doubly startling by the solemn silence which reigns throughout the hallowed precincts into which we have intruded. Or let us repair to the ruins of yon old castle, whose bastions and battlements have long since crumbled into dust, and through the loop holes and eyelets of whose walls, the wild wind now whistles in melancholy cadence. The moat is choked with sedge and weeds, the impregnable keep and donjon are now no longer to be distinguished, and the ruthless hand of time has easily achieved a task which warriors of old strove in vain to perform. Here again we shall most probably find our old friend, the owl, ensconced in a hole in the crumbling wall, placidly dozing, moralizing, as it were, on the instability of all human undertakings,—screened from the light of day by the ivy which twines itself in dark festoons around the ruins.

The owl is rarely seen abroad by day, or if one should by any chance make a mistake, its reception by the feathered race is anything but a welcome. The alarm is soon spread, every small bird within hearing, from the sparrow to the saucy tom-tit, joins in the chase, and the unfortunate owl is buffeted about till he finds a shelter in some thick tree, or regains the hiding-place from which he incautiously ventured. But though moping and lazy by day, as soon as the shades of evening throw their mantle over the face of the earth, the owl becomes a different bird, and assumes a sprightliness quite foreign to his general habits. He plumes his feathers, and as soon as every other tenant of the grove has retired to roost, this solitary bird sallies from his retreat, and often, in the dim twilight of the summer's eve, may be observed flitting by on noiseless wing, or hawking over the ridge of the barn or stack in search of mice, or such small gear; and not unfrequently may the white form of the barn owl, beating over the stubbles for field mice, be indistinctly observed through the grey haze of a September morning, by the early sportsman on his road to the "trysting place." In the silence of the summer night, when all is still save the clear shrill note of the nightingale from the tall poplar in the village lane, or the occasional bark of the watch-dog from the distant farm-house, the discordant shriek or melancholy hoot of the owl is heard in all its dread solemnity, and should the night be dark and the wind rough at such a time, those sounds fall with a fearful effect upon the ear of the timid or the nervous.

As many as nine different species of the owl are ranked in our British fauna. The eagle owl, the scops-eared owl, the long-eared owl, the short-eared owl, the white owl, the tawny owl, the snowy owl, the little owl, and Tengmalm's owl. Of the whole tribe four only are indigenous to Britain,—the long-eared, the short-eared, the tawny, and the white owl; both the eagle, and the scops-eared are American birds, and have been very rarely killed in Britain. The snowy owl, as its name imports, is an inhabitant of the dreary regions around the North Pole, and but few specimens, and those of course stragglers, have been met with in our Island. The little owl, and Tengmalm's owl (named after the celebrated German naturalist), are both European continental birds, and extremely rare visitants to our shores,—of the whole group the scops-eared is the smallest, measuring scarcely seven inches.

It were foreign to our purpose to enter into the habits of such members of the group as are but occasional visitants. We must refer our readers to Andubon and Temminck should they wish for information respecting the habits of the *foreigners*, and confine our slight notice to those that are indigenous, and breed in Britain. Could we visit the haunts of the American owls, what pleasure should we derive, and with what interest should we wander among the trackless forests of the far west ;—and with what grand effect would the shriek of the night-owl fall upon the European ear,—re-echoed through the silence of a "Carolina pine barren."

In commencing our notices of the habits of the British owls, we will take the commonest of the group, and one which must be well known to every village lad,—the white, or in the parlance of the rustic, the barn-owl. This is the bird that utters the harsh forbidding scream, which is so frequently heard in the vicinity of old ruins and buildings. It frequents such localities, and but few villages are without a pair of these birds. This bird claims the protection of the farmer, as its principal food is mice ! Like the rest of the group the white owl is a nocturnal feeder, and most of us, at all accustomed to rural life, must have observed it at evening floating on stealthy wing towards the stack-yard and barn. This bird breeds in holes in walls and buildings, at times in the gable end of the barn, at others in the ledge in the belfry of the village church, and like all the tribe lays from three to five eggs of a uniform white colour.

Even more retired than the white owl is the tawny or wood owl, which, shunning all communion with its race, takes up its abode generally in the depths of the forest or wood, which it rarely leaves, and on this account it is much less frequently met with than the last mentioned bird. A couple of these birds will fix upon some hollow pollard, or a hole in a decayed tree in the wood, and will rarely venture abroad by day. The discordant hoot of the wood-owl must be familiar to all by whom it has been once heard, and the weary woodman while returning from his day's labour, through the narrow trackway of the wood, and the watcher while going his lonely round by night in the depth of the forest glade, is often startled by the discordant hoot of the owlet, as it flits across his path, with a noiseless and measured flight. The wood-owl preys upon most of the smaller quadrupeds and birds, and the *castings* at the foot of the tree which they frequent are often made up of the hair and bones of young rabbits, and on this account the keeper never loses an opportunity of killing the "old owl," if one comes in his way. The habits of both this and its congener, —the barn-owl, are alike, they are perhaps both equally common, but the white-owl is oftenest seen. The wood-owl builds in hollow trees, or amongst ivy, and lays four white eggs, early in the spring. We have taken the eggs before the end of January.

Closely allied to the brown owl, both by habits and disposition, is the long-eared owl. This latter bird however is more partially distributed, and not nearly so common as the former, it frequents fir plantations, and ivy-bound trees, in which it builds early in the spring ;—this is a beautiful bird, and the markings of the plumage, and the contrast of shades that blend with each other, form a pleasing variety to the eye. The long-eared owl has no peculiar hoot or screech.

The short-eared owl comes last on our list,—is the least common of the four species, and

unlike the other three, is a wintry migratory visitant to our shores, arriving about October, and departing about April, occasionally, however, a pair of these birds will remain in England and breed, and we have ourselves taken the eggs on a moor, near Hesleyside, in Northumberland. The habits of the short-eared owl somewhat differ from the others of its race, it is frequently seen abroad by day, and we have observed as many as five or six on the wing together, on one small piece of heather. It frequents heaths and moors, and lays its eggs, which are white and nearly round, upon the ground; it is rather larger than the long-eared owl, which it very much resembles, but its plumage is rather lighter,—the ear feathers or horns of this bird are not half so long as those of the long-eared owl.

As every bird is beautifully adapted by nature for the situation it is destined to fill, we shall naturally look for some peculiarities in structure and formation in a bird of such singular habits as the owl,—nor shall we be disappointed. Being a nocturnal feeder, the eye of the owl is admirably formed for clearly distinguishing its prey through the dim haze of twilight or night, and as the glare of daylight is too powerful for so strong a lens, this bird is rarely seen abroad by day; they have also an internal eyelid, which they can at pleasure draw over the eye. The eye is defended by a prominent horny substance, and altogether, as a wonderful piece of mechanism, the eye of the owl can scarcely be equalled, nor is the formation of the ear less worthy of observation. The power of hearing in the owl is probably more acute than in any other bird, the orifice is large, and covered by a kind of *operculum*, which they can raise or close at pleasure, and for the furtherance of its marauding propensities its feathers are of a downy silken texture, that it may move on the wing with a stealthy noiseless flight.

If we divide the feathered race into groups, we shall then see how wisely all are adapted for the localities and situations they frequent, and if any proof were wanting of a deep design in all the operations of nature, we would recommend the sceptic to study the habits of the simplest group—he would derive both instruction and pleasure from the task, and the further he pursued his inquiries, the more would he feel the truth of Pope's beautiful lines:—

> "Nature to these without profusion kind,
> The proper organs proper powers assigned;
> Each seeming want compensated of course,
> Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
> All in exact proportion to the state;
> Nothing to add, and nothing to abate"

Oundle, August, 1842. TOHO.

The Haunts of the Chamois.

A DAY AFTER THE CHAMOIS.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

GENTLE Reader, were you ever at Argentière? If not, go to-morrow morning and take your place by the Antwerpen, and steam away as fast as kettle can carry you into glorious old Switzerland. There is no spot in even that beautiful country *more* beautiful than the little village we have named. Situated at the point where the two Alp-passes, the Col de Balme, and the Tête Noire, join the entrance of the valley of Chamounix, it is surrounded by scenery of the most surpassing magnificence, and by objects of natural curiosity that perhaps no locality in the world can exhibit in greater abundance. On one side is a glacier —so near at hand that you may almost jump out of your chamber window upon the ice. All around are mountains of the first magnitude, and with names, some of them, almost as inaccessible to speech as themselves are to human approach. Mines of silver formerly existed in the neighbourhood, whence the name of Argentière. But it was neither silver nor gold, nor mountain, nor glacier, nor hard names, nor soft sensations, that attracted me to the little village in question. It was a report brought to us at *La Prieuré*, by our old friend *Pierre-Marie Favet*, that a herd of chamois had been seen by one of the crystal hunters, at the upper end of the glacier of Argentière. Of course we were on our guard against an over-credulity of numbers; for even in Switzerland, where things are on such a gigantic scale, people will sometimes exaggerate; or, as my friend Harry (so I shall call my companion) expresses it: "Aye, aye, you know the Swiss were always famous for 'drawing the long bow.'" With modest expectations therefore touching the "large herd" of which we were told, we set out on our excursion with light hearts and good hopes.

We are four, as Dan would say: that is, my friend Harry; Pierre-Marie our guide, whom Hal would always call Peter-Mary; Alexis, his son (not Harry's—Peter's) a lad of fourteen, as strong as a steam-engine; and the reader's

Most obedient,

Very humble servant,

SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

Off we went, with our *bâtons ferrés* in our hands, and our Josephuses slung across our shoulders. As we ascended the valley, the scene became more and more magnificent. The aiguilles tinged by the rising sun, the ice-rocks of the glacier throwing off the most brilliant coruscations, while their fissures displayed the most soft and beautiful shades of violet and green, the thundering of the avalanches beginning to be released by the sun from the eastern sides of the mountains, the cracking of the ice of the glaciers under our feet, the cries of the wild birds overhead, with a thousand other objects and circumstances of almost equal interest, made our excursion one of the most delightful and exciting that can be imagined. Our way now lay along the mountain side, at a considerable height above the

glacier, and every now and then the path was crossed and obliterated by a snow slip. The first of these snow slips we passed with great ease. The second was rather a more serious undertaking. It was as steep as the roof of a house, and the snow, smooth as glass at the surface, crumbled away like powder under the feet. The only way of passing these slopes, is by sticking the points of the toes and the end of the mountain-staff into the snow. Once I quite lost my hold of this brittle surface, and away I went, sliding along as merrily as a tile off a house-top in a gale of wind. Luckily, before I got to the *eaves*, a point of rock projecting above the snow presented itself, and, clutching it with all my might, I held on till I could re-establish my footing. A few feet more of uninterrupted snow, and away I should have gone head-over-heels down a precipice of heaven-knows-how-many thousand *kill-ometres.*

Blooming close upon the snow, were millions and millions of the beautiful *alpen-rose*, interspersed with the gentian, and other flowers which were new and strange to me. And fluttering across the glacier at almost every step, were butterflies in great variety, amongst which I recognised several old friends of Old England.

I shall not describe the whole progress of our journey, as all the world is satiated with glowing eulogiums on "snow-capped mountains," and "eternal glaciers." Look at our picture. We had now been upwards of three hours on foot, the last hour voyaging in perfect silence, in order not to disturb the chamois, should they be within hearing. My faith had never been very great: my surprise therefore was the more pleasing, when I heard from behind a ledge of rock in front, that shrill whistling sound which I knew to be the signal of the *roi de la troupe.* Old Pierre turned round instantly, whispered, "*Gardez les chamois!*" and crept upon all fours. We all became quadrupeds after his example, and followed him in this position for upwards of twenty yards. I only wish Lord Monboddo had been there! The whistle was heard again.

"*Messieurs, êtes-vous prêts?*"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"*Sur vos pieds et.....*" No sooner said than done. Harry and I were up in an instant—so was Pierre. The chamois were not long after us. Away they skipped out of a little thicket of heath and brambles, and flew off like lightning. *Bang, bang, bang!* An instant the smoke was before our eyes—it cleared away, and not a vestige could be seen of the herd. Harry looked blank: but old Peter Mary had "a roguish twinkle in his eye." We stepped forward into the heath, and there sure enough lay as fine a fellow of a chamois as ever leapt over an icicle. His horn is at this moment hanging over the fireplace of my little sanctum, at the end of an alpenstock that has borne me faithfully from one end of Swissland to the other. There he lay in a bed of rhododendrons, as still as a statue. He had been pierced by two balls; but which of us had had the honor to give him the "*coup fatal*," remained a problem. Let it remain so; for, if we did not all gain the glory, we at least participated it. Even little Alexis, who carried the conquered foe into Argentière, was not without his share of triumph—nay, I think enjoyed it more than any of us; for, as he carried the spoils, so he became more than we

"The cynosure of neighbouring eyes."

I am sorry to say that all our efforts to overtake the herd again, and to get a shot at them, were fruitless. We were once or twice very near them—and very near breaking our necks. At length they disappeared altogether, and we were unable to trace even the direction in which they had departed. For my own part, I must honestly confess that I was not sorry, for it was now eleven o'clock, and I was not only very tired, but hungry to desperation. It would not of course have done for a "*Chasseur Anglais*" to have first cried, "Hold, enough," but no sooner did honest Peter-Mary suggest the probability that we should see them no more, than we gladly called a halt, turned out the cold meat and kirschewasser, and fell to with the appetites of boa-constrictors.

We of course had many anecdotes of perils encountered among the mountains, of which the hunters have generally a good collection; and I confess that one or two of them I *think* I had heard before. The following, however, was quite new to me.

"I had an uncle," said old Pierre, "who was a great hunter, and a very successful crystal finder. He lived on the borders of the country, and used frequently to make parties with his comrades to smuggle gunpowder through the high Alps. The *douaniers* were of course on the watch, and it required the utmost vigilance of the hunters to elude them. On one occasion my uncle, with a party of four others, had brought in a quantity of powder, when it was discovered, within a few minutes of their homes, that one of the barrels had leaked, and left such a mark on the snow as, if not obliterated, might easily lead to their detection. Lots were cast as to who should go back to remove the stains, and the lot fell to my uncle. Away he went, and exerted himself manfully to destroy all traces of the powder. The process, however, of covering it over with snow was tedious, and my uncle bethought him of setting fire to such portions of it as lay in a train, and crushing the rest with his foot into the snow. The plan succeeded admirably. The only fear was that the light might be seen by the douaniers, and thus lead to detection. However, on he went. No officer appeared. He was already within sight of his companions, who were sitting laughing and quaffing kirschewasser on their barrels. A few more blazes and he should be with them. *Puff!* there's one. *Puff!* there's another. *Puff!* there's a third—a good one too, for the flame leaps along over the rock and snow like a will-o'-the-wisp. On, on it goes from point to point, now blazing up among the bushes, now creeping along through the mosses. My uncle is in ecstacies. He hopes his companions will look round to see his success and cleverness. He calls to them to do so. They look round indeed. But they have scarcely time to turn their heads, before their companion sitting on the leaky barrel is blown into the air with an explosion like the falling of a hundred avalanches. My poor uncle is of course thunderstruck. In the ardour of his exertions, he had never once dreamt of the danger of his plan. He never recovered the shock. He quitted his trade as a hunter, and soon after left the country. The manner of poor Gilbert Stein's death—that was the name of the man blown up by the gunpowder—was not generally known till many years afterwards. It was hushed up by the smuggling party, and he was believed to have been lost in the glaciers."

THE COURSER'S SONG.

Oh! brown are the high clouds,
And browner is the heath,—
And keenly through the leafless hedge,
Winter draws his breath:—
Down by the rushy bottom,
Near th' swoll'n stream all afoam;
I'll wage a pair of couples,
That we find the mynx at home!
With our long dogs, our long dogs,
Our strong dogs, our long dogs,
She'll find she's with the wrong dogs,
When from us she would go!

Now tread the dull grass carefully!
Oh! how I long to catch
The large,—the deep,—the lidless eye—
Intensely on the watch!
See—little Don—how busily
He feathers down the rut—
He whimpers—oh my life upon't,
He's close upon her scut.
Now the long dogs, the long dogs,—
The strong dogs, the long dogs:—
I've been, through life, among dogs—
But here's the brace to go!

Be ready!—give her law enough,—
There, steady! there, now slip!
Like arrows from two bended bows,
They're hard upon her hip!
See Fly and Sultan, how they wind,
And fetch her back to us;
I would not, for a leash of gold,
This moment be that puss!
With the long dogs, the long dogs,
The winging, clinging long dogs,
These are the right true long dogs,
To never let her go.

And how she doubles short and quick,
And makes for the old fence,
Where saving gaps are waiting her,
And high the fern, and dense;

COURSING.

COURSING,—THE TURN.

She gains it! no! she gains it! yes!
She beats the bitch and pup!
No—Sultan as she dashes through,
Throws in; and throws her up!
Oh, the long dogs, the long dogs,
The strong dogs, the long dogs,
The willing, killing long dogs,
That would not let her go.

We hurry to the dark woodside,
We find three creatures there!
And on his legs the gallant dog,
And on her back the hare;
And Sultan stands with curled tongue,
Yet looking down on her;
While Fly has laid her snakelike head,
Upon her snowy fur.
Oh! the long dogs, the long dogs,
The strong dogs, the long dogs,
The fiery, wiry, long dogs,
To teach the wind to go!

Again, again—and oft again,
We find, and follow well;
We find her on the hill-side,
We find her in the dell:
'Tis slipping, and pursuing,
Till dark runs down the light;
Then with cheering, and hallooing,
We close;—and home for night!
With our long dogs, our long dogs,
Our strong dogs, our long dogs.
These dogs I make my song-dogs,
For ever they shall go!

The fire now blazes brightly,
And well the pantry's stored;
The glasses all are in the *slips*,
The bowls upon the board:
Then fill, and drink the merry puss,—
The *one* that ran away!
And may she live—as saith the song,
To run another day;
With the long dogs, the long dogs,
The strong dogs, the long dogs,
Oh! are not ours ding-dong dogs,
The devil's snakes to go!

GREGORY GREYHOUND.

THE PERSIAN GREYHOUND.

This species of greyhound is much esteemed in Persia, where the nobles, who are excessively fond of the chase, keep a great number of them at a considerable expense, the best and most favoured dogs frequently having collars and housings covered with precious stones and embroidery.

These greyhounds are employed in coursing hares in the plains, and in chasing the antelope. As the speed of the antelope is greater than that of the greyhound, the Persians train hawks for the purpose of assisting the dog in this kind of chase. The hawks when young are fed upon the head of a stuffed antelope, and thus taught to fly at that part of the animal. When the antelope is discovered, the hawk is cast off, which fastening its talons in the animal's head impedes its progress, and thus enables the greyhounds to overtake it. The chase, however, in which the Persians chiefly delight, and for which those greyhounds are most highly valued, is that of the ghoo-khur, or wild ass. This animal, which generally inhabits the mountainous districts, is extremely shy, and of great endurance, and is considered by the Persians as one of the swiftest of all quadrupeds. These qualities, and the nature of the ground over which it is usually chased, render the capture of the wild ass very uncertain, and its pursuit extremely hazardous to the sportsman.

When the Persians go out to hunt the wild ass, relays of greyhounds are placed at various distances in the surrounding country, in such directions as are most likely to be traversed by the object of pursuit, so that when one relay is tired, there is another fresh to continue the chase. Such, however, is the speed and endurance of the ghoo-khur, that it is seldom fairly run down by the greyhounds, its death generally being achieved by the rifle of some lucky horseman. The Persians evince great skill and courage in this arduous sport, riding, rifle in hand, up and down precipitous hills, over stony paths, and across ravines and mountain streams, which might well daunt our boldest turf-skimming Meltonians.

Though several Persian greyhounds have at different times been brought to this country, the breed can scarcely be considered as established here. The specimen, however, a female—from which Mr. Hamilton painted the picture from which our engraving is taken, was bred in this country. She is, we believe, the only Persian greyhound bitch now in England. There is a dog in the gardens of the Zoological Society, Regent's-park, and the Duke of Devonshire has another at Chatsworth.

Milton pinxt

T. E. Nicholson sculp.

PERSIAN GREYHOUND.

THE 1st OF SEPTEMBER.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

" Rejoice brother sportsmen, there sets August sun,
See him skulking behind yon old hill;
'Tis to-morrow September proclaims us her own,
Then we'll rise up and welcome him, welcome him, Will."—Old Song.

It is an old custom with us, and one rigidly observed (for even in these days of change and reform we adhere as much as possible to the customs of yore), to watch August's last sun as he sets in all his splendour behind the distant wood. There is perhaps no scene calculated to fill the breast of *every* lover of nature with more deep and tranquil feelings of delight, than to gaze on the rich and varied tints of the evening sky, as the summer sun sinks below the western horizon; but to the sportsman, who like ourselves, has watched the close of *this* day, its beauties will be doubly enhanced, for what fond recollections, how many pleasing anticipations, will be conjured up by the evening's sunset. It is ever with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret that we watch August's last sun go down, for as we look forward to the joys of the morrow, our minds naturally recur to the scenes of the past, and the remembrance of those friends—tried companions through many a day, who now lie beneath the turf, will rush across our mind, and cloud our joyous feelings with a tinge of melancholy. As we turn slowly inwards, their memories will justly claim and receive "the passing tribute of a sigh," and on no fitter occasion can this tribute be offered, than *hallowed* (if I may use the term), as it will be by the calm and quiet twilight of *this* evening.

The preparations for the morning are soon concluded, and as we have to rise with the early dawn, it is not long ere we forget, in the oblivion of sleep, both the cares of the past, and the pleasures of the coming day. To many a young shot, and probably to some old ones, though they may scarcely own it, this will be a sleepless night, and many a curtain will be eagerly drawn aside, before even the first faint streak of morning light appears in the eastern sky, to see what day-break may portend. Sleeping or waking, however, the day must break upon us at last, and whether the scene of action lies in the preserves of Norfolk, the Wolds of Yorkshire, or in the stiff enclosures of our own merry Northamptonshire, few true sportsmen will allow this morning's sun to rise, without being up to greet him. Where the land is strictly preserved, it may be best perhaps to defer shooting till the morning's dew is dry. But whether in preserves or not,—whether game be plentiful or scarce, we always make a point of seeing September's sun rise a-field, and giving him what we consider a due welcome.

We do not dwell long over breakfast on this morning, and having seen the luncheon packed, and given the boy instructions where to meet us with it, and the spare dogs, we are off. The sun is just rising, and hill and dale are gilded with his early rays, and the quiet village

embedded in the trees, over which the blue smoke curls in many an airy wreath,—the golden tints of the standing sheaves, and the richness of the stubble, interspersed with here and there a patch of turnips or edish glittering in the morning dew, altogether form a landscape the sight of which must delight *every* beholder, whether he be a sportsman or not, and were it not that a distant gun, the first we have yet heard, warns us that the day's campaign is opened, we should indulge ourselves with a much longer view.

A description of the day's sport each of our readers must fill in for himself, ours is probably much after the old sort. A little anxiety at first, and perhaps a little jealousy, both among dogs and men, till after the first few shots, when all goes on smoothly. We shall no doubt experience the usual hearty greetings from the neighbouring farmers over whose lands we shoot, and who, while overlooking the harvest, will combine business with pleasure, by marking for us, or pointing out the likely spots for birds. We shall, *if possible*, resist the many pressing invitations to step in and *taste their ale*. We shall probably stumble upon some neighbouring keeper on the look out, and his welcome will entirely depend upon the *whereabouts* we meet. Should the ground be all right, civility will be the order of the day, and the usual topics of a keeper's conversation discussed; but should it be wrong, or even doubtful, why, of course, we only followed a covey, or are looking for a wounded bird. As lunch time draws on we work round to the old oak, under the shade of which we see the boy and dogs awaiting us, and gladly do we unpack our basket at the foot of its knotted trunk,—the pure blue canopy of heaven our covering, and the green mossy turf, on which we sit, our table. Whilst lunching the game is counted, the merits of the dogs and guns canvassed, the shooting talked over, and after a quiet hour or so passed in sporting chat, to give ourselves and the birds breathing time, and allow the heat to subside, we resume our sport. For the afternoon's shooting a different line of country is chosen, and the next few hours will, in all probability, be the cream of the day's sport. The covies are more dispersed, the birds lie better. We have now got well into our shooting, and the grass land and turnips will be found cooler walking than the rough cover of the morning. But the best of sport must end,—the lengthening shadows,—and the labourers returning from their work, warn us that our sport is over for the day. We greeted the sun as he rose on his morning's course, and our last shot will serve for his evening's salute as he sinks into the west. As we wend our way slowly homewards, the most familiar sound that we hear, and one which, now the excitement of the day is over, falls heavier on our ear than any we have yet heard, will be the "*jug*" of the old birds as they call together the scattered remnants of their covies after the day's slaughter.

Such is *our* first of September. We have chosen no one in particular,—we have spent many such, and so long as health and strength last, trust to spend many more. And should this meet the eye of any "*young 'un*," who has but just entered the lists, we sincerely wish him every success in his undertaking, and trust, that in after life, he may have no more cause than ourselves to regret the first "First of September."

Toho.

MY GLENDALE FRIEND, WILL REEDY O!

An Angler's Greeting to the tune of the "Lea Rig."

O LET my hat be e'er sae brown,
My coat be e'er sae seedy O;
My whole turn-out scarce worth a crown,
Like gent's well-bred, but needy O;
Yet still while I have got
Enough to pay the shot
Of Boniface both gruff and greedy O,
I'll fill the sparkling cup,
And I'll drink it fairly up,
To my Glendale friend, Will Reedy O!

Away wi' carking care and gloom,
That make life's pathway weedy O!
A cheerful glass makes the flow'rs to bloom
And the lightsome hours fly speedy O;
Be merry but and wise,
Prize the minute as it flies,
And Sorrow never will heed ye O;—
Then put the goblet round,
With a Fisher's Garland crown'd,
To my Glendale friend, Will Reedy O!

Three summers now ha'e fled sinsyne
We met where Glen runs speedy O;
Where ye on Cheviot mutton dine,
Wi' Cheviot fleeces clead ye O!
Where ye wile wi' meikle skill
The braw trouties frae the Till,
To pleasure baith and to feed ye O:—
Here's the lads of Cheviot side!
Here's of anglers all the pride,—
My Glendale friend, Will Reedy O!

STEPHEN OLIVER.

STAGGING.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

If our great-great-great-great-great grandfathers could come back again from their "*requies-cat-in-paces,*" and see the enormous revolution that has been operated in the question of Vulpes *versus* Cervus; if they could see how their noble chase has been debased, and how little vulpecula has been raised almost to idolatry; how the votaries of Long-horns have been voted slow, while the followers of Sharp-nose have taken rank as the aristocracy of the chase; in short how Tantivy has gone out and Tallyho has come in, they might reasonably confess themselves to a pretty considerable degree stag-gered. For my own part, much as I regard dear little pug, and dearly as I love to see his pretty fugitive form skimming along the gorse side, I confess so far to an antiquity of taste, as to take no small delight in a skurry with the green coats. There are moods of mind, indeed, in which stagging has seemed the pleasanter sport of the two, as there are days when one would rather read the *Anatomie of Melancholy* than the *Dernier jour d'un condamné*, when one would prefer a swallow of Schweppe to a draught of pure Johannisberger. Above all, the brethren of the Antler (we mean this in no invidious sense) have a bonhommie about them which is highly edifying. You see in them (taken as a class, we mean—there are exceptions to all rules) no foolish attempt at display; no braggadocio flights over park palings, no devil-may-care dashings into bogs, no semi-suicidal scrambles through dense bullfinches: all with them is calm—though determined; rational—though resolute; slow—yet sure. They prefer an open gate to a closed one, a weak part in the fence to a strong bunch of growers, a ford over a gravelly bottom to a swim over a muddy one. Yet we have seen some as fast things after Signor Cornuto, as ever graced the annals of foxhunting—and hope to see many more.

There is something truly noble too in the aspect of the gallant stag, as he moves forward to open the dance over the merry greensward. No swallow over the meadow, no seagull over the wave, could skim more lightly than he. He seems rather to float in the air than to bound over the earth. Talk of the poetry of motion indeed! there you have it in all its integrity. Ellsler, Cerito, Taglioni, hide your diminished heads—or rather, feet—this day a stag must reign. He is your true "*poeta nascitur*"—all others (as they say on the blacking bottles) are spurious.

Bounding, bounding, bounding away goes Tantivy, up hill and down dale, over mead and mountain, looking as dignified the while as a bashaw with three tails. After the usual quantity of law (we'll say nothing about the *justice*), the hounds are laid on. Bellman, as usual, is the first to dash on the scent, and to give out the key-note of the "*chasse.*" Mr. Hullah's best Exeter Hall meeting could not take up the chorus more efficiently than do the gallant pack. Away they fly down the old lane, by the old mill, across the common, up

Newton & Fielding, Lond.t

R. Parr. Sculp.t

THE STAG.

the hill, over the park paling; exactly in the steps of the far-off chase, and much to the edification of the young ladies of Miss Talkington's Academy, who have taken a parlour window at the village grocer's for the occasion, and in whose behalf the two "teachers" and the old French governess seize the opportunity of holding forth most engagingly on the sagacity of animals, the obduracy of mankind, the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals, and the necessity of implicit obedience to all pastors, instructors, guides, governesses, and persons placed in authority over you. By this time—and indeed long *before* the end of the lecture—hounds, stag, and riders, are fairly in view of one another; and I should like to see your fox-hunter now, who would call the pace slow, or the scene tame. See our friend the squire on his gallant grey, how he pounds away across the fallow yonder; and when, after a well-saved-up jump over the hawthorn, he gives loose to all his ecstacies over that sweet bit of grass beyond, it is indeed a sight to raise the emulation of the most obtuse—to gladden the heart of the most cheerless. There is a brook to the fore now, which the gallant grey is all intent on charging: but his more sagacious master knows better than to risk his good steed on that deceitful opposite bank. He gives him a quiet pull, as much as to say, "it won't do," and then gently sidles him into the stream. A "fast bird" from a neighbouring county, flying the brook at the same moment, cries out with some spite in his tone, "Hollo, squire, what's the matter now? cast a shoe in the water, eh?" A great case of crash comes off immediately after, and the man on the gatepost at the end of the field, is rather in doubt at first, whether it's the squire or the youngster that is the cause of the rumpus. But he soon has his doubts cleared up, on seeing the former worthy sailing away gallantly across the meadow, and being called upon by the latter party to assist in hauling out of the water a horse under strong suspicions of broken back.

If the governesses were here now!

A few more of the fast ones charge the brook also, but with better success than our friend with the rope. There is still a good sweep of grass, and the gallant tits are wild with delight on feeling the elastic turf under their feet. At the farther end of the meadow is a rattling newly-pleached fence, as high as a church-yard wall, and as tough a gravestone. There is not a dare-devil among the lot now who does not wish he was fairly over it, and takes a better-late-than-never pull at his horse, in order to economise what steam there is left. Four in line charge it at the same instant: four loose horses are seen scrambling across the adjoining field, and four (luckily unbroken) heads are soon after seen bobbing up behind the redoubtable fence. A fifth cavalier, nothing daunted, slaps at the barrier, but his tit has mismeasured his jump, and comes squash into the midst of it. A flounder, however, clears him of the obstacle, and the rest of his comrades take advantage of the breach he has effected in the hawthorn to follow in safety. There is but one horse that has cleared the fence in his own line, and that is a grey. The squire's, of course: for it was for this that the old sly boots reserved his force at the brook. His eye, when the eyes of others were on the streamlet was scanning the country around, and well he knew that every atom of wind, nerve, and muscle would be required for that bit of criss-cross ahead. Bless the old man, how meekly he bears his triumph! instead of rating the youngsters, and retaliating, as he has a good

right to do, he is the first to go out of his way to catch a stray horse, and the most eager to indicate to the laggers the line the stag has taken.

Meantime the chase goes forward merrily, for it is as fine a scenting day as ever eyes —or rather, nose was clapt on. Cervus has twice crossed the river, and here goes for the third time. There is neither bridge nor ford within half a league, and nothing for it but a regular swim. Now is the time to test your real courage. The tremulous slink off right and left, to a ford that they are sure, they say, is up the river (they *know* there is no such thing), or to a bridge that they are positive lies somewhere below. The chosen few, the real "choice spirits" of the day, dash into the stream, fearless of ill, defiant of danger. The gallant grey is among the lot--hip, hip, hurrah!—aye, and in the foremost rank of honour. He is one of the first to mount the opposite bank, looking as proud as Bucephalus, and be sure, *feeling* as proud as he looks. And good right he has too, both he and his gallant master, honours both to the names of man and horse. Away onward they all go now, a *mêlée* of hounds, horses, and men. Tantivy is scarce fifty yards ahead, and has evidently lost a good deal of the morning's elasticity. He *must* be pulled down in the next field—or at furthest, on the common beyond. So says everybody. But everybody is not always right. Hartshorn has a mind to try the homœopathic system once more: once more he makes a ring riverward: once more, with old Bellman and his compeers close at his haunches, he plunges into the stream and scrambles up what he takes to be the opposite bank. But alas! instead of the opposite bank of the river, it proves only that of a small island, where, the hounds having swum round it while he was seeking an outlet, he finds himself regularly kidnapped—

"Cabinned, cribbed, confined;

and where, if it were not for the zeal and the daring of one of the field, he must be torn down and worried to death by the maddened pack. And whose is the veteran form that we see wading through the flags and rushes, in utter defiance of rheums and catarrh, to save poor Tantivy from an untimely end? Whose but that of our glorious old friend the squire, whose manly visage, glowing in the proud consciousness of a generous action, affords as fine a subject for a Daguerreotype study as you'll find between this and the Land's End.

Glorious old fellow! Long life to his top boots! May they exist as long as the Thames tunnel! And oh! that our friend Cooper could see him at this moment, flogging away at the hounds in the middle of the islet, and throwing his protecting arm over the panting chase! we might then hope to have as lasting and vivid a memorial of the scene as our's is vapid and evanescent.

What we most particularly pique ourselves upon is our modesty.

THE BLACK-COCK.

THE BLACK COCK.

"High on exulting wing the heath cock rose,
And blew his shrill blast o'er perennial snows."—ROGERS.

WERE the task of describing the habits of any one group of British birds to devolve upon a sportsman, he would doubtless chose the order *Rasores*, which includes not only the common fowl and all other species of domestic birds that grace our poultry and farm yards, and the tribe of pigeons, but nearly every variety of bird that forms an object of his care and attention, and comes under the denomination of *game*; from the bustard, once common on the extensive plains in our island, to the diminutive, but nowise worthless bird the quail.

This order of birds, as the term implies, seek their food by scratching on the ground; and for general utility to man yield to no others of the feathered race. Of course all the British varieties of grouse come within this order; and as high on the list as any (since that noble bird the cock of the wood or capercailzie has become expatriated) stands the subject of our present sketch, the Black Cock.

The genus grouse, or as it is scientifically termed "tetrao," comprehends many varieties. Of these we shall mention six, four of which are indigenous to Britain, the others being frequently met with in our markets, supplied from the dreary pine forests of Norway and Sweden. The British varieties are the cock of the wood, or capercailzie; the black grouse, the red grouse, and the ptarmigan; the Norway birds are the rock grouse, and the willow grouse, they have also the cock of the wood and the black grouse; but our red grouse and ptarmigan are peculiar to Britain alone. The Norway birds are frequently confounded by persons who are not naturalists with our ptarmigan.

Both the rock grouse and willow grouse are subject to a similar change of plumage—being white in winter, and in summer turning to a reddish brown, prettily barred with black—but the *ptarmigan* changes from white to grey in the summer; this is quite sufficient to distinguish the two birds. The willow grouse is similar in habits to our red grouse, frequenting the plains and vallies; while the rock grouse is met with on the mountains, and is in fact the *ptarmigan* of Norway. The chief distinguishing mark between the two birds is the beak, that of the willow grouse being thick and cone-shaped like that of our bullfinch, while that of the rock grouse is similar to that of our partridge. These birds are taken in winter, when they draw down towards the vallies, in rude traps by the inhabitants of the northern continent, and are sent in a frozen state to their seaport towns, and thence shipped for England. The finest show we ever saw together was a case containing eighty-eight specimens of the male and female capercail brought over from Norway to Newcastle. There were some splendid specimens, but as no care had been bestowed upon the packing,

the plumage of most was entirely spoilt, and instead of realising from twenty-five to thirty shillings the pair, which they would have done had they been in good order for stuffing, they were sold at the poulterers' shops as low as from eight to twelve shillings the brace. What their flavour may be when fresh killed we never had an opportunity of judging, but those which we have eaten in England were very coarse and dry; probably the process of freezing and thawing again had not improved their taste.

Having now touched upon the *foreigners*, we will turn to the British species, and although for the last half century the Capercail has never been met with in a wild state in Britain, it is still indigenous to our island, and as the *father of the flock* claims our first attention. In the days of yore, when the boundless pine forests of Scotland and the north extended over thousands of acres, now cleared and laid under cultivation, this splendid bird found both shelter and food in districts unknown to man; but civilization increased and the cock of the wood gradually disappeared, and it is now more than half a century since the last British specimen was killed wild. This is now preserved in the Newcastle Museum. Since that time it has been unknown to our country; but within the last few years the Marquis of Breadalbane, with a truly patriotic spirit, has imported several of these birds from Sweden, and turned them down on his extensive estates in Perthshire. If Johnson's observation that "that man was a true patriot who caused a tree or a blade of wheat to spring up where none had ever grown before," be worthy of credit, how much is due to him who endeavours once again to restore to his country a race of birds as interesting to the naturalist as they are valuable to the sportsman. His lordship has *our* best wishes for his success, and we trust we may yet live to see the day when the capercail will once again be met with in a state of nature, in the forests around Loch Tay and Blair Athol.

This magnificent bird is the largest of all our game birds, except the bustard, being nearly the size of the turkey. The plumage of the male is a fine glossy green, the neck dusky brown, the under feathers spotted with white. It has a bare spot of red skin above the eye, and a white patch below it, and the feathers of the chin hang down like a beard. The legs are feathered down to the toe like all the tribe, the claws are strong, and the beak peculiarly adapted to the habits of the bird, being hooked and very sharp, for hipping off the leaders of the pine and juniper, upon which this bird feeds. The female is much smaller than the male, and is of a tawny red colour, beautifully barred with black. They build on the ground, but we have as yet never been lucky enough to procure the egg.

Next on our list comes the Black Grouse; and its habits and plumage are something similar to the last mentioned bird, but is not nearly so large; the male is of a beautiful purple hue, the eye-brows crimson, with a white patch below the eye; the wings barred with white; but the principal feature of the bird is the two lateral feathers of the tail, which are of a deep black colour, and curl prettily outwards on each side. There is the same variety between the male and female of this species as in the cock of the wood, and the young of both resemble the female in plumage, till after the first moult. The habits of the black grouse are dissimilar to those of the red grouse, or moorfowl, inasmuch as they frequent woods and are very partial to larch plantations, in which there is plenty of cover of heath, while the red grouse is never found in wood. They will feed in the stubble like

THE HUNTER'S JOY.

The sun o'er the mountain is rising in light,
And his rays on the fast-flowing streamlet are bright;
The mist from the valley is clearing away,
And the blythe lark is singing to welcome the day.

Then arise from thy slumber while morning is young;
Hark! the pack in the distance already give tongue;
The proud steeds are tossing their frontlets on high,
And the bugle-note tells that the cover is nigh.

See, the stag is unharboured—look now how they fly!—
And list to the notes of the pack in full cry!
The steeds dash so fleetly along the young grass,
That they scarce brush the dew from its blades as they pass.

Oh how wild is the joy of the hunter's career!
He dreams not of danger, he thinks not of fear;
His foot in the stirrup, a steed that he knows,
Neither brook, hedge, nor rail, can his progress oppose.

And who, when the joy of the hunt's at an end,
Has a heart more devotedly true to his friend?
Is there one who more pleasantly banishes care,
Or hails with more rapture the smile of the fair?

Then here's to the life of the sportsman, my boys!
Long prosper the chase and its soul-stirring joys;
On him who enjoys them may fortune e'er smile,
And Beauty and Love all his sorrows beguile.

MAZEPPA.

partridges, whereas the red grouse always feed among the heather, and unlike the red grouse, they care little whether the moor be wet or dry. Both species breed on the ground, the grey hen lays about ten eggs, nearly as large as those of the common hen, of a yellowish ground, spotted with brown—the grouse lays from nine to twelve eggs, subject to great variety in colour, but in general of a reddish ground, spotted with black or brown. The males both of the capercail and black grouse are polygamous, like the common fowl, but the red grouse and ptarmigan pair early in the year, like the partridge.

The red grouse is more frequently met with, and on this account less prized by the sportsman than the black and the grey. This bird is a little larger than the partridge, of a rich brown colour, variegated with black, and there is little difference between the plumage of the male and female. The red grouse is met with in almost every moor in England as well as Scotland; and good shooting is obtained in every county north and north-west of Lincolnshire, as well as in Wales and the extreme south western counties.

The last on our list is the ptarmigan or white grouse, and this bird is exclusively confined to Scotland and the Northern Isles. Here, in the dreary solitudes of the mountainous districts of the north, the ptarmigan finds a home on the bleak summits of the highest mountains, on which the untrodden snow will lie for half the year, and nature has kindly decreed that the white plumage of this bird, in keeping with the bleak surrounding scenery, should serve to screen it from the vigilant eye of the eagle and raven, and such other birds of prey as seek their quarry in these desolate regions. As we before observed, the plumage of the ptarmigan changes in summer from white to grey, and the general habits of the bird are similar to the red grouse. It lays on the ground, and we have only once obtained the egg. The specimens we procured were from the neighbourhood of Blair Athol, and not unlike those of the black grouse, but much smaller.

Before our sketch appears in print, the season both for red and black grouse will have set in, and many hundred brace will have fallen to the gun. We do not profess to offer any advice or instruction regarding the pursuit of these birds, but will content ourselves with referring such of our readers as are not proficients in the art, to the Oakleigh Shooting Code, (as good a work as any we know on the subject,) merely observing, however, that in this, as in all other field sports, one ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory.

In the varied character of our field sports consists the charm of sporting life. To the partridge shooter the well-shorn stubble—the neat hedge-row—the green turnip fields—offer attractions which nothing in his idea can surpass: for the pheasant shooter, Autumn's falling leaf—the wood and thicket clothed in sere and yellow livery—the dingle and the dell, possess charms which no other scenery can offer: while the north country-man boasts, and with no little pride, that nothing can approach his loch and moor. We, however, having tasted oftentimes of each, and enjoyed all, must say, that although the pheasant may boast a gaudier plumage, and the pheasant shooter may probably pursue his sport among scenery of a more aristocratic nature; and though the sober hues of the partridge may find favour in the eyes of many; for noble bearing, for richness of colour, and for grandeur of scenery, commend us to the brown heather of the north, and the "*Bonny Black Cock.*"

TOHO.

August, 1842.

DEER HUNTING.

RABBIT SHOOTING.

within half a mile of Elton-gorse (one of Lord Carysfort's covers, and a sure find with Earl Fitzwilliam's hounds). Having just passed my boy, who had started half an hour before us with the *lot*, the keeper and his assistants are seen on the look out for us from Mr. Reed's farm house on the hill.

While the men are putting down the nets, Mr. Reed's servant attending to our horse and gig, and he himself gone to look if there be anything in the cellar, we'll say a few words, by way of a second and last digression, in reference to the keeper mentioned above.

Mr. Edis, to say nothing of his uniform civility and quiet character, is a good shot—which is a good thing for him, as he has much game to kill—and one of the best dog breakers I know, which is a good thing for others. Indeed, I may say so, for I bought a pointer of him in 1831 for eight guineas, which Lord Strathavon the same season, when he gave me a day, offered me twenty for, at a time too when his lordship preserved Long-Orton and his other manors most strictly, and kept four brace of pointers himself. I think after this no more need be said as to Edis's capacity in this respect, since it is well known to many, that his lordship was fastidious almost to a fault, in having his dogs under good command. But it may not be improper to add, that as the game on Lord Carysfort's manors is not only well preserved, but chiefly killed by Edis himself, a dog entrusted to his care and shot to for a season, has a far better chance of being well broke, than one which is under the hands of a keeper who has but little game to kill, and who makes up the deficiency to the dogs by means of the whip and the starving system. A dog thus broke can never, in my opinion, compete with one, which from the first to last day of going out, is amongst plenty of game both alive and dead.

We are not "on the sea" but in the gorse, with about twenty couple of dogs, men to beat, and boys with ferrets and spades, all on the alert, watching at the ridings, openings, and sides of the cover. The dogs are now uncoupled, and the cry begun, answered in a few minutes by a single shot—"First blood!" and then five or six in rapid succession from different parts of the furze, and "Dead! dead!" shouted to about ten or a dozen of the dogs, who are growling, snapping, and almost fighting over the fallen. The sport now goes merrily on, and a man who has got a good post finds he can scarcely load fast enough, and begins to doubt whether his ammunition will last him out or not. While the rabbits are skulking past him in all directions, and the guns going off on all sides, his attention is suddenly arrested by the cry—"Mark cock!" which he probably has not time to do, for the bird is struck down by another just as he is about to raise his gun.

The thick, or middle part of the cover, having been pretty well scoured out, the keeper announces that he is going to beat the outskirts, between which and the interior there is a clear space of one hundred yards or so; and now is the time for gentlemen, who got on pretty well with them while skulking or sitting amongst the gorse, to try their skill on a clearer stage. "Look out, there it goes—bang! bang!" "The last barrel killed it," cries Edis. "Yes," replies *the* shot, addressing his opponent. "I fear you don't see clear this morning:" chuckling that he has *wiped his eye.*

"Now, gentlemen, a subscription if you please, for bread, and cheese, and ale: and while 'the winged Mercury' is dispatched to fetch it from the Black Horse, and the dogs are

RABBIT SHOOTING.

I MAY fail, and most likely shall, to convey a sense of the excitement and gratification, which I believe is felt by every one who joins the party at a "rabiting;" but as none of my sporting acquaintance have dropped you a line on the subject, I am induced to do it myself. To such of your readers as are familiar with the sport, my sole apology for intruding these reminiscences upon their notice, is a wish, that like myself, they may thereby "live their pleasures o'er again;" and that others who have not yet been at one of these "Battues of the Commoners," if I do justice to my subject, may be induced to join in the first day's sport of the kind that is offered to them.

There never was a finer morning for the sport than the 4th of February last—"a southerly wind and a cloudy sky"—when my old friend, John D——, was announced; and as things seemed inclined to go on luckily with us that day, it had pleased the "service maids" to have the breakfast ready by eight. "Well, old fellow," says he to me (although his junior), "how are ye?" "Hearty," replies your humble servant, "have you got the dogs ready?" "No doubt about it." Now be it known, that preparatory to a day's rabiting, not only are all the regulars wanted, but the fire-side gentry—spaniels kept to look at,—good wild ones, that will drive them, if the guns don't, from the cover; terriers and "curs of low degree," are all in high request on such an occasion. What by borrowing, with and without leave, joined with our own, which could be depended upon, we had enlisted a pretty good *tow*—eight couple; which, with the keeper's pack, and those of three other friends, who had promised to meet us, looked cheerily and all right for the day.

By the way, a diversity of opinion exists as to the propriety of taking out steady spaniels, I mean such as will not chase in or out of cover on these occasions. Having always had as steady spaniels as the most of sportsmen—a fact, which as it is well known to my friends, I need feel no false delicacy in stating—I think I am entitled to give an opinion on this subject, and it is briefly this: That a young dog, or a dog inclined to hunt wide, if not spoiled by the bad example and encouragement of this sport, would become more intractable, if not altogether ruined. But with regard to steady old dogs it is of no consequence, in short, they have no business there; for as they will not chase, and keep listening, or beating about their master, they prevent other dogs driving the rabbits across the ridings or open places, where he is stationed, and by which many a shot is lost. I have a spaniel dog, however, at this time, of the Duke of Bedford's breed, orange and white, which has found out the difference (if I may so express myself) between wood shooting, and shooting in a wood. With me alone, and our own dogs, none is steadier than he; but in *mixed* company, both as to breed and breaking, none is so wild and noisy.

During this digression, and I fear it will not be the only one, suppose us going quietly along in my friend's Stanhope; blowing our *'baccy* to keep the steam up, until we arrive

THE HERON, OR HERN.

Ardea Cenerea. (LIN.)

Unhappy bird, our fathers' prime delight,
Who fenced thine eyrie round with sacred laws.
Nor mighty princes did disdain to wear
Thy waving crest, the mark of high command,
With gold, and pearls, and brilliant gems adorned.—SOMERVILLE.

THE subject of our present sketch forms one of the group of *waders;* and not one of that group is better adapted, both from its external and internal conformation, for its pursuits than the Heron. The long sinewy legs and toes—peculiarly formed for wading, the piercing beak, the bright eye, the light airy carriage of the bird, are all in keeping; and the naturalist, upon examination, is puzzled which most to admire, the internal anatomy, or peculiar outward structure of this bird.

When standing erect, or upon the wing, it appears to be a bird of large dimensions; yet, although few British birds have a greater extent of wing, its weight is but inadequately proportioned to its size, the breadth of the bird from tip to tip being about 5½ feet, and its length 3½, whilst its weight is scarcely five pounds. The general plumage of the Heron is a uniform bluish grey, the neck, breast and under parts white, the front of the neck prettily marked with a row of large black spots; whilst the long scapulars of a silvery grey colour, the pendent breast feathers, and the tapering crest of black which adorns its head, all give the heron, in its mature plumage, a graceful and elegant appearance. The *immature* bird, up to the age of three years, wants the crest and long scapulars.

The habits of the heron are peculiar; for although at most times a shy and solitary bird, it is gregarious; and as the spring approaches, they collect in large flocks, and repair to the heronry, which is generally, like the rookery, formed in some park, or else by the edge of a large sheet of water. They re-build the old nests of the previous seasons, and during the period of incubation, the greatest good fellowship exists throughout the colony. As soon as the young can leave the nests, the old birds lead them to the neighbouring meadows and streams, and during the winter they disperse about the country, and roost generally in little companies of three or four, in any tall trees which may take their fancy. The heronry in the breeding season forms an interesting sight;—the huge flat nests, the grotesque appearance of the young birds screaming open-mouthed for food, while the old ones are either perched on the tops of the trees, or continually going in search of, or returning with, fish for the young. In our own neighbourhood are two large heronries, the one at Harringworth, on some tall trees in an island, the other at Milton, on some Scotch firs, in a secluded part of the pleasure grounds. Here the nests are kept within a certain

coupled up to rest for an hour or so, we'll amuse ourselves in the open field with some of the '*live 'uns*,' which have been caught in the nets, or taken from the burrows; and 'if you have any conceit in yourself or your gun, I'll bet you two to one,'" and so on. And if you give it a fair chance, say forty yards, and one dog loosed, just to make it go along, there are easier things to kill *dead* than a rabbit, especially if it runs straight away with the cover a few yards before it.

I was somewhat amused too that day with a story, or rather with the man and his manner of telling it, with perfect unconcern, while *tolling* out the ale. He was an old Peninsular man, or rather the *remains* of one, had served under Sir David Baird, Sir John Moore, and lastly under the Duke of Wellington. We were grouped by the side of a brook, with the dogs lying around us, and the gorse and thorns stretching up the hill in our front, when the "remnant" broke out on a sudden: "Ha! Mr. D——n when I was in Spain, I remember one Tuesday morning at daybreak, we were attacked by the enemy; and a little French drummer stood hammering away on the top of the hill, just like you. 'Pop! pop!' went the rifles, and down fell many a tall fellow—but the little drummer kept hammering on. 'D—— you,' thought I, 'I'll spoil your music:'—Steady! and down he came, with his row, dow, dow—just like a pair of old boots."

At it you go again, the dogs are once more in cover, and as the steel is somewhat out of them, and all the cries of the chase, the course, and the wood, in turn made use of to get them on, and keep them going; it is no longer of any use to stand and watch for the rabbits. The best way, therefore, to obtain any shooting is to follow up the keeper, and take the snap shots just as you can get them. Keep a sharp look out, especially on any dog that may be depended upon; don't be over nice for a few twigs, nor a good aim, shoot where you think it is going, and if you miss this time you'll kill the next. Now or never, too, is the time for a cock, especially round the outsides; and as the dogs are all pretty steady—the regulars always so, and the awkward squad beat almost to a stand still—if a cock is flushed, you stand a fair chance to bag him. Indeed, at the heel of the day, I have generally, in this respect, had the best sport, by stealing away, and taking a couple of my own spaniels to do the needful.

Now for the report: "How many killed, and who was the hero of the day; whose dog found first, worked best, and tired last—who missed that cock in the cover, and who killed the other in the open?" We'll talk these matters over, Mr. Editor, with your permission, after dinner; suffice it to mention in this place, that twenty-seven dozen of rabbits were killed, with two couple and a half of cocks, and—a thing of no little importance in rabbiting —no man nor dog shot.

Peterborough. N. W.

THE HERON.

distinction—the belt buckled tightly round the waist, the bugle slung across the shoulder, and the capacious jack-boot, form the attire of the sportsman of the olden school. We have read so much of the good old British cheer, that imagination can easily picture the breakfast; and having drained the stirrup cup, presented to us on the threshold by as fair a maiden as ever donned the kirtle of green, we mount our palfreys, and set off. The old squire on his white poney leads the way; the falconer follows, with his casts of hawks hooded on the perch around him; and the sportsmen bring up the rear. The shrill clear sound of a bugle ringing through the merry green wood directs us to the meeting place, and we soon reach a smooth open spot in the forest glade, where the rest of the party are assembled. Here we halt for a while, and leaving the wood, are soon in the open, bending our course towards yon row of stunted willows which stretch across the plain, marking the course of the stream. "Where at his seize, the hern observant stands, to take his scaly prize, himself another's prey." Up flies the quarry—the hawks are unhooded and thrown off, and both rise in the air, each striving for the uppermost flight. Away we all scurry, intent upon the movements of the birds. The heron does her best, but in vain. Now she rises spirally in the air—and then crowds all sail down wind, endeavouring to beat her pursuers by speed. Nothing can describe our excitement while the chase continues. This, however, is but short; the hawks mount above the heron—descend upon her with a fell swoop—and down they all come together to the ground. The hawks are taken up; all draw round; and although there is no struggle for the *brush*—no joyous *who-hoop*, we question whether the falconer does not feel as much exultation when he plucks the wing feathers from the dead heron to adorn the hunting caps of the party, as ever did our old friend, Tom Sebright, when presenting the brush to the favoured sportsman who is well up at the death, after a good run. Oh it must have been glorious pastime. Landseer's beautiful picture of the return from hawking, gives us but a faint idea of a hawking party, and Bloome and Somerville describe the sport to us, but still all must fall far, very far, short of reality. The chase is over, and fancy fondly leads us back to the old hall, where the ample sirloin awaits us. But here our vision fades away, our reverie is at an end; and we are at once metamorphosed from falconers of 1600, to the more scientific, but not less enthusiastic, sportsmen of the modern day.

There are four other species of the heron, all very rare; but as specimens of each have occasionally been shot in Britain, they are ranked in the British fauna. Of these we shall merely mention two as having come under our own immediate notice;—the purple, or night heron *(A. Purpulea)*, and the little heron *(A. Minuta)*. The former is nearly the size of the common heron, and a most beautiful bird, a great part of the upper plumage being of a reddish ash, tinged with purple. This bird has also a splendid black crest. We once procured a capital specimen, killed a few years since in Lincolnshire, for an ornithological friend, and we have seen more than one specimen of the little heron killed in Britain. The others we have never met with, excepting as foreign specimens.

Although the heron may fairly be ranked among the angler's greatest foes, its habits of patience and perseverance, while in pursuit of prey, are well worthy his example. One of these birds will take its station by the side of the stream, or in some shallow ford, and

range, and not allowed to exceed one hundred or so. The heron lays four large eggs, of a pale sea-green colour.

That this bird is a most destructive enemy to the fisherman, no one can deny; but to be able to form any adequate idea of the depredations it commits, we must visit the heronry in the spring. Mutilated half eaten bodies of fish of all kinds, all weights, and sizes—from the small roach to the heavy jack and chub—strew the ground; and such is the rapacity of the young, that it requires all the labour of the old ones to procure a sufficient supply. Sorry, indeed, are we when we see indiscriminate war waged against any one race of birds, through caprice or a mistaken notion, yet we should be arrant hypocrites were we not candidly to confess (so dearly do we love the *gentle craft*) that we ever regard the heron as a foe; and woe to any one that comes within range of our rifle! Were there, however, any fear of totally exterminating this noble race of birds, we would at once proclaim a truce; but of this there is little danger, for noblemen and gentlemen in whose parks they breed, always like to encourage the heronry; but unless they are kept down, depend upon it that the fishery in the neighbourhood of their breeding places must suffer. In the days of yore, when falconry formed the chief amusement of our nobles and squires, the heron was a bird of no little consequence, and a heavy penalty was imposed upon any one destroying the birds or eggs. This was all very well at that day; but in later ages, since the taste for this princely pastime has died away, and the lanner and hobby have given place to the setter and gun, instead of being regarded as a royal bird, it is proscribed by the keeper and the angler, and like an outlying deer, is rarely spared beyond the precincts of the heronry.

Among all the changes of the last two centuries, nothing has undergone a more complete revolution than the whole system of our British field sports; and although, for our own part, we would back a *double Manton* and a brace of steady pointers against the world, we often wish that it were possible to be transported back to the days of bonny Queen Bess, and billetted for one week in the hospitable mansion of "a good old English gentleman." Imagination is ever at work, and we can now almost picture to our mind's eye the hawking party of the olden time. We will indulge our fancy with a clear bright morning in spring; time,—6 A.M. We are roused from our slumbers in the tapestried chamber by the cheering "La la leussa, Leigh ho, Leigh ho, Leigh leuss,"* of the falconer from the court yard below. The sun is just rising; all abroad is gay; and the gothic gable end of the old hall is gilded with the early rays streaming through the branches of the sycamores and elms, which extend their long vista from the very door-way down to the massy park gate that opens into the village lane. The house is in a bustle: without, dogs are barking, men shouting, horses neighing; within, servants are running to and fro, laden with flagons and dishes to grace the oak table in the ancient hall, which groans under the substantial breakfast of the hunting morning. Our jolly old host is on the alert, his good-humoured face beaming with pleasure, as he presents us in due form to our companions in arms. All are decked in the livery of the chase. The coat of Lincoln green, the hunting cap, and here and there a broad beaver adorned with a feather by way of

* The falconer's call.

OCTOBER FOR ME.

Bright summer is past, and brown Autumn succeeds;
No longer the corn-craike is heard in the meads;
All cut and well-stacked in the yard is the corn,
And again the blyth hunter is winding his horn;
Grouse are scattered, and partridges strong on the wing,
And bold in the forest the cock-pheasants spring.

With his gun on his arm, and with step firm and free,
The sportsman is roaming o'er moorland and lea;
He brings down the grouse on the heath-covered fell,
The pheasant he marks in the low woody dell;
For partridges, stubble and turnips he tries,
And down falls a brace should a covey but rise.

Though the morning is often now misty and chill,
And the dew-drops lie long both in vale and on hill;
Though the sun rises later and sooner declines,
His beam is more welcome at noon when he shines;
And in Autumn the calm stilly close of the day
Is as sweet as the dawn in the first flush of May.

October! October! October for me!
That there's naught like its ale every man will agree;—
For shooting, no month in the year half so good,
On moorland, in stubble, in marsh, mead, or wood:
We've partridge and pheasant, with wild ducks in store,
Grouse, woodcock, and snipe, and a dozen kinds more.

By the way of just bringing my stave to an end,
I've a toast to propose—brother sportsmen attend:
Here's "The Pleasures of Shooting!"—Now, off with your wine,
And then for a volley of cheers—nine times nine!—
With a well-sounding chorus, the burden shall be,
"October! October! October for me!"

here, unless disturbed, he will watch motionless for hours, frequently without appearing to catch a single fish. Nor is it till the shades of evening close over the landscape, that he rises in the air on a steady wing, and directs his homeward flight towards the tall trees in some distant wood, for years his roosting place.

It has been truly observed, that the face of nature may be regarded as a moving panorama, on account of the never-ceasing variety that meets the eye at every step. This is true; and although we are one of those whom nature delights in whatever shape we view her—to whom the face of the landscape is ever grateful, yet to us the panorama would be a void, were it not for the living actors that grace the scene; and of these actors, to our eye, the feathered race delight us more than any other. What gives such interest to the wild mountainous scenery of the north, as an occasional glimpse of the eagle rising majestically from his eyrie on the tall crag. If we seek the lofty cliff which proudly stems the dashing waves of the rolling ocean, lost as we must be in admiration at the grand scene before us, our attention is chiefly directed towards the numerous gulls, terns, and other sea birds, as they float below us. And when we ramble by the margin of our favourite rivulet or burn, what pleasure do we feel in watching the king-fisher, as he dashes by us; and the heron, as he stands up to his knees in the stream above the waterfall, to our eye, adds not a little to the beauty of the southern landscape.

Thus are we wont to study the great book of nature, and many a profitable lesson do we gather from its pages.

August, 1842. TOHO.

THE 1ST OF OCTOBER

TERRIER AND BADGER.

The eccentric John Randolph, of Roanoke, the great American orator, was exceedingly attached to dogs. Once meeting with Mr. Monroe, a short time after his appointment to a high and responsible office, the conversation turned upon a project of law, then in contemplation in the state of Virginia, for laying a heavy tax upon dogs, with a view to protecting the breed of merino sheep. This project was advocated by Mr. Monroe, who was met by Randolph, with the apostrophe, "Oh Colonel! why would you tax dogs? my dog always loves me. No sir,—the dog is *faithful*, don't tax *him*, but tax man, Colonel.—Tax man, *he is perfidious*."

Naturalists, who make a controversy of everything, and will scarcely even allow that "eggs *is* eggs," have found a fruitful theme in the kennel, which they have swept quite clean with their arguments. Discussing the origin of the dog, they are all abroad,—some asserting that he is an original, others that he is only a copy, a sort of "putty and snails, and other dogs' tails," a mongrel, a hybrid, a spurious hodge-podge of various ingredients, a glass of vapid water, whose only worth is in the quality of the mixture. In short, their opinions remind me of those put forth some time ago, concerning the poor little harmless whitebait, which I have heard "said and sung," as follows:—

"The naturalists do much discuss,
And make a most terrible learned fuss,
And all to no purpose,—which is much *wuss*,
About these same little whitebait.

Some say that they are salmon small,
'They're the fry of herrings!' others bawl,—
Some swear that 'they are no fish at all,
But only a species of—whitebait!'"

I say, then, that the origin of the dog is canine, and to this opinion I intend to adhere doggedly.

But, gentle reader,—my dear fellow,—you haven't the least idea of how your dog lives, or at least of the way in which his nature exists, therefore attend, and I will tell you the history of our "Smut."

Smut was born blind, (many biped puppies continue so through life, poor things!) Smut, I say, was born blind, and continued so,—until he could see.

Being well supplied from Nature's motherly fountain, where he found "GENUINE NEW MILK, SEVERAL TIMES A-DAY," Smutty grew a-pace, until about the fifth month, when he began to shed his milk teeth; the milk shop then shut up, for want of trade, and Smutty having set up a commissariat on his account, cut a new set of grinders before he had been eight months in this wicked world of ours.

By the way, I will tell you, learnedly, how a dog's age may be pretty accurately ascertained by his mouth. In his eighth month he is tolerably well furnished, and from that date, until the age of two years, they are all perfectly white and smooth. About two, the canine teeth begin to grow yellowish about their base, near the gum, and the lateral incisor teeth immediately adjoining the canine on each side, lose the notch that when young may be observed on them. The above marks are incomplete until about the fourth

DOGS' TALES.

Of all the quadrupeds, commend me to the dog. "Love me, love my dog," is an ancient saw, of which I am a modern instance. I love them all;—from ponderous mastiff down to graceful greyhound, from little "Barker" up to big "Bow-wow."

Humanity has such a natural tendency towards caninity, that the parts of the dog have actually become parts of speech. What listless reader does not make Dog's Ears of our Book of Sports? What roaring school-boy has not quoted his Dog Latin?

"Duo animi tinctores, ibant ponere juxta."
"Two soul-diers were going to put-nigh."

Or even more appropriately to our present subject,

'As in præsenti'—had a little dog
'Quæ genus'—was his name.
Etcetera, etceterorum.

Lastly, what Jarvey does not tipple off his pint of cheering Dog's-nose? Moreover, in colloquial metaphor, we call Snooks "an impudent puppy;" and say that Mrs. Jaw would "talk a dog's hind leg off,"—meaning, I presume, that she chatters without *pause*. By the way, polite people are often at a loss what to call a female dog;—may I be so bold as to suggest the adoption of the term Dog-Ma?

But I must *cur-tail* this cynical opening, and dash off at once with "Rover" and "Ranger."

"There is," says the celebrated Peter Pindar, "a moral obligation between a man and a dog." Let us see how variously this is carried out.

Every country has a different way of treating its dogs. The Chinese eat them—it is evident therefore that they *love* their dogs in the extreme sense of the word; just as the Caribbee savages did the Missionary, when they told the next comers, "Ah! Doctor Black *berry good man*,—berry *good* man indeed, so full o' graby." In Greece, a recent traveller informs us that there is a tendency the contrary way--the dogs usually eating the travellers, unless the travellers chance to be the strongest. In Kamschatka the dog is made an useful beast of burden. This he was also in England, until the "Cruelty to Animal's Society" interfered, and degraded him into a lazy good-for-nothing, instead of letting him earn his daily bread, as he had formerly done. The immediate consequence of this change has been, that we, more especially in the London districts to which the recent Act extends, have been obliged to adopt the Chinese fashion with our dogs, and eat them.

"Is them *good* sassengers?" sneered a passer-by, as he eyed a sausage vender, at the last Croydon fair. "Is them *very good* sassengers?" "Yes, they is, yer impudent good-for-nuffin, you," exclaimed the offended merchant, "them is bootifool sassengers, and no mistake. Pray wot has sich as you to say agin my sassengers, I'd like to know?" "Oh! nothin', mar'm, nothin', only—it's a curious fact,—but, wherever you do see sech a looking sassenger as that, you don't see no dogs, that's all."

III.—Hounds.

Irish Wolf Dog	Blood-hound	Beagle
Great Dane or Boar Dog	Stag-hound	Terrier
Pyrennean Dog	Fox-hound	Otter-hound.
Talbot-hound	Harrier.	Turnspit.

IV.—Fowling Dogs.

Spanish Pointer	Russian Setter	Lesser Water Dog, or Poodle
English Pointer	Land Spaniel	Lion Dog
Dwarf Pointer	Water Spaniel	Shock Dog
Dalmatian Pointer	Springer or Cocker	Maltese Dog.
English Setter	Great Water Dog	

V.—Pastoral or Domestic Dogs.

The Shepherd's Dog	The Iceland Dog	The Russian Dog
The Cur Dog	The Chinese Dog	The Pomeranian Dog
The Esquimaux Dog	The Newfoundland Dog	The Albanian Dog
The Greenland Dog	The Labrador Dog	The Dog of St. Bernard.
The Siberian Dog		

VI.—Mastiffs, and their kind.

The English Mastiff	The Dog of Thibet	The Ban Dog
The Spanish Mastiff	The Bull Dog	The Pug Dog.

There are about four sorts of cross-bred dogs, which have become in a great measure settled varieties, viz.:—

The Bull Terrier	The Kangaroo Dog
The Bull Mastiff	The Lurcher.

And several dogs, whose origin it would perhaps be difficult to discover, chiefly used as rug and lap-dogs. Let us call them

Foundling Dogs.

The Bastard Pug dog	The Tumbler
The Small Danish Dog	The Artoise Dog
The Roquet	The Blenheim.

year, and the animal's intermediate age may be pretty fairly determined by their greater or less degree of intensity. Between the fourth and fifth years the teeth become blunt, and lose their points, which natural bluntness may however be readily distinguished from accidental chipping, or breaking, by bones or otherwise, as will be often the case, particularly with such dogs as are fond of fetching and carrying. About the fifth or sixth year, the yellowness of the teeth extends to their entire body, the enamel becomes chipped and cracked in various places, and thenceforward the age is altogether, as the Yankees say, to be "guessed."

To return to our "Smut." The earlier periods of his life were taken up in playing with the children, who made him alternately a pillow, a baby, a horse, and a wheelbarrow, —this last object being obtained by holding up his hinder legs, and trundling him along until he tumbled head over heels. As he grew in years, however, a sporting spirit came over him, and by frequent practice, he became the most expert cat and rat killer in the three kingdoms; this, however, soon played the deuce with his "canines," and his "incisors," and left his age a complete mystery to strangers.

Time, however, flew over all our heads, and soon it had a visible effect on the black "physiog" of "Smut." A grey circle appeared around his eyes and nose; sores broke out in different parts of his body, he grew stiff, tranquil, deaf, and blind, and old age grew upon him fast, until he gradually sunk into his grassy grave to sleep; although I verily believe that his ghost nightly haunts our stable still, and hunts down gibbering shades of slaughtered rats, as in the happiest moments of his earthly life time.

Now for a bit more learning in conclusion.

The greyhound is the longest lived of all the dog tribe; having been frequently known to reach the age of twenty, and even twenty-five years. If a greyhound, however, has been much *worked*, and more especially if he has been entered too young, his period of existence will hardly extend to fifteen years.

Bull dogs, terriers, and other fighting dogs, whose occupations are of a very severe, distressing nature, become old at three, very old at five, and generally drop off about their fifth or sixth year. Smut lived to complete his eleventh.

The following divisions comprise, I believe, every known variety of dog.

I.—Wild Dogs.

The Dingo of Australia	The Buck Dog of South America	The Prairie Dog of North America.
The Canadian Dog	The Ekia of Africa	
The Dhole of India		

II.—Greyhounds.

Rough.	*Smooth.*
Highland Deer-hound	Common Greyhound
Scottish Greyhound	Turkish Greyhound
Russian Greyhound	Italian Greyhound
Persian Greyhound	Tiger-hound of South America.
French Matin.	

eave that has sheltered the nest of previous years, does the woodcock every autumn again repair to the forest glade and spinney—the haunt of former years, and unless shot, or otherwise disturbed, (and it takes a great deal to make the woodcock forsake a favourite spot,) the *same* bird may be generally found in the same locality; and it is a curious fact, that, should a woodcock be shot, another, in a short time, will take possession of the haunt left vacant by its death. These birds are very partial to apple orchards, and in the cider countries, they go by the name of the apple owl, in consequence of their feeding on the decayed apples.

Although the woodcock rises on the wing with a heavy lumbering flight, it is by no means an easy bird to shoot. The localities in which they are found generally afford them many chances of escape; the anxiety which ever attends the grateful cry of "mark cock," favours the bird; and every wood shooter must have frequently seen a cock run the gauntlet as it were, and after all escape the line of guns levelled at it. Perhaps, strictly speaking, cock shooting is the most exciting sport of the gunner; by many it is termed the fox-hunting of shooting, and by all, a good day's woodcock shooting is allowed to be the ne plus ultra of sport. It may be so where the cocks are plentiful, and when the covers they frequent are well adapted for shooting them in, but in our midland covers and woods the idea of a day solely devoted to cock shooting would be absurd; three or four couple of these birds being considered with us a good bag, and we rarely have known more to be killed in a day, and these are generally shot in our extensive woodlands in the rabbit battues, in February and March. November is considered the *crack* month for the cock, and they are met with in some localities in great numbers just previous to their departure for their breeding haunts in March. The woodcock rarely flies far, unless it has been frequently flushed; and in no kind of shooting will a knowledge of the wood assist the marker so much, as in woodcock shooting. A short gun, a quick eye, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of No. 5, will be found the chief requisites for the cock shooter.

It has been remarked to us by a good old sportsman, that within the last few years, cocks have been much scarcer than formerly, but that now their numbers were gradually increasing, and he attributed this circumstance to the fact that, about six or seven years ago, many thousands of these birds perished in their autumnal migration to our Island, through the hurricane and rough weather, which raged with fearful violence during the autumn. This is certainly a fair hypothesis, and may in some measure account for the deficiency. When we consider the many obstacles to be contended against by the little wanderers that annually seek our shores from distant climes, in their devious flight across the trackless ocean, without compass or chart, save that hidden one kindly furnished by a Providence whose care extends to the meanest creature, it is a matter of admiration, no less than of wonder, that so many reach their ultimate destination; but so regularly is that flight taken, and so ably directed, that we can almost time them to a day; and many of the operations of man are guided by the arrival and departure of the migratory birds,—whether in the opening of the spring, by the summer warblers, or in the waning of the year, by the snipe and the woodcock.

September, 1842. TOHO.

THE WOODCOCK.

"With slaughtering gun th'unweared fowler roves,
When frosts have whitened all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade."—POPE.

"MARK cock," resounds from one beater to another. *Bang*, the sharp report of the keeper's gun rings through the wood—a cloud of feathers floats in the air, and the poor woodcock, doubled up by the shot, falls like a stone to the ground, its beautiful variegated plumage ruffled, and soiled with blood, and its whole frame quivering in the agonies of death.

The woodcock is a migratory bird, arriving about October, and leaving us again in March; when they retire to the wild wooded districts of Norway and Sweeden, and such other countries as offer them shelter and sustenance; and here among the boundless pine forests of the Continent, they rear their young unmolested by man. Of the habits of the woodcock, except as immediately connected with the sportsman, little is known. During its visit to our country it frequents low marshy woods, and new blackthorn coppices; but being a bird that lives entirely by suction, always in the neighbourhood of a marshy *bottom* or spring. In the breeding season, as being a stranger to our country, of course its habits are very little known to the British sportsman, and in the countries where this bird breeds, the nest is so artfully concealed that it is rarely found. It lays four eggs—white ground, blotched with grey—rather larger than those of the common partridge—on a rude artless nest. Twice have we had opportunities of seeing a full nest and eggs taken in Britain, the one specimen taken at Nether Witton, Northumberland, the other in the south; and more than once have young woodcocks been seen by the keepers in the woods in Northamptonshire. The female is rather larger than the male.

The woodcock is among our earliest wintry birds of passage, and should the wind be favourable, the first *flight of cocks* may be expected over with the October moon. Upon their first landing they are very poor. We remember once in one of our rambles along the wild Northumbrian coast, in October, seeing one of these birds come in from sea, and alight on a rock. We picked it up, weak and exhausted after its flight from Norway across the trackless ocean, and the condition of this bird strangely contrasted with their usual plump appearance. On many parts of our coast hundreds of cocks are wantonly destroyed when they first arrive; and *wanton* destruction it is, as until they have been a fortnight or three weeks in our country, they are of but little use to the epicure or sportsman. As soon as they arrive, they disperse themselves over our island, and are pretty generally found throughout the winter in our coppices and preserves. Directed by that instinct which guides all the operations of the feathered race, with the same regularity and certainty which marks the return of the swallow and marten on each succeeding spring to the chimney or

AN AWKWARD DILEMMA.

horse, of course, as much puzzled as you, not knowing whether you mean him to jump it or not. The *flounder* cheap!

XIII.—Your *forbearance* on finding your new stable-lad making fly-lines out of your favourite's bang tail.

XIV.—Having the lead with a fine dog-fox over a beautiful turf country, being obliged to whip off in favour of the other *ten couple* of hounds which have gone away with another fox at the other end of the wood.

XV.—Being called upon to return thanks, at a Hunt Dinner, when your voice is breaking, and your eloquence has never been *broken-in*.

XVI.—Being obliged to act as steward at a Hunt Ball on *the same evening*.

XVII.—Your doubts as to whether the hat upon which your horse alighted in his last jump, had a head in it or not.

XVIII.—Asking who the "old codger on the dog horse" is, and learning that he is your informant's father.

XIX.—Waiting, ready booted and spurred, at a rural railway-station for your horse, which at length arrives, but in a train which only stops at first class ones. (Consoled, that he has never been *properly trained*.)

XX.—Your feelings as a master of a pack on seeing your hounds make a cast on a neighbouring railway, just as the mail train is coming in.

XXI.—Or (to make shorter work of it) seeing the fox go to ground in the tunnel, with the whole pack at his brush; while you

"Know by the smoke that so gracefully curls"

that at the other end of it a train has *just entered*.

XXII.—The "mixed train" of your thoughts for the next $\frac{999}{1000}$th parts of a minute.

XXIII.—Having inadvertently boasted of your knowledge of a country, finding yourself selected on that account (and on that account *only*) to escort the young lady who is going to "follow the hounds" to-morrow morning. No Map!

XXIV.—Having just succeeded in wrenching open a gate, during which you have displayed a most magnanimous contempt for broken hinges and dislocated locks, seeing the farmer himself coming up the hedgerow in savage "Agricultural Distress."

XXV.—Being asked (and unable to reply in a *positive negative*) whether that is the horse that reared up the other day, and fell backwards and killed poor Spurrier, the rough-rider.

XXVI.—(Being a clergyman) having waited till half-past eleven, for a couple who were to have been married at nine, going at last to the hunting meet, and finding the hounds gone away (with their fox) an hour ago.

XXVII.—Reading the county paper next Saturday, where you find the event duly chronicled—with editorial strictures on the impropriety of *refusing to bury a corpse* on a hunting morning.

XXVIII.—Being called upon for "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky," when you have been all the morning getting up "Old Towler."

XXIX.—Hearing your friend a good *Christian* offered 50 guineas for a horse of *yours*, which he is riding on liking at 25.

HUNTING MISERIES.

Misery No. I.—Getting up on a hunting morning and finding a frost; but of such doubtful intensity that you don't know whether to go or stay at home. Going at last, and getting laughed at for your pains.

II.—Frosty morning as above:—having ordered your horse to be *hay'd*, and yourself settled down to the last Quarterly, the glimmer of red coats passing by your window, and the cries of "Yoicks!"

III.—Having thoughtlessly invited an *Irresistible* to breakfast on a foxing day, and having waited in vain till the last moment, when you have been obliged to dispatch your meal in all haste, and have only just five minutes left to go to cover, the appearance of said *Irresistible* at (literally) "the eleventh hour," showing not the slightest disposition to forego his breakfast, and reducing you to the pleasant alternative of staying to carve cold ham while the hounds are drawing a sure find, or leaving the *Irresistible* behind—alone with your wife.

IV.—The announcement of your groom that the new hunter you bought at Leamington, is the old horse you sold last spring, as past all work.

V.—Looking round, at the moment of a find, to enjoy a laugh at the poor devil to whom half a dozen bumpkins on a gate are crying out, "Surry, thee'st lost a shu!"—and finding that the poor devil is no other than your noble self.

VI.—Having refused a rather awkward fence in your line, finding that by going about you have in lieu of one *rather* bad one, to face two *dev'lish* bad ones:—One *wren*, for two *bullfinches*.

VII.—Your *début* in Gloucestershire, when looking with sovereign contempt on a knot of slow ones following the leader over a gap in the stone wall, you gallantly charge the fence on a line of your own, and come like the laying of a first stone into a stone quarry.

VIII.—The state of your feelings at that moment when, having brought all the hounds and their attendants at your elbow by holloaing away a fox, your mind misgives you as to whether it was *really* a fox, or only an old jack hare.

IX.—Riding, up-wind, in spectacles during the rain. N.B. Nothing to wipe them with, but a glove as wet as they—with the additional recommendation of an ample provision of pipeclay, which smears 'em over at every wipe, and leaves you in the condition of the poor kitchen-maids who have nothing but ground glass to look through at their lovers!

X.—Galloping,—the *last* of a large field,—by a Ladies' Boarding School!

XI.—Having got an awkward purl at a fence, seeing the little boy on the pony clear it in excellent style.

XII.—Riding full swing at a gate, which is in "full swing" too, and finding that with all your generalship you cannot get through before it closes, and no time to pull up; your

XLIX.—In fording a river, with your legs raised over the horse's shoulders to "keep 'em out of the wet," said horse giving a lurch, and the effects thereof.

L.—Opening your cigar case on a cold morning at a long draw, and finding you have brought your mathematical instruments instead. A case of peculiar *shagreen!*

LI.—Hunting till so late that you are not sure whether the bright line on the other side of the hedge (your next jump), is the turnpike road or a navigable canal.

LII.—Ascertaining beyond dispute that it *is* a canal—and that portion of one usually dignified by the name of a lock. Water out.

LIII.—The state of your throat for three days after holloaing the (wrong) fox *up-wind* in the middle of March.

LIV.—Ditto of your arms after having made yourself generally useful in a day's thistle-whipping with a friend's harriers.

LV.—Finding yourself, after a tremendous day with the Shropshire Hounds, in the middle of a Welch village, where not a soul speaks English, except the innkeeper, and he dead drunk (the only symptom of English)!

LVI.—Having, with infinite pain and peril, forded the river, finding yourself at last safely landed—on *the island!*

LVII.—Dropping your whip in a gateway and picking it up again *after all the field have been through!*

LVIII.—Having kindly offered to blow the huntsman's horn, he having just had half-a-dozen teeth knocked down his throat—the music thereof!

LIX.—Being called upon to "show your ticket" at a toll gate in the middle of a sharp run.

LX.—Or (worse) the pike-man refusing to let your *hired horse* pass without seeing the ticket from the hirer—which of course you haven't got.

SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

XXX.—Inveighing in your choicest Billingsgate against the cruelty and foolery of steeple-chasing to a stranger who turns out to be Captain Becher.

XXXI.—Your indecision as to whether you shall wait till all the field have gone through the park gate (hounds running like the devil all the while), or plunge at once into the *wedge* of horses, two out of every three of which are known kickers.

XXXII.—Having cleared a stiff bullfinch to the admiration of the whole field, discovering in the midst of your triumph that you have left one of your stirrups behind you.

XXXIII.—In the middle of a large cover listening to the jokes of some devilish merry fellow (who doesn't hunt himself), and learning from the old woodman that the hounds have been gone away this half an hour—in what direction deponent sayeth not. The joker merely come to see the throw off.

XXXIV.—Having to run three miles in top-boots to a farm-house, for a rope and six or eight able-bodied men to drag your horse out of a bog in the middle of the neighbouring common. No ropes!

XXXV.—Finding that the poachers have been at work in your covers by a favourite hound getting trapped in one of them—for which *you* have all the credit.

XXXVI.—In stag-hunting (for the first or second time) not knowing whether you ought to cry "tally-ho" or "tantivy."

XXXVII.—And, in your love for classicality, fixing on the latter.

XXXVIII.—Riding a horse that *is* to go—when he gets warm.

XXXIX.—Riding a horse that has an odd leg, without having had any previous practice on camels or dromedaries.

XL.—Riding to a holloa at the *top* of the wood, which you find proceeds from a boy frightening crows; who, however, gives you a most animated description of the brilliant burst they have had from the *bottom*.

XLI.—Being rather absent, finding on your arrival at the meet that, instead of your Malacca cane, you have brought out your German flute.

XLII.—Riding a strange man's horse in a strange country, where you are expected to keep up the dignity of your own Hunt.

XLIII.—Strange man riding *your* horse.

XLIV.—Being first up at a check, finding yourself called upon to state how far the hounds brought the scent, when it is just as much as you can do to account for your being there yourself!

XLV.—Being the only surgeon out, and called upon to pull up in the middle of a good run, to bleed the little boy who has tumbled off his pony.

XLVI.—Finding on the morning of a glorious day and a very crack fixture, that your horse has been loose all night and ate up all the oats and beans, together with the *bonne bouche* of a quarter of a pound of tobacco, deposited in your groom's jacket pocket.

XLVII.—Being Number Three at a rasper, where Nos. One and Two have got most awful *purls!*

XLVIII.—Riding in front of a man on a bolting, hardmouthed horse, by which you expect to be *suggested* down at every jump.

SPRINGING A WILD DUCK.

No,—something in the yearning heart
  Stirs out for living things;
Ah! Is it not that restless joy
  Is ever without wings:
    Yet, wings of fairest plumage,
    Like the Water-birds serene

Thus—thus to speak—'Twould seem One Bird
  Haunted the reeds among;
But at a breath,—a burst,—a word—
  Up springs a myriad throng:—
They make the whitest weathers,
  One clouded splendid sight:
The sky upon their feathers,
  Reposes all its light,—
    Borne—borne on the fair plumage
    Of the Water-birds serene!

Wild birds!—when shall I waken
  Your wings again!—I pine,
To see your wealth of golden-green,
  Above the water shine:
To see your cloud against the sky;
  Your long necks streak the day;—
And oh! I'd give my soul's best bond
  To turn the gun away!
    From my Water-birds' fair plumage,
    My Water-birds serene.

Home—home, I go!—but, water-bound,
  A feather holds my heart!
So slight a thing finds anchor-ground,—
  I cannot break apart.
The light grey breast—the sheening neck,
  Have hold upon me, well;—
As firm as doth the anchor keep,
  The ship on ocean's swell:
    Dear birds of the fair plumage,—
    My Water-birds serene.

GREGORY GREYHOUND.

THE SONG OF THE WILD DUCK.

Fast—fast here flows the stream!—
Deep—deep here sleeps the pool!
The day is in its midmost march,
And all is calm and cool:
And the sedges stand on edge, and green,
And the silent wave melts in
Against the Wild Duck's rocking breast;—
But not a feather's seen
Of the Water-bird's fair plumage,
Of the Water-bird serene!

Unmoved upon the waters,
Now sleeps the silent sun;
And all Light's gentle daughters
Of joy, around him run:
And the Water-birds are green and gold,
That float in pleasant light—
And loving them, as I love them,
I hail the blessed sight:
The sight of the fair plumage
Of the Water-birds serene.

I stray on by the alders,
Through reeds—through rushes look;
Here Solitude her nest hath made—
No wimpling dimpling brook
Speaks!—Here the water is not heard,
Save when the grey breasts spring;
Scared at the crash amid the weeds,
They madden on the wing:
The wing of the fair plumage,
Of the Water-birds serene!

And is not this a happy scene
Of generous sky and sun?
And tender waters all about,
A blessing wholly done;

SHAKESPEARE.

DELIA AND LUCY.

To look at Delia and Lucy, one would say they were very neat fox-hounds, were it not that they were the property of a master of harriers,—Sir James Flower.

Nevertheless, we believe that they are fox-hounds, stooped to hare.

The practice of hunting hare with fox-hounds is one of modern introduction, caused no doubt by the present railroad desire for pace, though we cannot say that it is a custom of which we approve. We do not think hunting of any sort is improved by the extraordinary quickness which now characterises it, but assuredly hare hunting is spoiled by it. Hare hunting is a calm, tranquil kind of amusement, that ought not to be done in a hurry, nor made a business of. Nevertheless, we see harrier establishments now-a-days conducted on a scale equal to that of fox-hounds in former times, whilst fox-hounds have swelled into a magnitude perfectly appalling. All this is very detrimental to the true interests and pleasures of the chase. It engenders a taste for pomp and display, in which the real sport of hunting is lost sight of. Look at some of our great establishments of modern days—some few of these may be called hereditary, having descended from father to son, until perhaps the taste for the thing has expired. Hounds are then kept up, because they always have been there, or because it is right that such "a place as their's" should have a pack of fox-hounds, or because they are the means of forwarding the political views of the parties in the district, or for any other *because*, rather than the legitimate one, "that the owners are fond of hunting." The hounds are then turned out on gala days, with as many red-coated servants as can sit upon horseback, paraded before windows, trotted to the most unpromising places, and perhaps the only enjoyable part of the day to the owner is when he sees them trotting back to kennel, and ascertains that he has gained a considerable appetite for dinner.

The same spirit of ostentation descends to smaller establishments. We have none of the old respectable packs, that characterised the farmers at the close of the last and beginning of the present century. These are now converted into advertising hunts, making as great a show (upon paper) as the aristocratic establishments we have just mentioned. Nothing could be more respectable nor more sporting than the farmers' packs used to be. *They* never attempted to draw "the eyes of England upon them" by proclaiming in every paper the *rendezvous* of each day. Enough it was for them that each member knew the meet, and that his hound would be there if his master could not come. These men were sportsmen; they went out for the pure enjoyment of hunting, without any consequential airs and ideas. They adapted their hour to the season, making it in all cases as early as they could. They knew nothing about cover rent, nor damage, nor keepers, nor professional earth-stoppers, which swell the expenses of modern establishments. Cover hacks and red coats were equally unknown. And these men had sport too. If their hounds were not as swift as they are now, they were

SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE, a brown horse, bred by Mr. West, in 1823, was got by Smolensko, out of Charming Molly, by Rubens, her dam, Comedy, by Beningbrough—Mrs. Jordan, by Highflyer—Harriet, by Matchem—Flora, by Regulus—Bartlett's Childers.

Shakespeare did not make his appearance in public until the Derby, 1826 (57 subs), for which seventeen started. He ran second to Lapdog and but for the circumstance of his being ridden by a lad, must inevitably have carried off the stakes. He certainly was in every respect very superior to Lapdog.

On the 20th of June in the same year, Shakespeare (ridden by John Day) won the Bibury Stakes, two miles, over the Bibury course, twelve subscribers;—three started: and on the following day he walked over for a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three year olds. Six subscribers.

On the 5th of September, he ran second to Sir T. Stanley's General Mina for the Leamington Stakes, at Warwick, beating four others; and on the 7th, he ran second to Mr. Giffard's Leviathan, for a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three years old colts and fillies, one mile.

On the 13th of September he won the Gold Cup at Northampton, and in the Houghton meeting at Newmarket he won the 50l. for three year olds; A. F., beating his former competitor Lapdog and seven others, who could not get near him.

In the Craven meeting in the year following he fell lame whilst running for the Craven Stakes, but was placed second, beating seven others.

In the Newmarket Second Spring meeting, 1828, he started for the second class Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three year olds and upwards, T. Y. C., but was not placed: and in the Second October meeting he won a Handicap Sweepstakes, beating Helenus, Tiresias, Soldan, and Kildare. In the Houghton meeting of the same year, he paid forfeit to Lord Sefton's Bobadilla.

In 1829 he only started once, in the First Spring meeting, for a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, after which he was put into the stud, and stood at Mr. Crockford's stables at Newmarket, during the seasons 1830 and 1831.

In 1832 Shakespeare went into the stud of Mr. Wilson, at Bildeston, where he remained until 1835, when he was sold to Dr. Merritt, and sent to Virginia.

Shakespeare's stock did not prove of much merit in England.—The best was Edgar, but his produce altogether won only seventeen times in four seasons.

R.

DELTA & LUCY.

THE YACHT.

Come gaze on my beautiful yacht, British fair;—
Her anchor's a-trip, and her head casts to sea;
As the wing-balanced swallow sails through the sweet air,
She skims o'er the ocean,—the land on her lee.
She welcomes the breeze, as the rose on its stalk;—
Like a queen to her subjects, she bends to the wave;
She smiles in the state of her elegant walk
O'er the waters. Oh! is she not worthy the brave?
Come then, on her deck as all proudly we stand,
We'll shout o'er the wave
Till the echoes reach land,
"The beautiful yacht is the home of the brave."

As she rides at her moorings, the swan on the lake
Ne'er floats with more majesty, whilst her white breast
Meets the ripples that kiss it. Come, gallants, awake!
Up anchor! To-day we must all do our best.
We must strive for the Cup. Or lose we, or win,
Our pleasure, our pride, and our glory the same;
True hearts of true seamen our bosoms within
We envy not others the prize we would claim.
Or lose we, or win,—still all proudly we stand
And shout o'er the wave
Till the echoes reach land,
"The beautiful yacht is the home of the brave."

And the ladies we love ancient Venus excel
As much in good taste as in beauty; for they
Would ask for their triumph no Nautilus shell
By sea-horses drawn,—their bright charms to display.
A yacht for the car of their glory they'd choose
Where radiant in smiles,—like sweet queens of the sea
They might cheer our presence, whilst the sails, boys, we loose
And glide o'er the ocean, so merry and free.
And thus on her deck, we all proudly will stand,
And shout o'er the wave
Till the echoes reach land,
"The beautiful yacht is the home of the brave."

Edward Howard.

true line hunters, and by finding their fox when he was full, gained an advantage that supplied the deficiency of speed. Then their musical melody, as each threw his tongue, was far more enjoyable to the masters than the almost noiseless career of quick packs over the country. Their's was HUNTING. They found their fox by day-break, had their run, and were home by twelve; replacing the old mahogany-coloured tops with a pair of hob-nailed shoes, in which they wandered over their farms, and saw all was right before their one-o'clock-dinner.

Let us now see what *science* has done for this sort of pack. It has converted the old drab-breeched, peep-of-day, green-coated farmers into white-corded scarlet-coated nondescript sort of half bucks and half haw-bucks—too high for their own class, and too low for the one above them. Strongly impressed with a sense of their own importance, they resolve themselves into a hunt, strike a button, elect members, and screw up subscriptions for the maintenance of some brandy-drinking blackguard, too idle to be useful, whom they dignify with the title of huntsman, and who is presumed to have a knowledge of the country from his intimate acquaintance with the pot houses They are then a hunt,—"The smokers' and drinkers' hunt," or "The brandy and baccy hunt," or some such euphonious title,—and henceforth they become a perfect nuisance in the country; their unconditioned horses flattening the fences, the ill-conditioned huntsman drawing towards the publics, and the riotous hounds devastating the sheep folds and game preserves.

Hare hunting has undergone an equal change with fox hunting. Formerly kennelled harriers were considered a rarity. Now we have much care paid to their kennelling and breeding, and oftentimes see them turned out in a style equal to fox hounds. When we say care was paid to their breeding, we might lead the uninitiated to suppose that care was taken to preserve the pure strain of harrier blood. No such thing, however, is the case. The care seems to be to avoid the harrier blood as much as possible, and to substitute that of the fox hound in its stead. We do not know where there is such a thing now as a pack of the old dew-lapped, crooked-legged, long-backed, southern hound, whose note resembled the bob-major of a triple peal of bells.

The blue mottles are also out of favour; they are not sufficiently *pressing*, and nothing will do but the dash of the fox hound, the breeders forgetting that poor puss has none of the stoutness of the fox about her. And this brings us back to where we set out, viz., the impropriety of hunting hare with dwarf fox-hounds. Few things apparently alike can be more totally dissimilar than fox and hare hunting. The fox goes wildly and boldly away—north south, east, or west, are oftentimes indifferent to him,—off he goes, and unless the hounds get a good start with him, the chance is that he is no more heard of that day,—he sleeps in the next county perhaps. But poor puss is very different. She makes a good start, it is true, apparently distancing her competitors, but it is soon over; her pace slackens, the hounds are near her, and just as they begin to stare with their heads in the air, and a fox would be given up for lost, up she jumps in the middle of the pack, and is either torn to pieces, or runs another ring to finish with that catastrophe. Though one cannot say where a hunted fox is, one may be always sure of one place where he is not, and that is under the horses' feet, which cannot be said of the hare. Oftentimes when the chase appears most hopeless, she is in reality nearest her end. Why, then, over-match her? or why deprive her of the benefit of those little manœuvres which nature has taught her for her preservation?

YACHTS OFF GRAVESEND.

THE BLACK ARABIAN,

Presented to William IV by the Imaum of Muscat.

graceful and elegant figure, the antelope hangs its head in modest confusion; the warlike leopard would exchange the terrible claws with which he is armed, for his hoofs; like the earth itself, always well-poised in his motions, not less rapid than the torrent which has forced its bounds, he equals fire in ardour, and wind in swiftness. His forehead, shaded with a foretop which Aurora seems to have taken delight in painting with her own delicate hand, is the seat of pride. Audacity sparkles like lightning in his looks; his nostrils are inflamed; he has the courage of the lion, the docility of the dog, and the strength of the elephant."

Horse racing was much in vogue amongst the ancient Arabs, as it is still amongst their descendants; but the national and solemn exercises denomiated *Messabeka*, have at all times occasioned bloody quarrels between the tribes, whose chiefs upon those occasions disputed the honour of pre-eminence. Horse races existed in Persia, and do so still, under the name of *Asbdivani*. The present Shah, who has a numerous stud, usually attends them; his favourite horses appear first in the list, mounted by young and elegant jockies; and he proclaims the conquerors, distributing the customary prizes with his own hand.

The Persian and Turkoman horses, whose figures are much alike, differ from the Arabians in this, that they are more corpulent, and their coat is not so soft to the touch. Moreover, it is an opinion pretty generally received in the East, that the latter are specially distinguished from the others by the repugnance they evince towards clear water, whilst that which is turbid pleases them to such a degree, that they never fail to prance about in any they may pass through.

The finest horses of Arabia are now met with amongst the Anazes, and particularly amongst the Rovalas, a principal branch of that great tribe of the desert; those of Persia in Khorasan; those of the Kurds on the northern and eastern frontiers of the same kingdom, and those of the Turkomans towards the shores of the Caspian Sea, and in Syria.

Speaking of horsemen, it is proverbially said, the Arab is without grace, he mounts mechanically; the Persian is dexterous and impetuous; the Kurd awkward, but intrepid; and the Turkoman proud and terrible.

THE ARABIAN HORSE.

ARABIAN horses are in general of a delicate constitution, but accustomed to the fatigues of long marches, light, active, and of surprising swiftness. They have little belly, small ears, and a short scanty tail. These are the distinctive marks by which they may be recognised at first sight. It may be added that they are almost invariably exempt from apparent deformities; and so gentle, so docile, that they allow themselves to be rubbed down and managed by women and children, with whom they often sleep in the same tent. Till the age of four years they are ridden without a saddle, and not shod. They will endure thirst for days together, and are commonly fed with camel's milk alone.

The physical qualities which the Arabs prize most in a horse are the following:—neck long and arched; delicately formed ears, almost touching each other at the ends; head small; eyes large and full of fire; lower jaw lean; muzzle bare; wide nostrils; belly not too broad; sinewy legs; pasterns short and flexible; hoofs hard and ample; chest broad; rump high and rounded. Whenever the animal combines the three beauties of head, neck, and rump, they regard it as perfect.

The different colours of Arabian horses are clear bay (*ahmar*), brown bay (*edhem*), sorrel (*ashekwar*), white (*abiadh*), pure grey (*azrak*), mottled grey (*raktha*), and bluish grey (*akhdhar*). Blacks and light bays (*aswad* and *ashehab*) are unknown in Arabia; they are found only in Persia, Tartary, and Turkey.

The races of Nejed are commonly regarded as the noblest; those of the Hejjaz as the handsomest; those of Yemen as the most durable; those of Syria as the richest in colour; those of Mesopotamia as the most quiet; those of Egypt as the swiftest; those of Barbary as the most prolific, and those of Persia and Kurdestan as the most warlike.

Eulogies of the horse abound in Oriental writings, including the *Old Testament* and the *Coran*. The description of the war-horse in the *Book of Job* is well known.

The Moallaka of Lebid and that of Amr-el-Kays, contain highly wrought descriptions of the horse. In the latter it is said, "he has the reins of a gazelle, and the legs of an ostrich; he trots like the wolf, and gallops like the fox; his haunches are large and strong; when you look at him behind, his tail, which trails on the ground, covers the space between his legs; when he stands beside my tent, the glittering polish of his back is like that of marble, on which perfumes have been rubbed for a young bride on her wedding-day."

The most pompous encomium on the horse that could possibly be made, by exhausting all the resources of the Asiatic style, is unquestionably that which occurs in the collection of fugitive pieces of Ghefoori, a Persian poet but little known, but whose elegant and fertile muse might rival those of Nizami and Anwari. "This courser," he observes, "is so full of mettle, that one might say it was quicksilver that flowed in his veins. At the sight of his

A. L. Cooper, pinxt.

J. H. Archer, sculpt.

SHOOTERS REFRESHING.

WOOD-SHOOTERS REFRESHING.

The scene depicted here must be familiar to all. The two sportsmen, wearied with the morning's sport, have come to a halt at the edge of the wood, and have chosen a spot for their woodland repast which seems as if it were made on purpose. The sapless trunk of some old monarch of the forest forms the seat. The huge oak which rises proudly above their heads is the canopy, and the dead leaves and acorns which strew the ground at their feet, their table cloth. We can almost fancy that we hear the sportsman opening his pocket flask, make some comment to his friend on the sport which they have had, whilst he appears to be contemplating the best line of country for the afternoon's shooting. The eager look with which the dog mounted on the tree, watches his master's countenance, forms a capital contrast to the steady carriage of the other, who has evidently had work enough.

How often have we all gladly hailed the approach of the keeper's boy, coming up the riding of the wood, with the basket and bottles of beer slung by the old pony's sides,—as we have emerged from the tangled thicket, faint and tired. Let the man who complains that his appetite fails him, or whose palate is vitiated by the delicacies met with at the tables of the great, join us in this our frugal meal. Let him (as we have done) in the first place earn it, and we will warrant him to confess, that no banquet however sumptuous, no viands however costly, can yield a greater relish than does the simple repast of the woodland shooter in the forest glade.

October, 1842. Toho.

The Pheasant.

THE BOOK OF SPORTS

British and Foreign

1843.

A Scene in the Highlands.

without its charms, particularly when every two or three minutes you pull out a fine well-sided rogue of something like a pound in weight. But who that has experienced the ecstacy of hooking, playing, and landing upon the pebbly beach of a deep pool, with a fine sharp stream at its throat, a fifteen pound salmon—aye, or a fat lively grilse of half that weight—who has felt in every nerve his vigorous runs and shudders, and seen him leap yards out of the water in his struggles to free himself from the fatal hook—who has gloated over the silver whiteness of his upturned side, as he lay gasping at his feet after the deadly tustle—who, we ask, that has known the keen delight of such a moment as this, could return with any zest to petty warfare with the small fry of the brook?

"To follow a clever pack of beagles after the timid hare, has charms for many, until the taste for the tamer amusement is destroyed by experiencing the animating toil of a spirited fox-hunt; and even the noble sport of grouse shooting, with all its inimitable variety of interest, is found insipid after the powerful excitement of a successful deer stalking party.

"There is no describing the irresistible fascination of this pursuit to the true-bred Highlander. Day after day will he traverse the haunts of these noble animals, or sit with inexhaustible patience, wrapped in his plaid, behind a grey stone upon some well-known commanding height, watching for a sight of them; or creep for miles together on his belly, like a worm, to approach them undiscovered. The lapse of time, and the severity of the weather, are alike unheeded; he only thinks of how to circumvent his wary prey. If successful, he is richly repaid—if he fails, it is but to renew the tedious and toilsome quest, until his perseverance is at length rewarded."

He then proceeds to describe a party out deer stalking.

"Cautiously creeping up the little hillock until their eyes could just peer above the topmost heather, Glenvallich and the forester, throwing themselves upon their faces, scrutinized with their glasses the brown expanse before them: nor was it until more than a quarter of an hour had elapsed in the inquiry, that they arose from their recumbent position. 'Nothing is stirring, or in sight, so far as we can make out,' said Glenvallich, 'let us move forward. Remember, Tresham, we shoot at nothing but stags. The hinds, with calves at their foot, are not in condition; and the *yell* hinds, as they are called—those, that is, which have either had no calves, or have lost them, your eye is not practised enough to distinguish from the others. You may see plenty of roe-deer too, here, for the wood is full of them; but don't shoot at them, for you might disturb and lose a stag worth fifty roe, who might be lying within a few yards of us.'

"Instead of abruptly ascending further, they now slanted along the face of the hill till they reached the water-course, a deep gash, worn by a rapid and perennial torrent, quite through the soil into the living rock of the mountain side. The rugged banks were covered with dense thickets of the trees common to such situations, which overhung the stream, or interrupted its course with their fallen and withered boughs. The torrent itself, dark, foaming, and impetuous, leaped from rock to rock, and ledge to ledge, in many a petty fall, and sometimes in cascades of considerable height and grandeur. The pass led by a pool between two of these falls; a deeply-furrowed ledge of rock afforded stepping stones, when

DEER STALKING.

The accompanying picture, from the pencil of the inimitable Landseer, represents the celebrated Captain Ross (not he of the North-pole, but of sporting, celebrity) Deer Stalking, accompanied by his keeper or forester, a wily and scientific sportsman, whose cautious restraint of his master's ardour is beautifully contrasted with his own quiet, stealthy appearance, as he draws upon his game.

It is needless to say anything in enhancement of Captain Ross's character as a sportsman, for his name and exploits are familiar to all; and though he has now partially retired from those scenes over which he shed so bright a lustre, in pursuit of a more honourable distinction as one of the representatives of the people, his name will ever remain identified with the sporting recollections of this country.

Nimrod, in his Crack Riders of England, does honour to his feats of horsemanship when a leading star at Melton; and in a match of fifty shots at thirty-inch targets, a hundred and fifty yards, against Count D'Orsay, one of the first ball-shots in the universe, the Captain proved victorious. Indeed, though good at most manly sports, as a shot Captain Ross is unrivalled; and Mr. Landseer has depicted him in one of the finest and most interesting situations it is possible for an enthusiast in this branch of field sports to occupy. Deer stalking of all sports is the wildest, and the one which leads its followers into the finest scenes and sublimest regions of nature. Mr. Frazer, the author of "The Smugglers," thus speaks of it; and, independently of his narrative conveying one of the best and truest descriptions we ever read of this little-known sport, some of the scenes are so characteristic of the picture before us, that we shall do ourselves the pleasure of quoting him. He says,

"There be degrees of comparison in all things. To angle, for trout, for instance, on a fine summer's day, by the side of a pleasant stream, or seated in a boat on a Highland loch, with a westerly breeze strong enough to produce a fine curl on the blue water, and a due portion of cloud and sunshine to suit the caprice of the finny tribe, such pastime is not

knees bent under him, and his head swam, with the sustained exertion. The signal to halt and reconnoitre was at the moment as gratifying an intimation as he could have received. Five hinds with their calves, and two stags, were now distinctly visible, full eight hundred feet beneath them, as they stood, or rather lay perched upon the brink of a giddy precipice which rose above the hollow.

"'Well, Maccombich, what's next to be done? must we climb the hill and go round the scour?' 'Aye, 'deed, that ye most,' responded the forester, 'See,' continued he, throwing some light particles of grass into the air, 'the wun's a' up the hill, and there's no a burn or corry that'll hide us. It's doon yon burn, below Craigcaillichdhu, we must go, and tak' the hollow a' the way to thon bit hillock, and then we'll get at them easy: they winna stir the day any how—we're sure o' that.'

"As Duncan made these observations, he was cautiously retreating from the brink of the rock, from whence he had been observing the deer, when all at once his person became fixed in an attitude of eager attention, which might have supplied the sculptor with an admirable study, and straining his eyes towards the upper extent of the corry, he exclaimed in an earnest whisper:

"'O Glenvallich! we're in luck the day! there he is! there's the very staig your honour was after the last time ye cam' up; him that ye touched on the side, an' we could na get sight again. I've seen him twice since you, and a grand one he is. O *Trochconuilorst!* but we'll have you the day, or the mischief's in't; we must go clean round the scour noo, any how, for we'll hae to come down the Glaig-na-gawr on him.'

"This information set the party into instant motion. Off they started in high spirits, leaving Kenneth to watch the deer below them, lest any accident should startle them, or lest they should feed away from the spot. The ascent proved most arduous, for they had to pass round the peak of one of the loftiest mountains in Scotland, at a height scarcely two hundred feet below the summit. Tresham was once more forced to abandon his rifle to his gillie, and still he found himself lagging behind; for Maccombich, stimulated by a sight of the animals he loved, forgot the inability of others, and glided up the hill with the swiftness and surefootedness of a goat, Even Glenvallich at length found it expedient to call upon him to slacken his speed, and Tresham, breathless and reeling, was absolutely forced to make frequent halts. Youth and spirits, and good English bottom too, failed at length, and the young man came to a stand-still.

"'You were right,' said he, 'about this cursed jacket, it is too heavy for such work—by the Lord, man! a fellow, to climb this mountain, should go in a cuerpo: the kilt's your only chance—to the devil with the velveteen!' and he threw it from him, remaining in his shirt sleeves and waistcoat.

"'Stay, stay, Harry! those white arms will never do; they would give the alarm at two miles' distance,—here, here's the jacket you despised in the morning.'

"'Thank you,—this is a relief: and now have at it once more.'

"The highest point was reached at length, and a descent, little better than a precipice, lay before them. But though Tresham, in cooler moments, might have shuddered at the danger he ran, his mind was at this time too highly excited to scruple at following his

the stream was low, by which an active man might spring across. Having overleaped this obstacle, they soon emerged from the wood upon the more open hill, where the heather, although still long and thick, was less tangled than in the forest, and the more solid and less broken ground afforded firmer footing. The change was very comfortable to Tresham, who now soon recovered his failing wind, and felt his sinews recover a firmer tone—and they cautiously approached the crest of the height to which they had won their way with so much toil.

"Glenvallich now stealing forwards, began with curious and jealous eye to scan through his glass the broad hollow which rose gradually above them. After continuing this survey for some minutes in silence, he beckoned Tresham to his side. 'Antlers, by Jove!' said he, in a half whisper, 'I have them, and in no bad place neither; this will be our game, or I'm mistaken. See—take the glass, look to the left of that white stump below the rock there, close to a small single white stone; there he lies, I can see him with the naked eye.'

"'And I can't catch him even with the glass,' replied Tresham, after peering for some time through the telescope, 'I see nothing, Charles.' 'What! dont you see that brown spot? you can't have found the place. By heaven, there's more of them; give me the glass,—yes, faith, there are—one, two, three hinds feeding; and their calves too—see, look again.'

"But it was in vain that Tresham's unpractised eye wandered over the brown waste, until, as by chance the field of the telescope traversed the place, a slight movement in what he had taken for the withered branch of some decayed tree, caught his eye.

"'Ah! I have him now, by Jove! God bless me! what a grand fellow! how beautiful he looks!—and he's lying too—and there are the hinds—I see them also; but how shall we get at him?"

"'Why, he'll cost us a scramble and a good blow, no doubt. Perhaps we may have to climb the shoulder of Scoore-vialach, and round by his top, that high peak yonder.'

"The devil! that will be a job—but never mind; any thing for a shot at that noble fellow.'

"'Well, he and his ladies are quiet where they are for the day; and the men must by this time have got to their posts; let us go and attend the passes. You see that black stump on the brow below us; take your station there, it commands the whole face below, within rifle shot. I will go nearer the burn. If you see anything pass, that makes rather for me than for you, put your cap on the muzzle of your rifle thus—I will do the same. Good luck to you, and hold straight.'

"The loss of half an hour, and some trial of patience, was the sole result of this arrangement. One or two roes passed the sportsmen, and several black cock, the sight of which tempted Tresham sorely to exercise his skill at a flying shot; but if there were any deer in the wood, they took other passes than those watched by the two gentlemen.

"The forester now came up, and Glanvallich informed him of the stag and hinds he had seen. The methods of best approaching them unobserved were eagerly discussed; and having decided that it was at all events advisable to reconnoitre them from a shoulder of the hill above them, the party set their faces boldly to the brae, and began to breast it straight up. And now once more was Tresham made sensible of his own deficiency, and of the superior vigour of his companions: pride and 'pluck,' however, bore him on, though his

twenty paces onwards from the ravine. Glenvallich then signed to him to raise his head with caution. He did so, and saw with a sensation of eager delight, which increased his agitation to a painful pitch, the noble stag lying among some rushy grass, apparently in the most unsuspicious tranquillity, occasionally scratching a part of his hide with a fork of his antlers, and driving away the insects which appeared grievously to torment him.

"'Take him as he lies, Harry; aim low, at the shoulder,' whispered Glenvallich. The heart of Tresham beat more audibly than ever it had done on going into action, as he carefully extended and levelled his rifle. Whether it was the slight click of cocking, or some movement made in the heather as he stretched out the piece to take aim, is uncertain; but the stag started, and made a movement as if about to rise, just at the moment when Tresham was pressing the trigger. The circumstance probably unsettled his aim, for the rifle exploded, but the ball flew over its intended object.

"But not thus was the unfortunate animal to escape; for scarce had the report of Tresham's shot made him start from his lair, when the rifle of Glenvallich gave forth its fatal contents, and the stag, making one high bound from the earth, tumbled headlong forwards, and lay struggling in the agonies of death. He had anticipated the possibility of his friend's failure, and prepared to remedy it—which he did effectually, for the ball had struck the animal just behind the shoulder, and went clean through its heart.

"'Hurrah! capital! grand! by Jove, he has got it,' shouted Tresham, starting up; but the arm of Glenvallich pulled him down again.

"'Hush!—be quiet,' whispered he; 'never do so—there may be twenty more deer near us of which we yet know nothing—such a halloo would send them all off. Load your piece —load quickly.'

"While they were performing this necessary operation, Maccombich, who had joined them, and was keeping watch around them, touched his arm, and pointing with one hand, showed him three fine stags moving off to the further hill, alarmed no doubt by the reports of the rifles, and probably by the exclamation of Tresham. 'God bless me!' said the mortified young man, 'this is a lesson I shall not forget; but who could have imagined it?'

"A little further scrutiny by the practised eye of Maccombich, was sufficient to convince the party that there was no more game near them, at least in view; so the hunters advanced to break the deer, as it is called, by cutting the throat, and disembowelling it; and while Maccombich was performing this sportsman-like duty, it was amusing to watch the rapture to which, when unrestrained by habitual caution, he now gave full way on the glad occasion of a successful shot. Apostrophizing it in Gaelic, he addressed to it every reproachful epithet he could think of, as a villain which had so often baffled their murderous efforts: it was a scoundrel, and a rascal, and a devil, to whom he wished a bad end, and whose soul, heart, and liver, he gave to the devil: then changing his tone, he lavished upon it every expression of endearment in which his language is so fruitful; but which, when translated, often sounds strangely enough to English ears. It was his dear, his darling, his bonny beast, his cattle, his love. He seemed to abandon himself to the very intoxication of delight, and it was singular to see a man habitually grave and reserved, acting as if for the time he had actually been deprived of reason."

daring companions, who bounded downwards at a rate which soon carried them to the bottom.

"'Now for it, Harry; now for it in earnest,' said Glenvallich, after a moment's halt to recover breath. 'Double quick, while we may—we shall soon have to go slow enough;' and entering the body of a shallow watercourse, they descended its rough bed at a rapid pace. The waft of a hand from Duncan, who led, stopped the party; and crouching low, they changed their quick step for a stealthy pace, with which they rounded a height, and under its shelter remained, until their exact position, with regard to the object of their quest, should be ascertained.

"'Look here,' whispered Glenvallich, taking Tresham by the arm, after having made a short examination himself, 'what think you of Duncan for a pilot?'

"Raising his eyes to a level with the heather top, Tresham could see, at the distance of not more than three hundred yards, the horns of a noble stag just arising between two hags. No other part of the animal was visible; but the moving of the antlers, which slowly turned from side to side, proved sufficiently that he maintained a vigilant look out after his own safety.

"'We'll match him yet,I think,' said Glenvallich. Retreating a few yards, to get further under cover of the rising ground, Maccombich, followed by the rest of the party, crept on all fours from the water-course, across thirty or forty yards of long heather-covered muir, until they reached a maze of peat-bog cracks, of little depth, but sufficient to cover a man creeping flat upon his belly. This, although the moss was moist and muddy, they were forced to submit to as the only way of crossing unseen by their intended victim, and in this manner they gained about an hundred and fifty yards more upon the deer's position.

"The forester alone was now sent on to ascertain the means of further progress; and after an absence of more than ten minutes, which to the sportsmen seemed a full hour, he returned creeping like a worm and beckoning the party to follow in the same manner. This they did; and at length, keeping along the peat-cracks, got a chasm deep enough to afford sufficient cover for the whole body.

"'He's no a hunder' yards from you this moment, Glenvallich,' whispered the forester, in scarcely audible accents, 'and the wind is strong from him. Ye most climb this know; if you can get him within eighty yards dinna seek to get nearer, for he's in a wide green heuch, and he's very jealous. I dinna think ye'll mak' muckle better o' it, but ochone! sir, tak' time and be canny—I wudna for ten pund he got away!'

"'Never fear me, man; but here's Mr. Tresham must take the first chance—I'll fire only if he misses. Come along, Harry.'

"The forester cast a look of mingled disappointment and remonstrance at his master, but it was disregarded. Tresham also, who still shook from head to foot with recent exertion and present excitement, would have excused himself from interfering with the anterior rights of his friend in this particular animal; but Glenvallich would not listen to him.

"'Have done with this debating,' said he, 'we shall lose the deer—follow me, Tresham.'

"Cautiously, like a cat stealing on its prey, foot by foot and inch by inch, did Glenvallich, grovelling in the heather, advance towards the crest of the knoll in front of him; when the deer's antlers moved, he was still,—when they took their natural position, he moved forwards. Tresham followed in his track, stopping or advancing as he did, until they had reached some

THE GRAYLING.

Ami. She is very well, and sends her kind regards.

Von P. And little—

Ami. Is now a big one—and goes to boarding-school. But if you please, we will postpone all questions of domestic interest, and speak, as the Quakers say, to the matter in hand.

Von P. Confound the fishing and the fishes too! They shall have a whole holiday, as the boys do when a visiter comes to the school.

Ami. Nonsense, man, take up your rod. I hate to spoil sport—so just fancy that we are at our old haunt on the Lahn, and go on with your fishing.

Von P. So be it. But remember, I must and will talk, in spite of all the rules of the Silent Art. To think of seeing *you* here! Phew! how warm it has made me! Fritz, do you see any of our officers about?

Fritz. No, Mr. Lieutenant, not one.

Von P. Then I may relax a little. One of our superiors here, is a bit of a martinet, and expects us to eat, drink, sing, dance, and fish, buttoned up to the chin.

Ami. But you used to dress more in character. Where is the old sporting jacket, as full of pockets as an old country house is of cupboards?

Von P. At home on its own peg. I have a turn of duty at twelve, and must be in uniform.

Ami. True: as an officer of the 19th, and a fisherman, you belong in a double sense to the *line;* and I wish you many a *rise* with them both. But zounds! look to your craft! Steady, steady—why Fritz does credit to your drilling, and handles the landing net like an adept! Aye, there you have him—a handsome fish enough—but what has he got on his nose, a pistol bullet or a force-meat ball?

Von P. Neither. That blue knob is as much his own, as the nubble you see at the end of some human noses—like a work with a supplement. Barring that awkward excrescence, it is, as you see, a handsome fish, with red fins, and fine silvery and golden scales. The German name for it is Zœrte. They come from the sea up this river to spawn—grow to about a pound and a half in weight, and from twelve to fourteen inches long. In flavour they resemble the trout, and are probably of the same family.

Ami. Herr Zœrte, I shall be happy to be more intimately acquainted with you! Have you any other strange fish in this water?

Von P. Yes—several. The Zander, which you saw and tasted at Berlin; and then there is the Geuse, which grows to a large size, and much resembles Carp. The natives bait for it with boiled peas, but it will rise freely at a fly, like the chub. Moreover, we have, I think, every sort of fish enumerated in Walton or Salter.

Ami. Egad! you are well supplied, then!

Von P. As any Cheapside Cockney, with Hungerford on his right hand, and Billingsgate on his left. Now, the Brake is but a detachment from the Netze, a river which communicates at one end with the Vistula, at the other with the Oder, and through both with the Baltic. Thus the finny tribes, as you say of water, are abundantly laid on. The Vistula, nearest Bromberg, is more than two miles broad, and when the frost breaks up—

PERCH FISHING IN GERMANY.

[Scene, the Brake, near Bromberg—Von Piscator in the uniform of a Lieutenant of Prussian Infantry, is spinning a live minnow. Fritz, his regimental servant, also in blue, faced with red, is in waiting in the attitude of "Attention."]

Von. P. Fritz!

Fritz. Here, Mr. Lieutenant, Sir, what's your pleasure?

Von. P. Have you polished my best epaulettes, and put those large worms, as I told you, in the box of mould?

Fritz. Yes, Mr. Lieutenant.

Von. P. Did you take the reel to the armourer's to be mended, and have you brushed my clothes, and laid out my cocked hat and gloves—and did you bespeak another liver at the butcher's?

Fritz. Yes, Mr. Lieutenant—and, Sir, the white maggots that were in the brown dish with the sand, are all gone of a sudden, and the old woman grumbles, and says her whole house is of a buzz with blue bottles.

Von. P. Ah! I thought the old lady would rise at them. Have you cleaned your musket?

Fritz. Yes, Mr. Lieutenant; the inspection is at twelve o'clock, and I have gathered plenty of Moss. The hooks you told me to look for were sticking round your cap; and I took your note to Miss Von Koser; and I have filled the tin box with May chafers for the afternoon; and I have cleaned out all your pipes.

Von. P. Good—you may stay here—and be ready with the landing-net. Who is that gentleman coming yonder?

Fritz. Mr. Lieutenant, I do not know.

Enter Amicus.

Ami. Here he is! At the old sport—though not at the old place!

Von P. Eh! what! Himmel! it cannot be! Yes it is—what, Amicus!

Ami. Exactly so—But stop—avast there! Fain kissing!

Von P. True, I forgot! Your hand then, old fellow, and a thousand times welcome to Bromberg! You must excuse my not knowing you at sight—but I should as soon have looked for the man in the moon.

Ami. Phoo! phoo! We are not all such slow tops as in your Prussian parish here, where your best pace is a quick march of so many steps to the minute. To us of the great Movement Party, thanks to railroads and steamers, such a visit as this is only a drop in.

Von P. I am as happy as if I had been made a Captain! Well, and how—

Von. P. The safest plan, sometimes, with other creatures beside salmon.

Ami.—Now I think of it, there are the talkative fishes of four colours in the Arabian Nights; and the only end of their loquacity was to get themselves tilted out of the frying-pan into the fire. But *revenons à nos moutons*—how are the salmon caught by the natives?

Von P. A great many are taken as in our own country. There is a water-fall near the mill, which the fish strive to ascend, and those which miss their leap fall back and are caught in the lachs fang, or salmon-trap, at the bottom. The natives have also another mode of their own, which they practise near the fall.

Ami. By spearing or leistering, perhaps, in the Scotch fashion?

Von P. Not exactly. The weapon is a long pole, with a huge hook as big as a wine bottle, fitting into a groove at one end. To this hook is also attached a line half-an-inch thick, which, passing loosely along the pole, is held securely in the hand. When the Bromberger spies a fish, he slowly thrusts the pole into the water, and, striking strongly, hooks the prey in the thick part of the body. The hook is soon disengaged from the pole by the struggles of the fish—the slack rope becomes a tight one—and the salmon, vaulting and tumbling, is hauled by main force into the boat.

Ami. It is a curious coincidence—but, in lieu of the great hook, suppose a moveable spear-head, made of elk horn, and you have precisely the *modus operandi* of the Shoshonie Indians in their salmon fishing as described by Washington Irving. And what sport have you had, your self,with royal fish?

Von P. Very fair. The first one I captured rather unexpectedly, for I was fishing for chub, with a common gut line, a small hook, and our favourite evening bait on the Moselle —a natural white moth. He was very violent: however, in about thirty minutes I contrived to land him—and he weighed eleven pounds, without the sauce.

Ami. I am getting envious, and unless by this time to-morrow—snap! there you are in him again!—a salmon by Jove!

Von P. No—it is only a big chub; they take a live minnow here like the rest.

Ami A chub!—zounds; what a plunge! when did you ever see a chub so game? It's a salmon, by all that's boilable!—I'll lay you the fishmonger's odds—lobsters to shrimps!

Von P. Done!—and here he is. We are both wrong—It's a Bass—a May fish as it's called on the Rhine, from the season of its annual visits. They are very plentiful here, but extremely cunning and shy, for which reason I am the only person who ever pulls one out, to the great wonder of the Bromberg fishermen.

Ami. Let me reckon—Perch, Bream, Chub, Bullet-noses, Zander, Zœrte, Geuse, Trout, Grayling, Salmon, Bass—really for a Piscator you are in most clover-like quarters!

Fritz. Mr. Lieutenant, Sir,—it is half-past eleven o'clock.

Von P. The devil it is! Then I must give over at once. Amicus, I must crave an hour's leave of absence. I will call for you at one, and we will dine together, *tête-à-tête*, as in the days of lang syne, I cannot answer for "humble Port," but you shall have "imperial Tokay."

Ami. I am not particular, and would as soon have that as gooseberry or cape. So good bye till one.

T. Hood.

which, by the way, is an awful sight, for the ice rushes down the river in mountains—the fish then swarm into the Brake to spawn, and are taken with German tackle of all descriptions.

Ami. Is it a free fishery?

Von P. Nearly so—a permission for rod and line costing only a dollar and a half, or four and sixpence per annum. Grayling are plentiful, and I have killed a great many trout, of from four to seven pounds. Ho! Now then, Fritz. Another bullet-nose!—No—it's a perch.

Ami. And a fine hog-backed fellow he is! He must weigh at least three pounds.

Von P. The Brake is renowned for the size of its fish: so much so, that I have been puzzled by some of the common sorts, which had literally grown out of knowledge. For instance, immense bream and gudgeon, so unusually large, that they really seemed trying to be barbel.

Ami. You make me long to be among 'em! It was always a fancy of mine in reading Gulliver, that I should have liked a day's fishing in Brobdignag.

Von P. Yes—but not with Lilliputian tackle. You remember the tool bequeathed to me by an English Colonel when he left the Rhine to become a Consul in the East—a rod originally of a delicate constitution, and which did not get stouter or stronger as it grew older. Add to this the internal consciousness of sundry weak lengths in my gut—a short assortment of tackle in general—above all, the knowledge that a thousand miles, wet and dry, lay between myself and Bond and Son of Crooked-lane, and you may form some idea of my nervousness, on finding myself in presence of monsters of twenty or thirty pounds' weight. I never looked so foolish in my life!

Ami. Except once,—at Antonin,—when a certain Lieutenant, having only snipe-shot in his single-barrel, a certain English spaniel, named Dash, put up a certain Wild Boar!

Von. P. Yes—that caused something of the same feeling. You may judge how very scarce was my tackle, when I tell you that one day I walked back to the Netze, a distance of five English miles, after a gorge-hook I thought I had left behind.

Ami. And did you recover it?

Von. P. Yes--but not till after I returned dog-tired, and had thrown myself into a chair.

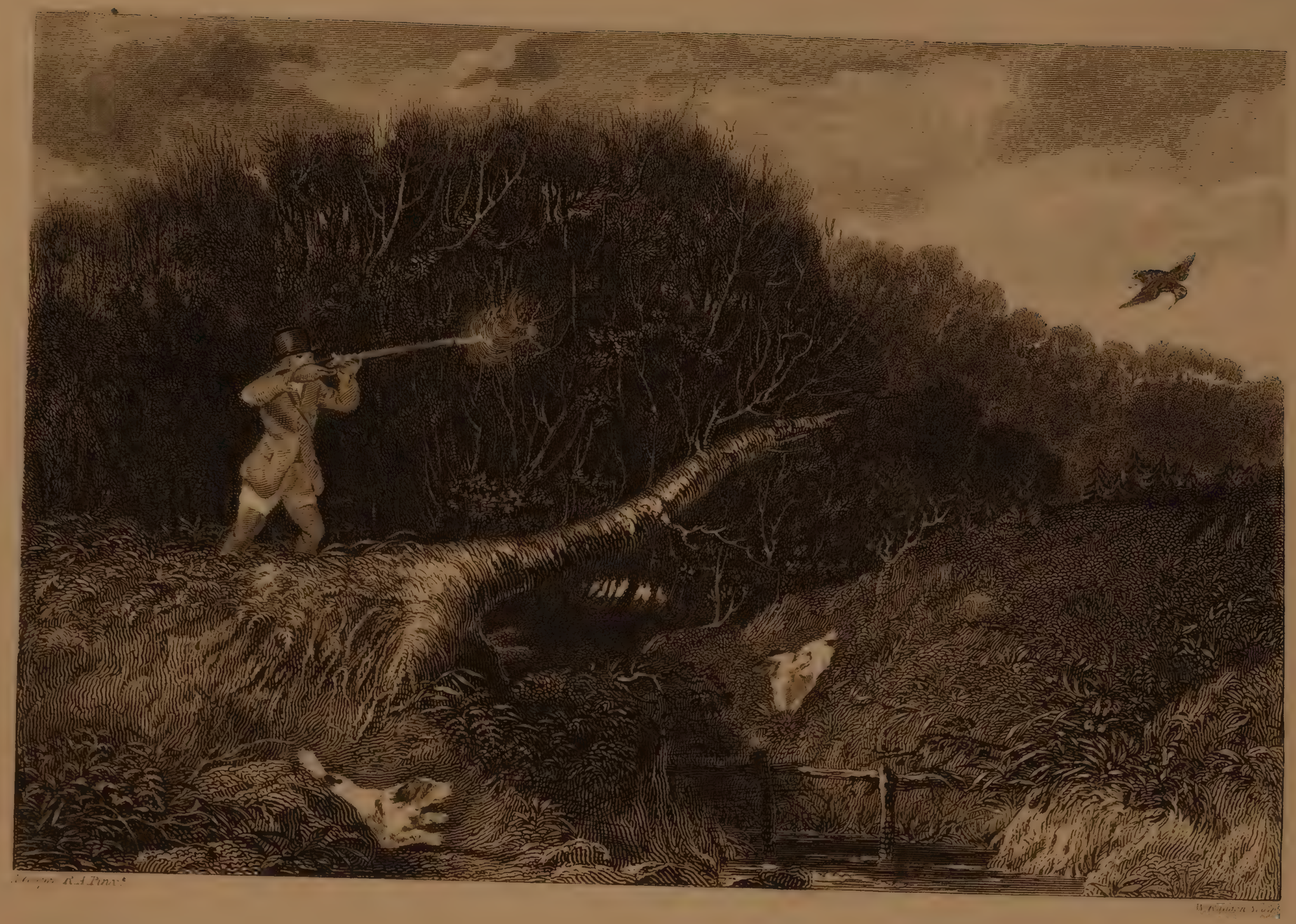
Ami. Oh, I understand—where Gaffer Gurton found his needle.

Von P. However, I got over my fears in course of time; and especially when a good friend in London sent me over a stout rod-of-all-work, and a reinforcement of tackle. To these premises he considerately added, what he called the inferences—namely, a family bottle of Burgess's anchovy sauce, another of real East Indian soy, and a ditto of cayenne.

Ami. A very logical deduction—and as a corollary I conclude that you have salmon.

Von P. Yes—of two sorts; one of which I suspect is also strange to you. It is called here the Hook salmon; not as I at first supposed from the mode of taking it, but because the under jaw hooks up at the end, from one to two and a half inches, and fits into a deep groove in the upper one, so as not to be seen when the mouth is shut.

Ami. Well, I have heard before that all fishes were dumb; but your Hook Salmon seems to have a peculiar mode of holding his jaw!



WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

preserve in the heart of England, although the death of every bird or hare may possess an interest with the sportsman who brings it down, I will at once forego any lengthened attempt at description, and proceed with such incidents and information as may appear worthy the notice of the sportsman.

I was the first in the forest who had a shot that day, at a large cock, which I brought down. The shot was an easy one, I having flushed the bird close at my foot. To my surprise, considering the short distance he was off when I fired, on going up to the spot where he fell, I was unable to find him—in short the bird had been only winged. We had no retriever with us on this occasion, so I became, in a great degree, a retriever myself, and ultimately recovered my game. My plan of looking for him was as follows: I called to one of the keepers to bring a steady spaniel, and with his assistance I followed on a hare track for near a hundred yards, and there, beneath a small alder, we found the wounded bird. If a woodcock fall winged, in a very open place, and no retriever is at hand, I believe the best advice to be given is, resignation to its loss; but if it fall among underwood or grass it will either remain there or run down the first hare or rabbit path which presents itself, and by following on the trail of these, if there be more than one, the sportsman will in five cases out of six, with almost any dog, recover his bird. We went on successfully for nearly an hour, two and a half couple of cocks having been bagged without any incident worthy of note, except that some were declared to be well killed, as they fell to the gun, and others took two and even three shots before they came down. From the excellence of the dogs, and the good line which we kept, no bird had hitherto escaped; the first that went away without a shot was flushed to the extreme left of the line of guns, and came careering across me, and almost immediately after pitched within two hundred yards of the place where I stood. I saw him go down, as I thought, very clearly, to the right of an oak, and one of the beaters, who was in a more open space, was of the same opinion. On our drawing near the spot it struck me that we were wrong, and that the cock was at least fifty yards further in advance. I therefore walked on and flushed the bird where I expected to find it. A little experience in woodcock shooting will enable any one to get a shot on a similar occasion. There was an open space about fifty yards from the oak, and whenever such a spot presents itself, or a riding or any track-way is near, the cocks will not pitch amongst the underwood, but in these places. In marking a cock, as much regard is to be paid to the neighbourhood of the place where he seems to pitch as to the place itself. Thus, if a bird drop in the young spring by the side of the high wood, it will assuredly run about six yards into it; while, on the other hand, if it pitch among the high wood, it will mostly alight in some open space in it. Woodcocks feed only during the night, or in the twilight, reposing all day. They generally select for their resting place a dry spot, at the roots of trees, where the fallen leaves are strewn thickest, or where the withered grass is long. This selection, however, is always made in the near neighbourhood of marshy spots, which form their principal, though by no means exclusive, feeding grounds. The woodcock's bill is extremely sensitive, which will account for the otherwise inexplicable cause of its sudden flight and re-appearance, accordingly as the frost or dearth acts upon the earth's surface; or the atmosphere affects the worms and insects upon which the bird feeds. They always wash

COCK SHOOTING IN THE FOREST.*

Towards the close of last season, when I was out several times in Lord Westmorland's forest, our *business* being rabbit-shooting, we only flushed the woodcocks incidentally, not beating for them in a regular manner. In this way one or two couple of cocks were killed in a morning, and I felt extremely desirous of having a day set apart to beat the forest for woodcocks alone, and on mentioning my wish to my friend, Mr. Berkeley, he promised to gratify me. Shortly after this I was called from home, and on my return the season was too far advanced for any prospect of sport. I, however, bore his promise in mind, and determined the next season upon the first appearance of cocks, in any numbers, to be amongst them. It is a noble place, that far-spreading old forest, stocked with fine well-grown trees, among which the towering oak is the most conspicuous, affording excellent covers for game of all kinds, and food for them in abundance. Here are partridges in great plenty when the stubbles are pecked and the fields become bare, and woodcocks and snipes in great flights as winter approaches, and hares, pheasants, and rabbits always. The forest extending over many thousand acres is strictly preserved by Lord Westmorland, and a most noble preserve it is. From its extent, and the variety and abundance of game within its boundary, it is unquestionably one of the first in England. In my estimation half the delight arising from field sports consists in having a fine wild country to beat over; the majesty of the rising hills and the calm beauty of the valleys, studded with woods, and intersected by streams, have charms in themselves for the mind, even if the excitement of good sport be wanting.

A day having been appointed, we agreed to meet at Gordon's-lodge, and beat towards Reedshaw's and thence back to Moorhay-lawn, the keepers having reported that several cocks had been seen in the ridings during the two previous days. Well knowing the uncertainty of the stay of the woodcock, I was not without apprehensions that they might have shifted their ground during the day and night which had elapsed since I was invited to join the intended party. It is observed in an intelligent and most interesting work†, that the snipe family in general, and woodcocks in particular, seem to be amongst the most meteorological of birds. That sudden, and seemingly capricious, shifting of their ground is doubtless determined by a perception of approaching changes of the weather, which to our comprehension appears almost prophetic.

We found the men and dogs ready—the latter very fine spaniels, steady and free from hare and rabbit; just such as one would wish for, and might expect to see in such a domain. As there generally is but little to amuse in the record of a day's shooting in a well-stocked

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* Near the Earl of Westmorland's seat, Apethorpe, Northamptonshire.

† Mudie's "Feathered Tribes of the British Islands."

THE FOX-HUNTER'S ALPHABET.

A was Aurora, a fine hunting morn;
B was the bugle,—more commonly horn;
C cover-hack, brought round to my door;
D for our dogs, twenty couple or more.

E is the envy each jealous hound feels,
F is the find, when away Reynard steals;
G gone away—over hill and o'er dale;
H is my horse, gaily cocking his tail.

I myself was in luck, sir, and got a good start;
J jostling and jumping, we go like a dart;
K "keep, keep them forrard—keep forrard those hounds."
L Billy L——, well known by such sounds.

M is the music we hear from the hill;
N a young Nimrod, just had a sad spill;
O dear, sir, I trust you're not hurt by your fall!
P push him and prick him—don't pull at the wall.

Q is the question, "what line is he taking?"
R Reynard, the fox, who with fear is now shaking;
S is the start again after a check;
T Tally ho! and now ride for your neck!

U is the useful but finishing cast;
V is the varmint that's game to the last;
W "Who-whoop!" and such death-telling cries;
X 'xpiration, and 'xit;—he dies!

Y is the young one that can't go the pace;
Z is our zest for the joys of the chase.
And may that sulky churl meet with store of hard knocks
Who to spoil our sport sets a trap for the fox.

Now here's to the health of all masters of packs;
And here's to "them 'ere" that supply us with hacks;
And to all who love hunting wherever they be,
Here's a bumper of claret, and cheers three times three!

their bills after feeding, and hence it is that so many are taken in springes by the margins of rivulets and other small streams to which these birds resort towards morning for that purpose.

By one o'clock we had finished our luncheon and were ready for a fresh start, the last hour and a half having been rather unproductive of sport. The number of cocks killed up to this hour was five couple. Whatever might be our success among the woodcocks during the afternoon, a rich treat awaited us in the beautiful forest scenery that was displayed to us in its most pleasing aspect as we continued to beat for our game.

For half a mile we had to traverse a declivity clothed with all the richness of the autumnal foliage, at the bottom of which there flowed a gentle stream, while the deer grazed in quiet along its banks, or trotted slowly down the avenues at the bottom of the valley. To add to the beauties of the scene, there was a fine show of pheasants congregated on the hill side, attracted probably by its sheltered situation, and the sunshine which then mildly beamed upon it from the west. The bushes seemed alive with hares and rabbits;—twelve couple of spaniels were hunting beautifully among the fern and long grass before us, while the partridges rose in packs from the more open spaces, which in this part of the forest are both large and frequent. Four woodcocks were flushed amid the whirring of pheasants and the rush of the partridges, and two of them brought to bag. One of those which escaped did so in a manner which I have often witnessed: being very shy, it was twice flushed without a shot, and marked down the last time near a large thorn, but our endeavours were fruitless to get another view of him. It is extremely rare that a cock will rise a third time, and I remember an instance of the kind in Aversley-wood, where one of the party, who was an old sportsman, had marked down a cock near a maple, and after we had beat for it in vain for a quarter of an hour, we at length caught it under the said maple, in a decayed part of which, close to the root, the bird had crept, and was skulking. Whenever, therefore, it happens that a cock is thus lost, the best plan to get a shot at him is to leave the place for some short time, and beat it closely on your return. I have practised this with success, although it was not attempted to day, our route taking us to a distance from the spot. Shortly after this I fired at a cock—using No. 7 shot, the best possible size for woodcock shooting—and brought him down dead at sixty-two paces, a proof that you should always fire at a cock,—unless clearly beyond the range of your gun,—and that small shot are decidedly best for game of this kind, and generally so for most others.

Our sport continued with little interruption until four o'clock, when having had a day's excellent shooting, we came back to Nassington, where our horses had been left, and whence we returned to Oundle to dinner. There is one observation to be made in conclusion, and it is this:—that in cock shooting, in small woods, after having beaten them through, one beat should be taken *at last* round the outside. In an immense place like the forest, this rule falls to the ground, as it is very rare that a bird reaches its boundary without being flushed near it, and afterwards marked down.

N. W.

Drawn by H. Alken. *Engraved by J. Zeitter.*

"FULL CRY," No. 2.

CARP AND ROACH.

satisfaction, we retired to the thicket on the north side of the river, where we quickly lighted a fire of dry reeds and rotten boughs, and opened our stores. Perhaps it may be asked, "What were your stores?" Why, chiefly cold tongue and fruit pie, bread and cheese, and old ale, with bottled porter and brandy, and a case of cigars. With these, under an old oak whose stately brethren were standing full of years around, while one of the coolest and clearest of springs was running at our feet, and our casting-net and jackets were hung to dry on a willow which overhangs the deep water, our cup was full of happiness, affording not only present enjoyment, but leaving also a relish for memory to indulge in for many a future year. I have flushed both snipes and woodcocks by the side of that unfreezing spring, nor was the recollection of those events so dear to a sportsman, wanting to my old companion, who had shared with me in each and all of them.

An hour soon passed away among such scenes and reminiscences, and we were admonished by *Will* that the first dozen trimmers ought to be looked at, and that he had seen one of the rollers—he *thought* No. 4,—in the middle of the river. *Will* has an eye like a pike, though deaf as a post, and is another instance of the extraordinary manner in which nature makes up for the loss of any one of our senses, by the additional quickness and increased power with which she endows the others. Thus, when four of us have been in the boat taking up the trimmers at dusk, I have seen Will Fish from the stern spy out a roller which had been sunk in deep water when we had all missed it, and which we could scarce discern when he pointed it out. We took the hint, packed up the remainder of our victualling stores, and embarked. We found a pike at No. 4, and a good one too, being thirty inches in length and weighing sixteen pounds; but he was the only one at the first dozen. Now I always expected we should have him, for twice as I passed near the reed-bed where he lay, during the first fortnight of September, I had seen him *strike*, and almost longed to lay down my gun and put in four trimmers, hard by, lest some one else should pop upon him. The next lot were more productive, but the fish were not nearly so good in quality as the first, nor did we find his equal during the day. The lines on the shallows had done nothing, which was the case also with the last dozen. We now held a consultation whether or not we should take up our trimmers and go two miles further up the river; and had we not known of old, that the water we had began to fish *was* the best part of the river, we should have done so without hesitation. Another consideration weighed with us, and it was, that at a late period of the season, as contra-distinguished from July and August, the pike frequently bite better at mid-day than near sun-rise and sun-set, which in those months are decidedly their principal times of feeding. My friend being an excellent troller, proposed to take a few casts just above our trimmers, chiefly to ascertain whether or not the fish were on the move; and as he got a run in less than a quarter of an hour, we resolved to let the lines remain where they were for the rest of the day. While he was trolling, I amused myself by rigging out a perch-line on a principle similar to that which is used in eel-fishing. A long strong line is first taken with six loops in it, to which shorter lines are to be fixed. But as in the eel-line these loops are about five feet asunder, in the perch line they must be full twelve feet apart, and the line appended to each of them should be eighteen or twenty feet long instead of three feet as in the eel-line. The

A DAY'S FISHING WITH AN OLD FRIEND.

Years, which have passed away like passing clouds, have somewhat cooled down my early ardour for trimmering, although a deep love of the noble art still draws me to the banks of the Nene during the prime of the season. I was walking down my garden on the evening of the 22nd of September, after a day's snipe-shooting in Crowland Wash,—bag, eight couple of snipe and a teal,—ruminating as to what beat I should take on the morrow, when I heard the sound of footsteps behind me, and turning round met the face of an old friend, —long absent in a distant land! The mutual greeting and inquiries being over, we strolled back to the house and ordered our coffee and cigars, with the full intention of having a happy evening. And happy indeed it passed;—tales of early days, and long yarns about the Nene, were the pleasing themes on which we dwelt—with stories of the fields and woods:

> "When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
> And the heart promised what the fancy drew."

We agreed, as his visit was limited to three days, to have one on the Nene, another in the Wash, and a third among the partridges and hares. I, therefore, despatched a message to *Will Fish*, to have the boat at Woodstone Staunch, by day-break, and to get a score of places baited in readiness for us, intending to commence casting at six o'clock. We shortly after went to bed, but I cannot say that I slept so sound as on ordinary occasions; and indeed I would not give much for the man who can, when he has "a friend of early life" in his house, with whom he expects to have a day or two's sport in the old haunts of their boyhood, after an absence of several years.

The morning came and shone calm and bright upon us as with our full allowance of prog and tackle, we started for the day. We soon got plenty of baits, and embarked for our destined reach of water, at which we arrived about seven, and commenced operations for a regular day's trimmering. We placed the first dozen lines in clear, deep water, baiting them with dace; the next dozen in holes cut in a thick bed of weeds, baited with roach, and the rollers sunk about mid-water; the third dozen on the opposite side in shoal water, baited chiefly with gudgeon for perch; and the fourth dozen opposite the first, with roach. It will be seen by those well versed in trimmering (if it be admitted that our selection of water was a good one) that our plan of fishing it was excellent. We had so placed our trimmers on both sides of the water as to miss no part of it. We had two dozen hooks with different bait-fish in the deep open water, in which pike will roam for prey at night and morning; another dozen among the weeds for such of them as were lurking about home; and the remainder on the gravelly shallows where both perch and pike invariably take a great portion of their food, each line being about twenty yards from another, and those on the opposite side, at equal distances *between* them. Having "put in" our trimmers to our

KEEPER AND DEER HOUNDS.

This Keeper and Deer Hounds are portraits of Henry Carter, one of the keepers of I. S. W. S. E. Drax, Esq., of Charborough Park, Dorsetshire, and of a couple and a half of a very remarkable breed of dogs, the property of that gentleman. The dogs are a cross between a greyhound and a bull dog in the first instance, and after breeding in and in six or even times they produce the description of dog represented in the accompanying engraving. These dogs, which unite the fleetness and strength of their original stocks, are used by Mr. Drax for catching the deer in his park at this season of the year, to be placed in paddocks for fatting, which is effected in the following manner. A buck is singled out and ridden at by several horsemen, till separated from the herd, when two of the dogs are loosed from their slips and sent in pursuit of him, and after a chase, varying according to circumstances, they ultimately succeed in seizing him by the ears, and hold him till the horsemen come up and hobble him. The chase is renewed until as many deer are obtained as are required.

reasons are these: as the perch must be fished for with live baits and floats, if they were nearer together they would get foul; a greater length is also required for the perch to run home with his bait before he pouches it, which is not required with eels. I first saw this scheme practised by an old pensioner, who was a great frequenter of the Nene ten years ago, when I too passed the chief part of my summers there. A killing mode of perch fishing it is, and the best place to practise it is across a gravelly shoal where gudgeon abound, and which suddenly shelves off into deep water. Thus, near the margins of holes which the winter floods have made, or the course of the stream has worn in corners, and in other eddying places along its channel. With three, or at most four of these lines a man may ensure sport, if there are large perch in the water and the weather be favourable. The lines are to be looked at every half hour, or as often as the floats are *well* under.

We now took another survey of the trimmers, and found our boat peck to contain four brace of pike, of which the smallest was about four pounds weight, and there were three fish of about seven pounds each. We rebaited the hooks and sat down to dinner. That over, and our fire having been made up, I sallied forth in search of a bottle. "Those who hide can find," says the old proverb, and true it is, for I soon returned with a magnum of port, which I had not seen since July, 1834. I have always felt much pleasure in these hoards, and recommend those who frequent woods and rivers to possess a few cellars of a similar kind; but by no means to put all their eggs in one basket. Another thing too is worthy of note—to mark *well and unequivocally* under which particular tree, or in which cavity, the store is placed; for nothing is so easy, at the distance of even a few months, as to confound one tree or place with another, and to be unable to find the hidden treasures. I remember once being up the Nene duck-shooting, on a piercing cold day in January, and rejoicing the heart of my comrade with a glass of cogniac, obtained from one of my secret crypts, at a moment when it was worth almost a guinea a drop to him. To return, and conclude this yarn; we finished our bottle and took up our trimmers for the last time; another brace of pike were taken, and of perch altogether three brace and a half—one fine fellow weighing four pounds. The lines in the deep clear water were upon the whole most successful, which indeed is always the case, except in the middle of summer, when the weeds make an almost impervious shelter, in which the large fish delight to lie in ambush for their prey. Excepting the one large fish first taken, the dace were unsuccessful, another proof that from their sulkiness they are an inferior bait-fish to the roach. The smaller lot of bait-fish did but little good; which shows that although these, in the early part of the season, when pike have just done spawning, and before they gorge well, may succeed best on trimmers, they will not at any other period allure a good fish to the hook. In short, the result of this day confirmed the experience of many years, that in the earlier and later periods of the season the deep water is best; the weed-beds and cut holes in the middle of summer; that the shoal water is always safe for a fish, and that there is no bait for a trimmer equal to a roach six inches long.

N. W.

KEEPER & DEER HOUNDS.

JOHN WARDE. ESQ^R

custom, made one of twenty-three at Mr. Tattersall's hospitable board, on the Sunday preceding an Epsom meeting, where he absolutely "kept the table in a roar" from the time he sat down until he departed. The facetious Charles Matthews was amongst us; but, with the exception of a song from him, describing the ducking of the gentleman who was robbed, in lieu of the pickpocket who robbed him, on a race course, the wit and its consequences were evidently in favour of Mr. Warde. But—I repeat it—cheerfulness is catching, and, as has been said of it, it makes more friends than even learning or wit. But Mr. Warde's wit was of a very peculiar character, exactly agreeing, in fact, with the definition of it by Lord Bacon, who says, that "it sometimes lieth in pat allusions to a well-known story, or in a seasonable application of a trivial saying, or, *in forging an apposite tale.* In the last-named faculty did Mr. Warde especially excell, inasmuch as, if he had not a good anecdote at his command, having reference to the subject discoursed upon, he could manufacture one in a moment, and to the point. And let it not be forgotten that I have here been alluding to Mr. Warde not only in the prime, but in the decline of life; at a period when most people forget the change which nature has produced in their temper; and to whom sports appear as thoughtless wantonness, unworthy of a man whose passions are cooled by time and reflection. But the sports of the field, fox-hunting especially, have a tendency to inspire and promote manly spirits, to a late period of life, and it has oftentimes been remarked, that with no class of persons do mirth and good humour, together with a free and generous conduct, endure longer than with such as pursue the sports of the field. In fact, the example of Mr. Warde seems to enjoin the precept, that to really enjoy the pleasures of social conversation, benevolence and charity must be the soul of our discourse; and further to establish as an undisputed truth, that he who does not bring a benevolent heart into society, has no business there.

Of Mr. Warde's person little more need be said than has already been said; and more particularly so from the fact of his portrait, a most striking resemblance—having long since been seen as a matter of course, in every sportsman's house throughout England, and it may fairly be presumed, most other parts of the world besides. I should think that he never rode less than sixteen or seventeen stone, and,—increased to upwards of twenty, which was no small disadvantage to him in the field. Having a great aversion to dandyism, his dress was, to the last, that of the old English country gentleman, wearing his leathers in the morning, and his hand ruffles in the evening, to the last year of his life. He, however, paid great attention to cleanliness, and verified the assertion of Fielding, that there is an air of gentility which dress can neither give nor take away. To the over-refinement of the present age he had an evident aversion, often expressing himself to that effect. In fact, he regarded it, as *I* myself regard it, as a mask for profligacy, heartlessness, and insincerity; and among the other advantages of field sports, so congenial to the habits of Englishmen, he looked upon them as affording, in the present state of society, the only effectual counterbalance to the allurements of great towns, and their generally enervating, if not demoralizing effects.

But let us look at his emperor of fox-hunting as a sportsman and a master of hounds for the unheard-of period of fifty-seven years. Strange to say, he made his *debût* in France,

THE LATE JOHN WARDE, ESQ.

FATHER OF THE FOX-HUNTING FIELD.

Amid the various changes in the acts and opinions of Englishmen, which time naturally brings forth, it is earnestly to be desired that the respect entertained for the character of the old English gentleman, may survive the lapse of ages. What has so long sustained our unabated reverence for the Sir Roger de Coverley of Addison? Is it a tribute due to talent? Certainly not,—for very little is assigned to him. Is it in consideration of his public services? certainly not, inasmuch as the worthy knight was seldom called to the performance of them, neither does he appear to have been at all equal to them. What is it then that so attaches us to him? I answer,—it is the mere regarding him as a plain, unsophisticated country gentleman, not seeking popularity, but finding it in the performance of the common duties imposed upon him by the station he held in society, and an almost involuntary display of the best and kindest qualities of the human heart.

So much for Sir Roger; and the next question that occurs to me is,—to what cause is it to be imputed that I am now called upon to write a second memoir of the late Mr. Warde, of Squerries, the Father of the Fox-hunting Field? Is it because he was the Father of the Fox-hunting Field and kept fox-hounds for fifty-seven years of his life? Certainly not; any other wealthy man, who lived as long, might have laid claim to these distinctions. The estimation in which he was held was not confined to sportsmen; nor is it to his merits as a sportsman alone that this respect to his memory is entertained; it has far deeper root, and naturally springs from the inherent property in Englishmen to admire and venerate the real old English gentleman, which Mr. Warde was in thought, word, and deed.

It is justly remarked by a writer on the arts and sciences, that poets and painters trust mainly to one feature for the fidelity of the likeness they endeavour to produce; and such is my case in the portrait I wish to draw of this eminent sportsman, whom I had the honour to number among my friends,—having known him throughout a period of full forty years. This "feature" was cheerfulness—the result of a benign temperament, which, if it did not give birth to, shed a lustre over that peculiar humour which he exhibited in his colloquial intercourse with his fellow men, and which rendered his society sought after by all classes of society—the very highest not excepted, inasmuch as his late Majesty, George the Fourth, and the late Duke of York, especially, were among the most ardent admirers of the kind-hearted and facetious John Warde. Neither is it less true that cheerfulness is catching. Wherever Mr. Warde was, there did mirth abound, and when memory recalls to my mind some of the most mirthful evenings that I ever passed in my life, they are those which were passed in his company. Never shall I forget one of them, when he, according to annual

Robert Forfeit, and whipped in by a man of the name of Butler, of whose pedigree and performances I am unable to say more than that he was allowed to be a good sportsman, and well bred for his calling. Forfeit was succeeded by William Neverd, who remained with the hounds to the last, and, in all, for upwards of twenty years, his former master having been the late Colonel Cooke, author of "Observations upon Fox-hunting." He had also an excellent whipper-in, by the name of Heddon, who was educated by Filer when huntsman to the Craven hounds, and of him (Filer) the following extraordinary fact has been recorded. He was often heard to say he never liked fox-hunting, but having been bred up with hounds, he should stick to them. And I am reminded of an original anecdote of Bob Forfeit, told me by Mr. Warde, with whom he terminated his long life, as groom, after the hounds were given up. An old acquaintance of his was asking Mr. Warde after his health, when on hearing that he was heart-whole and well, although very old and grey, he exclaimed—"Bless me, sir! only see what rum and backy (tobacco) will do for a man!" Then the mention of old Bob reminds me of the following ludicrous circumstance, likewise related to me by Mr. Warde. Unable to take his hounds home after a run through thirty-two parishes in his Oxfordshire country, he was about to dispatch Bob to a neighbouring town for some bread for the hounds, which were shut up in a barn. "No occasion for that, sir," replied Bob; "here's one Oxford gemman's horse dead already, and there'll be another for their breakfast in the morning." Mr. Warde, however, in his latter days, was rather shy of the horse-killing system in his own stud, as the following anecdote will show. When standing on an eminence in the Craven country, and seeing his hounds commencing a *third* ring over a deep and holding country, with their *second* fox, he thus addressed his pad groom who was in attendance upon him. "Will," said he, "we shall have a horse killed; do you think you could meet them and stop them?" "I think I can, sir," replied Will. "Then go and try," resumed the master. Will accomplished the not very sportsmanlike act; and on his approaching his master, was asked the natural question of, "*Who was with 'em?*" "No one but Mr. Bunce," replied Will. "What did he say to you?" asked Mr. Warde. 'Why, sir, he d—d and bl—d my eyes well." My intimate knowledge of the renowned Jacky Bunce

("Jackey Bunce the raspers taking
Sets the funker's nerves a shaking,"*)

authorizes me to say, that I know few men more likely to have bestowed the above blessing upon Will, for interrupting him in the enjoyment of a quick burst, with the additional pleasure of having shaken off the crowd. From his old and much esteemed friend, however, he would bear the disappointment manfully.

Let me not be supposed to throw the least discredit on Mr. Warde or his hounds, by the relation of these amusing anecdotes—for, be it known, that in the very season to which I am alluding, his pack may be said to have been flushed in blood, having killed forty-seven brace of foxes! But such is the character of the man, that almost every act of his created a

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* From a Poem by Mr. Nicoll.

but soon after he became of age, hunted parts of Berkshire and Oxfordshire, and then Oxfordshire only, which he occupied for twenty-two consecutive years. He afterwards removed into Northamptonshire, to what was then called the Pytchley country, which he hunted for thirteen seasons, finishing his career in the Craven country, Berkshire, and the New Forest, Hampshire, where he was succeeded by Mr. Nicoll. In most of these countries he built kennels—in short he was wont to say of himself, that he believed no man in England had ever built so many. It was in Northamptonshire, in 1803, that I first hunted with him, and where he showed great sport; but I have reason to believe the period in which his hounds were in the highest repute, was that of his occupation of Oxfordshire, which, it was the opinion of his friends, he should not have resigned. It was asserted indeed, that "when he gave up Oxfordshire, he gave up his throne," thereby implying that he gradually sank from the meridian of his glory, after that period. Of his hounds, however, in the last year of his keeping them, it is enough in their praise to say, that they fulfilled a prediction I had hazarded respecting them,—namely, that when sold, they would fetch as much again as any others had fetched up to that time. The large sum of two thousand guineas were given for them by Mr. Horlock, Mr. Warde reserving a few couples for himself! A short time previously to this sale, I heard Mr. Harvey Combe say he should like to give him 500 guineas for five couples of the pack.

The greater part of mankind are endowed with a capacity for excelling, in some degree, in the different exercises invented for the amusement of mankind; and with reference to the art of breeding hounds for their diversion, it would appear as if Nature, the soul of the world, is not content with changing the shapes and properties of animate and inanimate things herself, but she has delegated to man a power of operating in a similar, though in a limited degree. This power was undoubtedly granted to Mr. Warde; for I fearlessly assert, that no man before or since his time, has exceeded him in the science of breeding the fox-hound with every quality for which the nature of his services require him. Then let it be remembered that he had no Philip Payne, no Goosey, no Tom Sebright, no Ben Jennings, at his elbow to advise him in his operations here,—and be it also remembered, there are subjects on which men must consult others of inferior education and understanding to their own, and that to which we are alluding is one of them. No, he trusted to his own judgment and the result of his own experience; but we may marvel less at his success when we are told, that he was wont to say, he had passed many a sleepless hour in considering the pro's. and the con's. of one single cross he was about to make with a hound from another kennel. I think I may safely assert, that I have seen all the best packs of British fox-hounds that have appeared within the last forty years; but as combining power with high form. I have yet to see bitches superior to those bred by the late Mr. Warde. And what makes this more remarkable is the fact of his having been twice visited by madness in his kennel, and, in one case, actually reduced to a single bitch of *his own* sort; and again, having sold his pack to the present Earl Spencer, then Viscount Althorpe, for 1000 guineas, he had to make another new start with only two couples of bitches, which he had, in this instance reserved.

When I first knew Mr. Warde's hounds in Northamptonshire, they were hunted by

FOX-HOUNDS IN FULL CRY.

of coachmanship. As was the case in his hunting stable, his coach horses would not admit of looking too far into their pedigrees, and to show the pace at which his team usually travelled, it is only necessary to state, that when he hunted the Pytchley country, Northamptonshire, he always drove them from his house at Boughton, to London, distance sixty-three miles, without their bring taken out of their harness. Hay and water he would give them several times at his favourite houses of call, on the road, to the occupiers of which, both male and female, young or old, he had always a good story to tell. In fact, in every stage of his existence, he appeared to regard life as a comedy, in which a smile should be kept up to the last act of the drama, as I shall presently take occasion to show. On some occasions, however, he showed that he was a practical man on the road, as well as an amateur. He used to drive the Birmingham and Shrewsbury Prince of Wales coach,—which in those days, to use his own words, "would oftentimes have in, and about her, half a ton of bad shillings,"—in the place of the regular coachman; and also to show how equal he was to heavy work, he drove what was called "the Gloucester heavy coach," from London to that town, a distance of one hundred and ten miles; and after taking some refreshment, turned back, and drove it into London. In those days there was no guard on this coach, so that, what with locking and unlocking wheels on the hills, and the regular business on the road, he had quite enough on his hands.

As may be supposed, Mr. Warde was well furnished with anecdotes having their origin on the road, and the following, related to me by himself, will never be forgotten. Having gone to the meeting of B. D. C. club at Bedfont, on the box of a brother member, he thus described his start on his return. "We were both pretty well *sprung*," said he, "and my friend thus addressed me?"—"My horses," said he, "have but two paces by lamplight,—a walk and a gallop, which will you have?" "Oh! a gallop, by all means," replied Mr. Warde. "Now, where do you think we pulled up?" continued he, "Why, *between the two last horses of an eight horse Exeter waggon!*" His passion for the coach-box continued to his last year, and the circumstance I am now about to relate is doubtless without its parallel. The year before his death, the eighty-third of his age, a friend of mine called on him, and found him preparing to start to Richmond, where what is called the Richmond Driving Club meet. In compliment to them he ordered his team to be at his door in London at a certain hour, but without an intention of driving them himself. It happened, however, that his coachman was suddenly taken ill, and he did drive himself, by which act we may conclude that he fairly obtained for himself the title of the Nestor of four-horse coachmen.

Although the word *game*, in the sense I here use it, is more properly applicable to brute animals than to man, especially so when transformed into an adjective, still it may be said of Mr. Warde, that he was altogether one of the *gamest* men of his day, and often proved to be such. Notwithstanding he was blessed with a fine constitution, which only yielded to what nothing can resist, he was more than once operated upon for a local disease; and I have been given to understand that his patience and firmness under the knife have not often been equalled. Then his cheerfulness during occasional illness, from which few mortals are free, was remarkable. On the morrow after he had had an alarming attack—a sort of knock-down

smile. Fancy his purchasing two horses, to carry himself with hounds—the one, because he drew five tons weight around the market place at Hungerford, for a bet, and the other, out of a London dustman's cart! Nearly similar facts are on record of other purchases made by him; and I believe his famous horse, Blue-ruin, on which our picture is taken, was purchased for "an old song." Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith offered a large sum for this horse, after riding him once with Mr. Warde's hounds, and his (Mr. Warde's) account of the circumstance to me, was in his usual facetious style. "Whether it was the man or the horse," said he, "I cannot determine, but no one saw either of them for the first hour of the run." Generally speaking, however, his horses were lower bred than I like to see them for the field, and in my notice of them, I had ventured to say, "it might be well not to look too far into their pedigree" (for be it known, each had his pedigree). And here I have an instance at hand of the natural good humour of the man. Arriving one morning at Squerries, I found him in the stable yard, in the act of showing a horse to Mr. Tattersall, who had come to spend the day with him. Seeing me approach, he exclaimed, with a smile on his face;—"Here he is, a right good hunter (pointing to the horse), and *you need not be afraid of going too far into his pedigree.* He is by Reubens, out of"—but here my memory fails me. I should never know when to stop, however, were I to continue the subject of Mr. Warde, his hounds, his horses, and the numerous anecdotes relating to them, so shall conclude with his recipe for a hot, fractious horse, belonging to one of his field,—said to be incurably so. "You have not tried my recipe," said Mr. Warde, to his owner; "it's a *certain* cure in twenty minutes, particularly so after a wet night, and a rapid thaw." "Pray tell me what it is," replied the owner. "*My carcase,*" (the weight of which was good eighteen stone,) replied Mr. Warde. This is almost as good as Lord Alvanley's advice, on a similar occasion, to a certain sporting purveyor of good suppers and their *et ceteras* in London, which, every one having heard of, it is useless to repeat. Mr. Warde, however, experienced one damper in his own stud. He lost fourteen horses in one year, from that horrible disease, the glanders, which appears to be, like love, *nullis mederabilis herbis.*

There is perhaps no better sign of a good paymaster, than a man's pleading poverty with a good account at his bankers'; and such was Mr. Warde's case. He always pleaded poverty, and it might have happened that at one period of his life, and previously to his having an accession of fortune, as also after two consecutive bad seasons which threw his tenants into arrear, he might have exceeded his means. "My dear," said he to his lady (sister to the present Lord Verulam, and only lately deceased), "I shall be in jail if I do not give up my hounds, for I get no rents." "Try them another year," said she, and the next day she sent a thousand pounds to his bankers, from her own private purse! What an example to married ladies, who are too much given to thwart their husbands in those pursuits in which they cannot themselves partake. I have reason to believe that the greatest amount subscribed to Mr. Warde's hounds, for many years, but little exceeded a thousand pounds per annum, which must have left a still larger sum to be provided for out of his own purse.

Mr. Warde—a promoter of all manly pursuits, was a great patron of the road; and in all that related to what is called heavy work, was well skilled in the now bye-gone science

In the combined characters of sportsman and companion, I may venture to say the subject of this memoir was without his equal in present or past days. In the former he was looked up to as having done more for fox-hunting than any other man of his day, in breeding the fox-hound especially; and likewise in his steady perseverance in the good cause. Perhaps no master of hounds exceeded him in keeping his countries together, as the term is, consequently in the preservation of foxes, the result of his popularity with all descriptions of persons—the farmers and graziers especially, who could not fail to admire his manly appearance and character, in close resemblance to their own. As a companion in the social hour, little more can be said of him than that he continued, to the last, to be the life and soul of the party of which he made one. And whence did this excellence arise? From an affluence of animal spirits, and his various mental and personal accomplishments—for he was a highly-bred gentleman, under a homely garb, and had a talent for repartee which is very rarely found. No doubt exists on this point; but, as I before said, it was, in addition to these accomplishments, the benevolent heart which he brought into society that made him such a universal favourite. He spoke ill of no man, and no man spoke ill of him; in fact he appeared to have profitted to a great extent by the advice of Horace, which tends to render us happy in relation to ourselves, agreeable to our friends, kind and well-bred towards each other, and, above all things, in the social hour teaches us to temper the overflow of our gaiety with good humour.

Between selling his hounds to Mr. Horlock, and his death twelve years intervened; the first named event occurred at the end of the season 1826; the last in December 1838,

"No more shall Stype* his hearty cheer resound,
No more through Henswood* stately shall he ride;
No more shall Foxley* to his horn rebound
No more his jokes shall glad the cover side."

He has gone to his account, and well might it be for many of us if we could render one as fair and free from the great offence; for, as far as I was enabled to appreciate his character, he possessed most of the virtues which adorn humanity, with *no vice* that I am aware of; and surely this is saying as much as can be said of the best of men. As a sportsman and a companion "cujus vivida fama nescit mori," he has no equal within my knowledge, and I think I need not say more in his praise. The fastidious reader may think I have already said too much, but I crave forgiveness:—

"Who write to share the fame of the deceas'd
So high in merit, and to them so dear!
Such dwell on praises which they think they share."

Biographers will have their idols. It is written of Plutarch, that he only bestowed excessive praise on one man, and that one was Pericles. As a general and a statesman, he was the Olympius of his day, in Plutarch's eyes, as the great John Warde, as a sportsman and a companion, was in mine. NIMROD.

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* All favourite covers in the Craven hunt.

blow,—at Hatchett's Hotel in London, an intimate friend of his called to see him, expecting to find him much depressed in spirits. Far from this being the case, he told him several amusing anecdotes, finishing by saying, that all he felt on the occasion was, pity for his poor stomach, which must surely imagine his throat was cut, as it had received nothing for twenty-four hours but chicken broth and lemonade. And one more instance of his *game*, or what is more commonly called "*pluck*," may be adduced. On being told, in his seventy-eighth year, that some country was vacant, and not likely to be occupied, he declared, that if he could purchase half of his old pack at the cost of a thousand guineas, and the proprietors of the country would guarantee him £1,500 per annum towards expenses, he would hunt their country with pleasure. I believe this to have been the Craven country, of which he used to speak, in his usual facetious manner, as not good for hounds, but the best *six o'clock country* in England. And here, in allusion to the six o'clock doings in this country, I am reminded of an anecdote which he himself related to me, and which will bear repetition. His hounds having had a run of unexpected duration, he kept a dinner party waiting for more than sufficient time to neutralize the skill of the cook. The temper of the hostess being none of the best, she imputed the failure of almost every dish to the late arrival of Mr. Warde. He bore his chastisement with his usual complacency, when at last it was his turn to make a rejoinder. A pair of miserable-looking guinea fowls made their appearance in the second course, in allusion to which he thus addressed the lady :—"Well, Madam, you have scolded me *well* for being two *hours* to late for your dinner, but had I been two *months* too late, it would have been better for those guinea fowls." Neither will our readers object to the second edition of another anecdote of this extraordinary man, which I also had from his own lips. It was no less than his being mistaken for a butcher—an admission that few others of my acquaintance would be very willing to make; but I will give you it in own words :—

"I was driving down the road one day," said he, "in my curricle, when I saw a man, whom I knew, bargaining for some fat bullocks. 'Can't you deal?' said I. 'Why, no, replied the buyer; 'the *gentleman* is too hard for me.' 'Then let me try and put you together' (replied Mr. Warde, who had much judgment in such matters, being a considerable stall-feeder at Squerries;) "so getting out of my curricle, and handling the beasts, I pronounced them to be worth a certain sum. The buyer doubted it. Well then,' I said, 'here is a butcher coming, we will hear what he has to say.' The butcher looked at the bullocks, and then at me, and at length addressed me thus :—'Why you are in business (as a butcher) arn't you?' 'Not at present,' I replied, pulling a very long face, '*I have been unfortunate.*' 'Worse luck,' said the butcher, 'for your a d—d good judge.'"

Now this mistake of the butcher's can only be accounted for in two ways. Either he was a better judge of beef than of a gentleman—and he would be none the worse in his calling for that—or, owing to Mr. Warde having his box coat on at the time, the knight of the cleaver did not see those neat leathers and boots for which his person was always so distinguished; neither do I think it probable he could have looked minutely into his face, for as I have before observed, there is an air of gentility which dress can neither give nor take away; and no judge of a gentleman would have mistaken Mr. Warde for any thing else.

GRAYLING.

THE COMMON & THE BRANDLING TROUT.

common father Isaac, to join a select fishing party, "the day after to-morrow:" but your friend having neglected to date his letter, you don't know what day that is—and no time for further inquiries.

X. Accepting the invitation aforesaid, and going on the wrong day.

XI. In trolling, just as you have made your very best throw, and your bait is skimming through the air like a flying fish, having said bait jerked back in your face from a *kink* in the line.

XII. Groping in your pocket for sixpence to give a country fellow who has clambered up a tree to clear your tackle, and finding that you have nothing but half-crowns. N. B. Not too rich.

XIII. That moment, after an unsuccessful day's sport, when your father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or what not, takes a peep into your empty pannier and inquires what you've done with the fish.

XIV. After three weeks of east wind and unmitigated sunshine (in May), finding the weathercock due south and the sky cloudy—on a Sunday morning. Back to the old point on Monday.

XV. In your hurry to land a great wild trout, striking your screw-spear into your instep instead of into the ground at your feet.

XVI.—On going to your favourite trout-stream on a charming day, meeting a pack of otter hounds returning from "a most capital thing" in the only part of the water where there are any fish.

XVII. After a resolute tussle with the finest trout—perhaps the only one you have caught all day, said trout suddenly turning out to be nothing but a great loggerheaded chub.

XVIII. When catching flies on a sunny day by the side of your favourite river, discovering that you are watched by a knot of ignorant bumpkins, who, seeing you throw yourself into all sorts of whimsical attitudes, incidental to your entomological pursuits, take you to be a convalescent from the neighbouring mad-house.

XIX. Having travelled forty or fifty miles to have a week's fly-fishing at Ponty-fllwrwst a-lagchllynn, or some such place in North Wales, finding a steam engine has been erected at the head of the stream, the hot water from which has destroyed all the fish within ten miles of the place.

XX. Staying three weeks at a fishing inn in Derbyshire, or North Wales, with a friend who thinks "*The Complete Angler*" all stuff and nonsense.

XXI. Trolling for pike in a river chock-full of weeds. N. B. No live baits.

XXII. Being invited by a friend to fish for carp in a pond; said friend *not being quite sure* whether there are any fish in or no—though he is certain there were a great many in his father's time.

XXIII. Meeting the same friend some time afterwards, who tells you that he has had the pond let dry, and (though you had not succeeded in stirring a single fin) found it full of fine fish.

XXIV. Having walked four miles and a half in a very fine—but very warm—afternoon to try for a trout, as you modestly express it, finding the stream almost dry, and

THE MISERIES OF ANGLING, OR THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S VEXATION.

Misery I. On your way to a favourite stream, meeting a bungler coming back, who gives you an account of his sport, by which you find that though he has caught no fish, he has pricked a good many and frightened all the rest.

II. Fishing with a friend in a small stream, every good hole in which is well known to you both: neither of you remarkable for your politeness, but anxious only to get the first throw in the favourite spots, so that to a mere casual observer it would seem that you are running races, or fishing against time.

III. In minnow-spinning for trout, when you have hooked a monster, and brought him as near as possible to a high bank, finding your boy cannot reach him with the landing net. Then, after much fumbling and anxiety, seeing the fish recover his wind and give you the go-by; leaving you to debate with yourself whether it is just or generous to scold the lad for not being two feet longer in the arm.

IV. Having with much trouble and infinite skill succeeded in getting a very fine fish into your landing-net—borrowed for the occasion from a friend—bidding the boy hoist him out, and discovering that the meshes are too rotten to hold him. Fish gives a lurch, and carries off your flies to show to his companions in the "still deeps."

V. Minuting a pike while he pouches his bait: then hurriedly returning your watch through the wrong aperture, which, after slipping down your leg, bounces out at the bottom of your trousers, and so on down the steep bank into the water at the very deepest and muddiest part. N. B.—The watch, a very valuable one, given to you by your father.

VI. Snap-fishing for pike, landing a very fine Jack, which, however, succeeds in getting free from your hook the moment he is banked, and begins leaping about as if *terra firma* did not agree with him. In an agony of fear you pounce upon him, and endeavour to fix your talons in his eyes, pike proves rather a "slippery customer," and after two or three tussels with you on the grass, flops into the water and sails off in the coolest manner possible. In your anxiety to secure the fish had over-looked the fact that one of the barbs of your hook is sicking in the fleshy part of your thumb.

VII. Going out fishing with a friend who expects you to find him in lines, baits, rod, &c.—at a time, too, when the rod you usually keep for such purposes is not yet serviceable from the fractures it received at the hands of the *last* friend you lent it to.

VIII. Having delayed so long to take your one day's fishing, that when you go at last, you find mowing grass knee-deep in every meadow but one—and in that there is a running bull.

IX. Receiving an invitation from a particular friend, and worthy disciple of your

XXXVI. After an unsuccessful day's fishing, indulging in a most uncompromising tirade against the poachers to a country fellow whom you accidentally meet in the fields, and then being whispered by your companion, that the man in question is the most notorious poacher in the whole county, and has been laughing at you in his sleeve all the time.

XXXVII. Being invited for a day's fishing by a friend at some distance, finding on your arrival that you are only one of a large party—chiefly ladies—two of the giddiest of whom are placed under your especial care, to supply with rods, lines, floats, baits, and gallant speeches.

XXXVIII. Examining your fly-book after a two years' tour on the Continent, and finding far more flies than you had any notion of, mostly of the moth species, which have eaten nearly all the others to the bare hook.

XXXIX. Just arrived at a favourite piece of water, after having asked your boy a hundred times if he is quite sure he has remembered everything, finding that *you* have forgotten everything by leaving your spectacles behind you.

XL. Sitting down by the river side to open your fly-book, finding that you have brought *The Court Calendar* instead.

XLI. Having had rather good sport in perch-fishing on an island, finding towards ten o'clock at night that the boat, which you thought you had made fast to a tree, has indulged herself in a sail on her own responsibility. N. B. Not a soul within earshot, yourself no swimmer, and the water unfordable.

XLII. Losing your way in a wild part of Caernarvonshire, where no English is spoken: then, after having described your situation in what you consider very good Welsh, finding by the vacant stare of the person whom you are addressing, that he is by no means of the same opinion with yourself regarding your proficiency in the language.

XLIII. Ditto: with this difference, that you see by the manner of your interlocutor that he perfectly comprehends all your questions—and this *dis*advantage, that you cannot understand one of his replies.

XLIV. Staying at an inn in Wales where you are the only one in the house that speaks English: so that you are reduced to the alternative of waiting on yourself, or playing pantomime with a set of boobies who have not the genius to understand your signs—or to make you understand theirs.

XLV. Having been extremely communicative—of all your recipes, modes of fishing, favourite flies, &c. &c.—to a gentleman you accidentally meet by the river side, finding out that said gentleman is the regular correspondent of a sporting newspaper.

XLVI. *Item.* Reading said recipes, modes, mysteries, and so forth, in next Sunday's paper, accompanied by a caricature of yourself, which your friends assure you is not the least like, though they all recognised it immediately.

XLVII. *Item.* Some time afterwards, seeing your own book—the work of a life—reviewed in the aforesaid journal, where it is stated that everything valuable in the volume has been "impudently stolen from an article of their own, contributed some time ago by their valued correspondent SLAPPING SAM."

XLVIII. Having sent your boy to the mill to inquire when there will be water in

the mill stopped. Walking another mile to the mill to ask when the water will be turned on, finding the miller gone to market, and nobody left at home but a great dog, which keeps nuzzling about your legs, as if looking out for a nice fleshy piece to carry away to his kennel.

XXV. Trolling with live bait in a fine river, and having desired your boy to put the bait-can overhead in the water, finding he has forgotten to make the lid fast, so that all the baits have escaped but one—and that a dead one.

XXVI. Trolling for pike with an old rod, whose ferrules are so much too large, that at every second throw the top part of it goes spinning into the river.

XXVII. Having lost the middle piece of your fly-rod, and being obliged to fish with the upper and lower ends badly joined together by stuffing grass or rushes into the ferrule.

XXVIII. Fly-fishing in so high a wind that you cannot get your fly to lie on the water: or if it does, only to be blown out again just as a large fish is rising to take it.

XXIX. Having angled without success as far as your permission extends, roguishly venturing into the next meadow, when, just as you are hooking out your first fish, a surly old farmer comes up and asks by whose authority you are fishing there.

XXX. As a corollary to the above: having told your ready-made lie, that you didn't know you were out of your friend Smith's grounds, being taken to task on account of certain gaps—which you didn't make.

XXXI. Only waiting to set off on a trolling excursion till you receive a lot of live bait, roach, and gudgeons, which a friend has promised you. Boy arives at last with a can-ful of very fine *perch*, and a recommendation to you to cut off their back fins.

XXXII. Looking out on the morning of a fishing appointment to see which way the wind is, and meeting no better intelligence from the neighbouring church tower than the following:

XXXIII. Having been caught fishing on forbidden ground (*query* water?) and having protested with some warmth that you angle only for the sport, and don't care twopence for the fish—being taken at your word, and left without a fin to carry home to your friends.

XXXIV. Having thrown your rod, landing net, basket, &c., &c., across a brook, finding at last that you cannot jump it. N. B. No bridge within three miles.

XXXV. Having been at great trouble to secure your footing on a hedge which you are about to pass, finding, that, though it would bear you well enough in a state of rest, it is not proof against the force of the spring necessary to carry you over the subjacent ditch, but lets you into said ditch, where your legs are as much annoyed by the mud as your face and hands are by the nettles.

BULL TROUT.

HUNTING IN THE SWISS ALPS.

THERE are some travellers who are *too* sharp, and who, like witnesses that prove too much, are constantly getting themselves and others into all manner of queer scrapes, horrid adventures, and superhuman difficulties. Your young travellers especially are apt to fall into this error; for somehow or another "young heads" have such a mean opinion of "old shoulders" that it's almost reason enough for them to forsake any given line of road or conduct, to know that the wisdom and experience of centuries has affirmed such line to be the best possible existing. There's one blessing, that nature has providentially endowed the juveniles herein-before-mentioned with such an abundant supply of pigheadedness that you might as well expect a lawyer to disgorge his fee as one of these worthies to give up his opinion; and another, the greatest of all the blessings, is, that the rogue has such a famous stock of animal spirits that all to him seems easy, and he goes through the difficulties brought on by his own obstinacy with as much good-humour as if his path were of roses, and his "locomotive" the wings of the Zephyr.

Were you ever in Switzerland? I don't mean at Geneva, Chamounix, Thun, Interlacken, and the rest of the old, old-over-again places that we have read of and heard of any time these two hundred years; but have you ever wandered wildly in the *heart* of the Alps, where human foot perhaps never trod before? where, instead of wooden spoons and paper-folders, albums and *pensionnats*, *table d'hôtes*, and *pain à discrétion*, you are surrounded by real wolves and bears, ibexes and bouquetins, lynxes and lammergeyers—where you are waked in the morning by the thunder of an avalanche, and lulled to sleep in the evening by the roar of a thousand cataracts? Have you ever stood, the first of human beings, on the virgin snow of a Jungfrau? have you struggled with the gigantic Alp-eagle in his native glaciers? have you shaken down an avalanche with your rifle? If you have done none of these things you have *not* been in Switzerland. Bah! don't tell me! put up your Keller, lay your Ebel on the shelf—I am no believer in your *Karte der Schweitz* and your *Manuel du Voyageur*—well enough for "babbies" and nursemaids, but altogether unworthy of an Englishman and a sportsman. No, no: trust me, the moment you begin to *leave* the beaten tract, that moment you begin to *see* Switzerland. Then you begin to contemplate the national character in its primitive simplicity: then you begin to feel the joy of the wild life of the mountains: every step brings you into the midst of some magnificent scene which expands your heart to the size of an elephant: every day and every hour of the day obtains you the acquaintance of some William Tell or Werner Stauffacher of the nineteenth century "born to blush unseen:" every ramble you take among the alps and glaciers makes your more enamoured of the hunter's life, and brings as much new vigour to your frame, as gladness to your heart.

the brook (at present bare to the pebbles), receiving for answer "four o'clock"—just the hour the fish cease to feed.

XLIX. Sitting under a hedge in the rain, till you are obliged to fly for shelter into the open air.

L. Just as a good fish has taken your dropper, finding that your stretcher is fast in a bed of weeds.

LI. Showing a young fisher how to throw his fly—as you think—but *in reality*, only showing him how he may very pompously snap it off against a stalk of rib-grass.

LII. After letting off the old joke about "the best bite we've had all day," overhauling your prog-basket, and finding that your bottle of porter has burst, and that all is lost, except about a pint, which has been absorbed by the sandwiches.

LIII. In bottom-fishing for trout, suffering your bait to be carried away by an eddy, making a resolute snatch, and finding that you have "taken nothing by your motion."

LIV. Accidentally dropping two or three small hooks into your wading boots (which are too wet to pull off,) and tracing their descent down your leg, till they finally take up their position under your heel.

LV. Having made yourself particularly agreeable to a certain miller, going through the whole Corn Law question, &c. &c. with a deference to all his opinions and prejudices, learning that he has nothing at all to do with the fishing—the sole object of your attentions.

LVI. At the end of half a dozen of wine, which you had lost to one of your party about the weight of a jack, *your own laugh* at the joke, which is at length announced, that the wager was only won by cramming a pound weight down the fish's throat.

LVII. Ditto, with this difference: that the bet having been as to which should pull out the first fish, you are informed that your competitor succeeded only by taking the precaution to hook one on before he put his line into the water.

LVIII. The state of your fingers and thumbs for two or three days after having tied on a large assortment of hooks, with the aid of shoemaker's wax.

LIX. Waxing thread in cold weather, when the wax either sticks so doggedly that your thread snaps every half minute, or drives you to the necessity of warming it before the fire, when your silk at once sinks inch-deep into the lump and then holds.

LX. At the end of a long blank day with a friend, and the wear and tear of mind consequent thereupon, to be waited upon by a second friend, to know at what time you mean to start to-morrow, on a piscatorial excursion that you have planned with him.

The Haunts of the Hart:
New near Sands on the Simplon.

Here, in this wild spot, we were joined by a pair of as wild figures as you would wish to see of a summer's evening. The elder of the two was a most venerable-looking old Capucin friar, with a beard as long as leap-year, and a cowl of most awful dimensions and appearance. This was the first real, genuine, Monk-Lewis, mendicant friar we had seen, and of course we opened the eyes of astonishment upon him to a becoming width. His companion seemed to be a junior of some religious order, but not being over-conversant with ecclesiastical costume, I can't say whether he belonged to St. Crispin or St. Dunstan.

We now arrived at Salgesch (pronounced all of a lump, *Salg'sh*—like getting rid of a bone out of your throat), where our mule-man protested he could not get a step farther with the car, and that if we insisted on going on, he must take the mule out of the vehicle, put a saddle on his back, and give him up to us to "ride and tie." Of course, we *did* insist, and Jehu set about getting his *mulet* ready for his new duty. Meanwhile we entered into an examination of the village. A most curious one it is, and I much question if any Englisher but ourselves had ever wandered amongst its old "wooden walls" and antediluvian homesteads. The houses were all of wood, black with age, and carved in the most fantastical devices. Along the front of many of them appeared texts of Scripture, cut in the old German text and language. Being evening, the villagers were all assembled in front of the houses, and you may be sure we were as much objects of curiosity to them as they to us. The old monk and his companion made their appearance while we were here, waiting for our new start. I entered into conversation with the younger of the two, and we had almost struck a bargain to walk together to Leuch, whither they were bound as well as ourselves, when old Bluebeard entered a house, and shortly afterwards beckoned the other to join him. As I saw these two worthies enter Leuch together the next morning, I conclude they had met with some hospitable Salgeschite who had given them an invitation to spend the night under his roof. It was seven o'clock when we left the old bare-legged monk and his disciple, and the other worthies of Salgesch, and turned our face towards the Gemmi. Having dallied behind my companions to make a sketch of a queer old cottage, with a queer old roof overhead, and a queer old inscription in queer old crushed-up letters in front, I soon found myself rather puzzled about the road. An old man however presented himself, and on him I put in practice my first attempt in the German lingo, the French language not being current in these parts—though French five-franc-pieces are. My attempt was a very humble one: only two words: but one must "first creep and then go."

"*Nach Leuch?*" said I, pointing forward with my finger, to assist the pronunciation.

"*Yah, yah, mein Herr!*"—and away I trudged, not a little proud of my successful *début* in the language of Goëthe and Schiller.

At the little hamlet of Varen, I found our party at a dead stand-still, and on interrogating the guide, discovered that he still wanted to quit our track and go across the valley to another and safer one of his own. We, however, were as obstinate as the mule itself, and the muleteer was obliged to give in: for we fairly told him that if he was afraid to proceed, we were prepared to go on by ourselves. Fritz was forced to yield, but before we could stir a step farther, our *guide* was obliged to bargain at one of the cottages of the little village for two young girls of the country to guide *him*.

Were you ever in the valley of the Dala? Where is it? For shame! why, just on the verge of the Bernese Highlands, running down by a deep gorge into the canton of the Valais. It is one of the most superb spots in all Switzerland, full of torrents and glaciers, impenetrable forests and inaccessible mountains: cataracts and avalanches are tumbling about your ears in all directions; wild beasts of all sorts are lying perdue in all sorts of horrible caverns and terrible jungles; the gigantic mountain-eagle is screaming over your head, and under your feet lie abysses as formidable in depth as the mountains above are appalling in altitude. I shall never forget the first time I entered this gorge. We were three in party, all young, and with spirits as untameable as a striped hyena. We had made up our minds to hunt wolf in the Rinderhorn Glacier, and not all the combined energies of the Vorort itself could have turned us from our project. In vain the worthies of the hostel at Siders represented to us the dangers of the project and the difficulties of the road: in vain the Phaëton of our char-à-banc protested against the route we had laid down. We attributed the remonstrances of the people at the auberge to their desire of retaining us as guests: the alpine Jehu did not obtain credit for more exalted motives. Go we would—and that night too—and by our own road moreover; a road we had fixed on, not from any knowledge we had of it by experience, not from any information we had received of its being practicable or commodious, but simply because we had found it traced on *the map*—and roads on maps do look so *very* easy.

Well, away we went head-foremost into the mountains, the driver of our *char à banc* grumbling like a cabman with an eightpenny fare. Good reason he had for it, heaven knows, for the road was as rough as the sea in a storm. Bouncing among large masses of rock and jerking over huge splinters of trees torn down by the storms, we were threatened every moment with an upset. There was about as much sign of a path as there is in the Atlantic Ocean, and it was evident that our guide knew no more about the way than the mule he was driving. We insisted, however, on going forward, and forgot our own grievances in laughing at the poor devil of a guide's fears for himself and his carriage. We were now in the midst of the dry channel of a mountain-torrent, which was covered with masses of stone of various magnitudes. Up and down we go: first one of us lord of the ascendant, then another: bounce, bounce—bounce again, and over we go sprawling among the stones. No bones broken, however; though the carriage *is*, in several places, and the charioteer looks terribly wo-begone. We are forced to mount again, for we are now at the edge of the torrent itself, and there is no other way of crossing it. Pretty certain of a dip, we venture: contrary to all expectation, the frail machine "holds her own," and we proceed with increased confidence.

We have scarcely had time to look at the prospect: it is magnificent. The Glysshorn occupies the most prominent place among the mountains in front. Near that are the Simplon and Weisshorn, the Beitschorn, the Madderhorn, and the Nesthorn—in short, a whole concert of horns:—on the left are Mont Altels and the Gemmi, while behind us appears at an extreme distance our old friend the Mont Blanc; and the whole of this gorgeous range of alps is lit up by the most brilliant sunlight, and backed by the most beautiful blue sky that heart can wish for, or imagination conceive.

without a squabble with our misguided guide, who wanted us to pay him heaven-knows-how-much extra for nearly breaking our necks out of his lumbering broken-kneed go-cart. After gently telling him our minds, and placing the money for the little girls in the hands of our host, to be delivered over to them in the morning, we dismissed the fellow with his "legal fare," and turned into bed—or rather under it, with such an appetite for sleep as Morpheus himself might have envied. It was our first night among German beds, and fine fun we had with them. "Phil" swore that somebody had turned his upside down: "Jack" protested he should be suffocated if he attempted to go to sleep with the feather-bed atop of him: we all laughed heartily, crept under the superincumbent mass, wondered who the devil invented such an outlandish method of taking your night's rest, laughed again, declared we should not be able to get a wink of sleep, went off in full snore before the declaration was finished, and when we waked in the morning found ourselves, as might be expected, taking it "very cool" on the mattrasses, with the three bags of feathers lying high and dry in the middle of the room.

I forgot to say that honest Inalbon, before we bade him good night, told us of a herd of ibexes which had been seen by a son of his the preceding day in the neighbourhood of Simpeln. We immediately determined to put off the wolves for a few days, and if possible to have a blaze at the ibexes. Away then we went next morning, accompanied by the son of mine host, Xavier by name, and the best fellow in the world by nature; and at sundown found ourselves safely lodged in the pretty little hostel of the *Aigle* at Simpeln. Xavier did not go to bed till he had made some inquiries about the ibexes, and from a friend of his, an old crystal hunter in the village, he learned that they had been last seen in the neighbourhood of Gunz (*anglice*, Gondo), and that the herd consisted of seven, one of which had been wounded by a hunter near Gsteig, who had soon afterwards broken his leg by a fall in the glacier. With this encouraging news we retired to rest, fully determined to give the worthy quadrupeds a taste of our belted balls in the morning, if the Fates would be but moderately propitious.

At a little after three, Xavier came to knock us up, bringing us the intelligence that our party was to be increased by the presence of Maria Wandelb (Wandelb, the father, was the old crystal hunter of whom we have before spoken). Charmed with the idea that a lady was to be of the party, but recollecting my disappointment on finding some time before that "Maria de Mont Blanc," instead of a blooming young damsel of eighteen, was an old harridan of four-score, I took care to inform myself of these particulars.

"Is Maria young?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And handsome?"

"Very handsome."

All right, then: and I gave my whiskers an extra twirl and put on a *better* cravat. Breakfast quickly despatched, we called a muster of our troops in the *salle à manger*.

Sommes-nous prêts? asked worthy Xavier.

Oui, mais—

Que vous faut-il, Monsieur?

The scenery from this point it is totally impossible to describe or conceive: it was decidedly the most wild and beautiful that we had yet seen, and our raptures knew no bounds In one part the road is formed in the sheer side of the precipice by cutting out the rock so as to form a cornice; and this cornice is so narrow, and in many places so steep and so thickly strewn with stones, that it is almost impossible to keep one's footing; Muley himself often sliding forward several yards together, and freezing one's very blood lest he should topple over the edge, poor brute, and plump down four hundred feet into the torrent of the Dala. This is not the only agreeable excitement: there are perils above to match those below. Masses of rock, loosened from the parent cliff by the action of the atmosphere, fall at pleasing intervals into the gulph beneath; and if a traveller happens to be passing along the road at the interesting moment, he is pretty sure of a paragraph to himself in the next number of the Berne Gazette. In some places, roofs are constructed, overhanging the path, to protect the passenger from this peril; and where these do not occur, the strictest silence is imposed, as the smallest *lapsus linguæ* might lead to the most unpleasant consequences, by bringing down half a mountain about your unfortunate ears.

By the time we had reached the little village of Inden, the night had pretty well closed in. All the houses were shut up, and all the inhabitants in full snore. The only refreshment we could obtain was a draught of water at the village fountain. Our little girls laughed with us at all disasters, but the mule-owner growled more bitterly than before. "Phil" and I now put ourselves at the head of the troop, closely followed by the two girls: "Jack" was mounted on the mule behind them, while our precious rascal of a *guide* occupied the rear, *holding on by the mule's tail.* This fellow, who was to have been the prop and stay of the party, was completely knocked up, and if it had not been for the mule pulling him along with his tail, I verily believe we should have had to leave him behind in the mountains. At half an hour beyond Inden we came in sight of some lights ahead. We had forgotten that the clearness of the air in these Alpine regions makes it as easy to see a light a league off as half a dozen yards: it was with some surprise, therefore, that we found our onward march brought us apparently no nearer to our beacons. Nay, they seemed actually to get farther off, and the last league was certainly a four-mile one. It was ten o'clock before we reached Leuch, a terribly late hour for these primitive regions. With some difficulty we groped our way to the inn to which we had been recommended. Knock, knock!—no one answers: it must be the wrong house. No: there's the sign over the door. Knock again—*rap, rap, rap!*—not a soul stirs: they are obviously all gone to bed, and we begin to think of looking out for a nice soft stone apiece to officiate as pillow, when "Phil" spies out a house with lights at the windows a little further on. Forward we go: the house turns out to be the *Maison Blanche*, a glorious old place "*tenu par Monsieur Inalbon*," who dares to flatter himself "*d'y procurer à ceux qui l'honoreront de leur présence tout ce qui peut rendre une habitation commode et agréable.*" A fine old *habitation* it is too! with a roof as long as the Birmingham railroad, and as many little winky-looking windows as there are days in the year. Honest Inalbon is a worthy old fellow too as ever wrote out a bill: his fare good, and his charges moderate. If you ever pass through Leuch, gentle reader, don't fail to put up at the *Maison Blanche.* Of course we did not get to bed

each his own victim. Our rifles were already cocked, when suddenly a tremendous *flopping* was heard on our left, and out of a rugged cluster of rocks close at hand rushed a magnificent Eagle of the Alps. We were so much surprised at this sudden apparition that not one of us attempted to draw a trigger, and the superb animal was out of sight, behind a ledge of the rock, before we could recover our presence of mind. The herd of ibexes were as much flabbergastered as ourselves. The sentinel of the troop rushed up to the summit of the rock on which he was stationed: the rest of the herd scampered down the mountain as fast as their legs could carry them. We had scarcely had time to observe these circumstances, when overhead again appeared the lammergeyer in full swoop upon the poor devil of a sentry on the point of the rock. Down he came like a thunderbolt: the ibex set up a squeak just like that of a child, and in another instant the eagle was upon him. Our captain, Xavier, had already signalled us to be quiet and reserve our fire, and we had had self-denial enough to obey him: but now he cried "*Tirez, tirez!*" with all his might, and away went three rifle balls whistling through the air like a flight of birds, while the echoes from a thousand hill sides and rocky nooks repeated the thunder of our volley on every hand. Down went the eagle into the valley below—whether he was flying or dying we could not well say—and away bounded the ibex down the rock on the opposite side to rejoin his fugitive brethren. A narrower escape no poor ibex ever had, for we found on comparing notes that not one of us had levelled at *him*, so great was the ambition that came over all, of killing an eagle. Aquila, then, had had all our attention, and it was under the influence of our "three balls" (always an omincus number) that he was reeling down the mountain side to the gorge below. We were soon off after him, each one feeling sure that it was his ball which had given the fatal blow. Not so easy though, scrambling down unexplored mountains, where every now and then the loose stones slip from under your feet and send you spinning over a slope as steep as a house roof, or a shelf of snow equally steep offers you no more foothold than so much sand, while the edge of said shelf terminates probably in a precipice of five hundred feet deep, down which you must inevitably tumble if you once lose your *grip* on the snow. However, good luck and perseverance at length overcome all obstacles, and we find ourselves after an hour's scramble on the banks of the glacier torrent, with the noble lammergeyer lying at our feet, pierced by three balls.

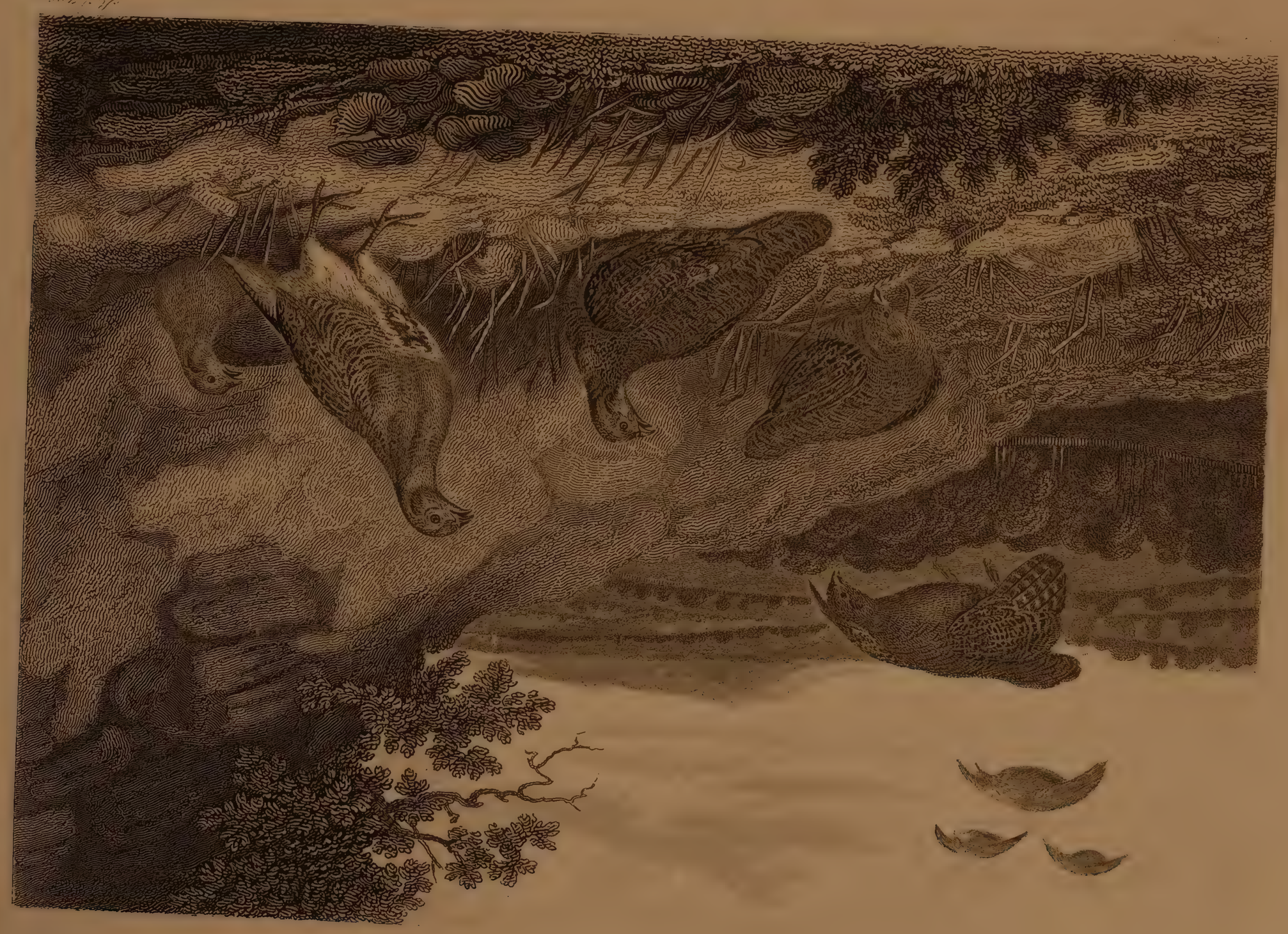
Weren't we proud!

Of course it was impossible for us to ascertain who had given the fatal blow, but we were all content to "divide the crown." Inalbon said it was one of the largest eagles he had ever seen, and the *lovely Maria*, who had never seen one killed before, was in perfect ecstacies. Having arranged our plan of triumphal entry into the neighbouring village of Zwischbergen, we sat down on a rock hard by and turned out our eatables and drinkables, made a most delicious repast, tossed off divers bumpers of kirschwasser and eau-de-vie, drank to our friends in Old England, cracked jokes and told tales of hunting adventures all round, and agreed to renew the campaign against the ibexes to morrow.

What took place on that morrow, and whether we added the spoils of an ibex to those of the lammergeyer, must at present remain a doubt and a mystery.

SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

PARTRIDGES.



MEMORANDA FROM A SHOOTER'S NOTE-BOOK.

The bits and scraps which our title is intended to usher in, are the gleanings of some years, recorded in a note-book upon the instant, or shortly afterwards; and in some instances recorded from the mouth of an old sportsman, though in the majority of cases from my own personal observation. My object is to be practically useful, and though many of my memoranda must appear simple and common-place to the old sportsman, I feel certain there is much in them to repay a perusal by the young.

I. A pointer will often find in September when a setter cannot, owing to the dryness of the ground. Hence it is prudent to hunt them together, for thereby the one will pick up what the other would most probably have missed.

II. No good pheasant-shooting can be had in a deep snow. The pheasants cannot hide, so run on to the outside of the wood where they begin to rise, and are shortly all on the wing. I saw this one day in January, 1837, after the great snow drift, which it will be remembered stopped all the mails throughout the kingdom. We were shooting in a wood where it was expected there were three hundred brace. From sixteen to twenty brace were wanted, and twenty-three pheasants only killed. They ran before the beaters until they had got together at a point of the wood, when they began to fly of their own accord over our heads back again. On any other day, after so driving them, we could have bagged from thirty to forty brace with ease.

III. The scent is always good when the snow is partly melted and the thaw continues.

IV. The first frosty mornings in September are always followed by rain.

V. If the wind is in the south in February and March, and blows fresh about sunrise, rain follows.

VI. In January, when the birds are on the young wheat, tilts, and barley stubbles, you may beat a whole manor with a steady spaniel or a retriever and see no game, for the birds run and rise while you are watching your dog, or looking over your beat. By going over the same ground the next day with a pointer, you will see plenty of game, but the birds will hardly lie to your dog. I have tried both plans, and prefer the latter as affording more chances of killing.

VII. A hare will always be found in a wheat stubble in November, if no cattle have been recently disturbing it.

VIII. A bird which towers and falls at a distance over a hedge or two, is never so far off as it seems to drop.

IX. The steadiest spaniel is of no use in *bare* open fields in November, for partridge and hare shooting. The better plan appears to be to work a steady pointer, which you can keep well in.

X. On very wet tilts a hare will lie where there is a vein of gravel, being the driest part of the field. A hare seldom lies close on tilts.

XI. Pheasants always crow in May and June in a thunder-storm, between the claps. By listening round the woods at this season, one may soon discover whether or not there are many pheasants in the cover.

XII. A friend of mine who has a farm among the woods, had his barley frequently eaten off by the rabbits. Last spring he ran a tarred cord round the field about two feet from the ground, supporting it at every seven yards with a stick. To the cord rags of all colours were tied, some touching the ground, and others hanging mid-way. The rabbits would not face the rags, and never hurt the barley.

XIII. At day-break in September, the coveys generally lie on the barley stubbles, unless the seeds are high and wet underneath, and then they lie upon the wheat.

XIV. On a *very* windy day, birds will always be found in turnips, cole-seed, or gorse, and can with difficulty be driven out.

XV. Pheasants lie on that side of the wood where the stubbles are, in preference to grass fields; and in the high wood before they are driven into the springs.

XVI. Young rabbits leave the burrows most readily after showers, when the evening is gleamy, or after a long drought during a drizzling rain.

XVII. A woodcock generally lies a few yards in the high wood, by the side of the young spring, and when flushed, drops in any open space, rack-way, or riding.

XVIII. Hares lie near towns and villages, especially the latter. An old orchard, stack-yard, garden, or double fence near it, is seldom without one.

XIX. When woodcocks first come over in October, they pitch in spinnies and double quick-lines before they enter the woods. Hence the same spinny, or quick-line in an open country, which has previously afforded a temporary shelter for cocks, will generally contain one.

XX. Never disturb the coveys you intend to begin with on the 1st of September, by breaking dogs to them. It is enough to have seen them once, early in the morning, a week before, to know where to prick for them.

XXI. A sportsman should never be without a knife, a piece of string, and a guinea.

XXII. During a flood in winter, the coveys from the lowlands resort to the hills, and will make the shooting there at such time excellent.—I was out the last day of last season during a flood, and saw more coveys on the hills in one manor, beneath which a valley lay under water, than I saw on the 1st of September.

XXIII. Pheasants will not always rise to steady spaniels, when the wood is large and the pheasants thin. In such a case it is advisable to get a couple that run hares and rabbits, and open well, which will have the effect of springing the pheasants which run before the steady dogs and get away.

XXIV. Cock-pheasants never rise well until afternoon, which makes the first three hours in the best preserves slow work.

XXV. A covey lost in September is not far off, but lies close and has been over-run. Another reason for beating close and not rambling far the first few days of the season.

GROUSE SHOOTING.

PARTERIDGES.

XXVI. Often, when feeding a puppy, fire your gun, which will ensure his not running off in the field. Many a well-bred dog has been spoiled by neglect of this caution.

XXVII. Destroy every head of vermin in your power; whether hawk, kite, weasel, stoat, magpie, carrion-crow, and pole-cat; for if each of these kill only one head of game a week, it kills fifty-two head in a year, and prevents the breeding of several hundreds, at the most moderate calculation.

XXVIII. If a covey lies so near a river as to cross it, and thereby baulk the sportsmen on that beat, instead of giving it up as unapproachable, bring a boat to the place, and follow the birds. I have done so more than once, and had good sport. In December, 1835, I followed thirteen birds, and got nine of them amongst the osier holts on the south side of the Nene.

XXIX. Where wild fowl alight at night, they will be found at day-break. Shortly after which, they leave for the decoys, or high lands.

XXX. Pheasants must have water, and if there is a pond in a wood they will visit it about two o'clock in an afternoon. About that hour also, they leave the woods, and get out upon their feed. A potato field near, or adjoining to a wood, is certain to hold a pheasant at this time of the day.

XXXI. Colonel Hawker says the best gun is a thirteen gauge, and I believe him to be right.

N. W.

MEMOIR OF ROBERT HUNNUM.

MANY YEARS WHIPPER IN TO RALPH LAMBTON, ESQ.

Mr. Beckford, in his "Thoughts on Hunting," says, "he always thought a huntsman a happy man; his office is pleasing, and at the same time flattering: we pay him for what diverts him, and he is enriched by his greatest pleasure (he here alludes to cap-money in the field, much in fashion in his days); nor is a general, after a victory, more proud than is a huntsman who returns with his fox's head." Startling, however, as it may appear, this celebrated sportsman, in a subsequent page, as well as in an antecedent one, places the services of a whipper-in before that of a huntsman, and decidedly so in his own country, in which riot abounded to a great extent. And he thus explains himself:—"My meaning is this; that I think I should have better sport, and kill more foxes, with a moderate huntsman, and an excellent whipper-in, than with the best of huntsmen, without such an assistant." Indeed, in one or two parts of his excellent work, he speaks rather slightingly of huntsmen, —of "famous huntsmen," as he terms them, especially, with whom he wishes to have nothing to do, unless it necessarily follows that they have famous hounds. He also accuses huntsmen of being jealous of their whipper's-in when they show talent, lest they might supplant them in the opinion of their master, and consequently in their office, as has been the case in some instances, to my knowledge. Then Mr. Beckford's epitome of the qualities of a good whipper-in, when only one is in the field, strengthens his opinion of his service-ableness. He says of him that he should be "Mungo here, Mungo there, and Mungo every where."

I confess I have an equally high opinion with this eminent sportsman, of the services of whippers-in. The keeping a pack steady, *and together*, depends entirely upon them; and in the other duties which they have to perform, such as stopping hounds at one time, and getting them forward at another, head piece is constantly put to the test. Nevertheless, it too often happens, that, unless one of this craft is a second Jack Stevens, or a Hugh Burn, considered *beau-ideals* in their line, they are not sufficiently appreciated, and the merit is almost all bestowed upon the huntsman. But, I may here ask, what would Slack (Lord Lonsdale's huntsman) have been, for some years of his life, had there been no Jack Lambert (his first whipper-in, and who afterwards was huntsman) to assist him? or Green, when he hunted the late Lord Foley's pack, had there been no Dick Foster in the establish-ment? I repeat that the steadiness or unsteadiness of hounds depends on whippers-in, and every sportsman knows the necessity of their being steady. When otherwise, they are half tired before the fox is found, and are not to be depended upon afterwards.

from

ROBERT HUNNUM,

Huntsman to the Cobbler Club, Limerton.

This Plate is respectfully inscribed by the Proprietors.

Highly as I appreciated the merits of Jack Stevens, or Hugh Burn—the latter, first whip to the Duke of Buccleuch, when I was in the North, and a great artist in my eyes, I must place the subject of this memoir on a par with either of them, and as far as I am able to give it, the following is his pedigree and his history.

Robert Hunnum—a funny name, I admit, but, as Shakespeare says, "*What's in a name?*" is the son of Fenwick Hunnum, nearly forty years boiler, or feeder, to Mr. Ralph Lambton's hounds; and of whom I spoke in my "Northern Tour," at the same time lamenting that I could procure few wrinkles from his Northern tongue, which I was not able to understand. It appears that he, the aforesaid Robert Hunnum, entered Mr. Lambton's service at the early age of fourteen, we may venture to conclude as a straw-driver.* Having discovered that he had some brains in his head, and a good use of his hands, he was soon afterwards appointed to the office of riding his master's second horse in the field, and as he also was the bearer of his great coat, strapped to his back, he acquired the *soubriquet* of "Mr. Lambton's great coat," for which he was indebted to a certain French nobleman, who was at that time a good deal in the country. But here, I may be allowed to say, there *was* something in a name,—something ominous of future fame. A Frenchman knows nothing of a great coat, with him it is the *surtout*, which, being interpreted, signifies *above all* or *over all*. Now certainly *Bob* Hunnum—no whipper-in is ever honoured with a two-syllabled christian name, if it is possible to contract it,—soon got "above all" his brother straw-drivers in the stable, by being promoted to the office of second whip in due time; and were I justified in carrying the joke further, I might say, that *surtout* was his motto through life; for, when following hounds, he certainly went at or *over all* things that came in his way. But to his history in after life.

Bob Hunnum commenced his career as second whipper-in, under John Winter, and was promoted to the office of first whip, when the said John Winter became huntsman. He had under him, as second whip, during this period, which extended to twenty-three years, Tom Rose, brother to the Duke of Grafton's late huntsman—consequently son of the renowned Tom, who went from Mr. Lambton to the royal kennel, when Lord Maryborough had the buckhounds; also Tom Davies, who died, and Jem Rawes, a very neat horseman who came from Lord Kintore, and who also died; not in Mr. Lambton's service, but from a cold caught by sleeping in a damp bed, after having been a performer in one of those abominations of the land, called steeple-chases.

As may be supposed, the chance of supplanting Bob Hunnum, unless he broke his neck, was out of the question; for, not only was he as near perfection as possible in his calling, but he was also a great favourite with his master, as well as with all those who hunted with his hounds.

I did not consider Bob a Jack Stevens in his saddle; on the contrary, there was an

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* Helpers in hunting stables are called straw-drivers, by reason of their rubbing horses' legs with straw.

awkwardness,—a sort of washball unsteadiness,—in his seat, that was quite destructive of *effect*. But a bolder horseman no man need be, who wishes to be with hounds, and at cramped places he showed that his wash-ball seat had little to do with his hand. He could put his horse "in and out, clever," at a nasty, double place, equally well with the great Mr. Lindow himself, to whom those words very properly apply; and as to his game, I produced one rather confirmatory proof in my account of him, in my Yorkshire Tour. Whilst his horse was floundering upon his head in a newly-stoned road, into which he had landed him, over some high and stiff rails, although, from the concussion, he was unable to keep his legs—*and this merely to turn some hounds*, he never ceased repeating his rate of "get away hounds," whilst nine hundred and ninety-nine persons in a thousand would have been thinking of a fractured skull. In fact, he was only hanging to his horse, by his spurs, whilst in this fearful condition. On two other occasions, his pluck was equally displayed. One of his hands was most severely bruised by a large stone falling upon it, while in the act of throwing down a wall; when, contrary to the request of all present, he persisted in following the hounds, after merely binding up the wound. Again, in 1832, his horse fell, treading on his chest and foot, almost cutting the shape of a horse-shoe out of his coat! Bob made light of it, and went on; but he was obliged to have recourse to the doctor, after this mishap. I should have liked to have heard his own description of it; I make no doubt it would have strongly resembled that of Bob Williams (the Duke of Cleveland's favourite whipper-in) to me, when describing his being *scalped* by a kick of a horse, who gave him a fall at the first fence after the fox was found, ending with an expression of *surprise* that he should have fainted from loss of blood! But there are scores of such instances of pluck and enthusiasm in servants following hounds. Jack Stevens, when whipper-in to Mr. Osbaldeston, burst a blood vessel one week, and earnestly requested he might go out with the hounds the next; and the readers of my Yorkshire Tour may recollect the Duke of Cleveland's first whip telling his grace on the Monday, after having had an awful fall on the Saturday, that he *hoped* to be ready for Wednesday, notwithstanding he was at that moment almost delirious, from pain. Neither will my readers forget his questions to his noble master on his appearing at his bed side:—"Does Gleaner feed? and how are Lightning's eyes?"

The character of Bob Hunnum is well summed up in a few words, in a short article written some time ago, and printed in the twenty-fifth number of the New Sporting Magazine. "For hardiness of constitution," says the writer, "attachment to fox-hunting, knowledge of his business, civility, activity, and shrewdness, we know not his equal any where." And of his other accomplishments his biographer thus speaks, confirming what I have said of him in the saddle. "As a horseman, his seat is inferior to his hand and nerve; nevertheless, he makes a capital fight of it across country, and is one of the worst men in existence to follow, for he hops in and out, and over the awkwardest places, without disturbing a twig, or making the least opening for those that come after." This reminds me of a circumstance that occurred on my short visit to Mr. Lambton, on my return from my Northern Tour, when I had one day with his hounds. I rode one of Bob's horses, and

STOLE AWAY.

THE LAMBTON HOUNDS AT FEEDING-TIME,

To Ralph Peter Lambton Esqr.

This plate is dedicated by the Painter

this was the character given of him by John Winter. "You need not fear him at any fence; for if he cant leap it, he'll *wade through it;*" and such I found to be the case.

The last time I saw Bob Hunnum (and it was in the short visit I have been alluding to), I saw him to great advantage. When riding with Mr. Lambton, from Merton House to the kennel in Lambton Park, to see the hounds fed, we met him in full costume. He was seated on a pair of panniers, on the back of a miserable-looking old pony,—it might have been a dog-horse, from its appearance, and I think if pony, panniers, and Bob's entire garments had been put up for sale, thirty shillings would have been the highest sum offered for the lot. But the panniers contained what money would scarcely have procured. They contained six couples of puppies, of the best blood in the kennel, about to be placed out at walks.

Priam, for the race course, however, was not better bred than Bob Hunnum, for a whipper-in. As has been already observed, he is the son of Fenwick Hunnum, boiler in the Lambton kennel for nearly forty years, but who or what the dam of him was, I am not able to say. As a good man in the kennel, perhaps, his sire, Fenwick, has not been surpassed; and amongst his other virtues, that of kindness to his hounds was one of the most conspicuous. Mr. Beckford tells his friend, with whom he is supposed to correspond in his "Thoughts," that he "*has been told* that in one kennel in particular, the hounds are under such excellent command, that they are constantly fed with the door of the feeding-yard door open; and the rough nature of the fox-hound is changed into so much politeness, that he waits at the door till he is invited in; and what perhaps is not less extraordinary, he comes out again, whether he is satisfied or not, the moment he is desired,—the effect of severe discipline." All this is now to be seen in well regulated kennels; but what would Mr. Beckford have thought, had he seen Fenwick Hunnum, who used no severe discipline, merely singing out,—with an audible voice certainly, "*bitches divide,*" when every bitch quitted her station, and separated from the dogs? Neither has Fenwick been denied the honour of having his name and *phis* handed down to after ages. His portrait appears in the large picture, in which the master of the pack is the principal figure in the group, and which was exhibited in the Suffolk Street Gallery,—the said Fenwick having been particularly desirous that he might be pourtrayed in his official capacity of boiler and feeder, or more properly speaking, kennel huntsman to Mr. Ralph Lambton's hounds.

Strange to say, none of these excellent servants accompanied the hounds into Leicestershire, when sold to Lord Suffield, and after witnessing their performance in that country, and hearing all that was said of them, I hazarded the opinion, that their not having done so was a disadvantage to them. They certainly did not answer the high expectations entertained of them over the fine grass grounds of the Quorn country; but when they returned to the plough and stubbles of Northumberland, they showed what I have been told, on good authority, was the best sport of the season, south or north of Tweed. It is however proper to observe, that the same man (Treadwell), who hunted them in Leicestershire, performed that office, and continued to perform it, in Northumberland.

Robert Hunnum, for now we must sink the *Bob*, is at present huntsman to Sir

Matthew White Ridley, having gone to him when the Lambton hounds were sold; and I am given to understand he has proved himself worthy of his station in that gentleman's first-rate establishment, in Northumberland—for such is it represented to me to be. His father, also,—the renowned Fenwick Hunnum, is kennel-huntsman to Sir Matthew, and must be a most valuable acquisition to him as a young master of hounds.

Thomas Harrison, also, who commenced as second whipper-in with Mr. Lambton, in 1824, and remained as such till the hounds were sold, whips-in to Robert Hunnum, and the following description of him was a short time since given to me, by a friend who is well able to appreciate him:—"I do not much like," says he, "to extoll the virtues of a hunt servant publicly; it may have the effect of increasing, or causing self-sufficiency; but if I was called upon to name the best, quickest, and quietest man, I have yet had the luck to see, in the keeping outside of hounds, and putting them where they are wanted on all sorts of ground, I should select Thomas Harrison. He whipped in, when a boy, to the Cleveland hounds, in a rough and difficult country, which has probably rendered others comparatively easy to him."

My friend also thus spoke of the worthy and respected master under whom the above servants rose to eminence:—"Mr. Lambton," said he, "is as well as he has ever been since his last fall, which happened five years ago. Though unable to use his limbs, his head and heart are as sound as ever; and when his friends witness the fortitude and manly resignation with which he bears his present sad visitation, the regard entertained for him when in full health, rises to the highest respect and admiration."

NIMROD.

THE BOAR & THE SEMI-NYMPH.

Vide Ovid. Met. Lib. 8.

SAXON SPORTS.

The old hall at Yagerschloss bears ample testimony to the skill and prowess of its worthy possessors, for all around it are ranged trophies of the chase. The huge branching antlers of the stag, the broad shaggy skins of the bear and of the voracious wolf, the sharp tusks of the wild boar—the rapacious lammergeyer with outspread wings, measuring full thirteen feet from point to point, and innumerable other specimens, all selected as the finest of their kind, convey an accurate knowledge of the endless variety of wild inhabitants of the surrounding country. My late uncle, too, Wilhelm von Engelhorn, one of the heroes of the seven years' war, was a great connoisseur in arms. His collection of armour and weapons of all kinds was ranged on the walls in various devices of stars and shields amidst the trophies of the chase; and I have nowhere since seen so curious a collection of spears, cross-bows, arquebuses, coats of mail, helmets, &c., &c. Indeed, I often call to mind the degree of superstitious awe with which, when on a visit there in my boyish days, I occasionally after dusk traversed the ancient hall; and the *double quick* time in which I used to glide by certain most formidable stuffed monsters of the forest, not to mention the trepidation caused by the rattling of the old armour, as the keen winter blast burst through the huge old portal.

It was in this grotesquely ornamented hall, when all were clustered around the blazing fire, and enjoying the social glass, in company with his inseparable companion of the chase, the Graf von Wolfenbuttel, with his favourite dog stretched luxuriously before the fire, and pillowing his shaggy head on my uncle's foot, that he loved to recount his most memorable adventures.

"Ah! there, Wolfenbuttel," he would say, "saw you ever such a tusk as that?" at the same time taking down a most enormous boar's tusk which hung by a silver chain over the chimney-piece. Then, as if inspired by the sight with the remembrance of every incident of the chase, he related his adventure, as near as I can recollect, in the following words:—

"It is now two and forty years since that glorious day's chase, when I had the good fortune to bring home this trophy of my early success. The Graf von S——, on whose estate in Saxony the boar was killed, possesses the fellow-tusk, and well did the boar deserve the name he had acquired, of *Kaiser*, for he was of imperial size. He had, till then, baffled the ablest huntsmen, and gored some of the best bred sau-packers in all Saxony. At length it was determined to put an end to his career, and I was invited, with several of my friends, to go over to the Graf's chateau. I took my two best dogs, Schwarz and Blitzen, and my little pet sau-finder, that you see stuffed there.

"As the journey by land would have tired my horses and dogs, and thereby ruined

my chance of carrying off the trophy of the day's sport, I embarked them on the Moldau, and descended that river and the Elbe till we reached Schardau, which was fixed on as the rendezvous. Never was a spot so crowded with sportsmen, and a jolly time we spent till the day appointed for the hunt. We amused ourselves like true German brethren, with every variety of sport and exercise—leaping, wrestling, swimming across the Elbe, through the most rapid current, firing at the target—aye, Wolfenbuttel, 'you may well cast your eyes at my Kuckenreuter, there is not such a rifle in all Germany.' When the day did come, it would have done your heart good to see the gallant display of horsemen, armed for the chase. Every one resolving that he, and none other, should be the conqueror. The boar was known to haunt the eastern side of the dense forest which girds those extraordinary rocky mountains on the borders of Saxony and Bohemia. The rocks here rise in perpendicular walls to an enormous height, and the woods around them are so close and impervious, that it is next to impossible to find a way through them, unless guided by men bred up in that country. We had, therefore, one of them attached to our party. Whilst the huntsmen proceeded along the skirts of the forest with the sau-finders, to beat up the dense underwoods growing around the base of the rocks, we rode round to the opposite side, where it was probable the boar would emerge. Here we waited a long time in anxious suspense for the huntsman's signal bugle. Now and then the stag and the roe would bound out into the plain, and make for the next adjoining forest, but we were not to be led away by these tempting baits, and though on any other occasion we should have thought them well worthy a chase, yet the great Kaiser now engrossed all our ambition. Whilst waiting in this manner,

'Both with spear, 'byll,' and brande:
Yt was a myghti sight to se,
Hardyer men both off hart nor hande
Wear not in Christiante,'*

spear in hand, and comparing each other's arms, which were of various kinds, but chiefly the short broad-headed spear, the clear note of the bugle was at length heard;—the whole party seemed electrified—even the horses and dogs seemed conscious of some unusual excitement, and trusting to my own sagacity for striking into the path of the game, I broke away at speed down a narrow avenue leading into the forest, Schwarz and Blitzen were at my side, and I felt a presentiment that I should certainly either slay the boar myself, or be killed in attacking him. I had not ridden long in this way, when my brave dogs broke from me, and plunged into the thickest part of the forest. I soon discovered the track; and, from the large sprawling impressions of the cloven feet, was convinced that Kaiser was really of matchless size. This only made me the more eager. I rode in after them, and regardless of blows and bruises from the overhanging branches, somehow or other made my way through. We soon came to a small clear space in the forest, and here a scene of momentary conflict, between my dogs and the boar, took place, for it was actually Kaiser that

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* Old Ballad, "Huntis of Chevet."

they had met, and brought to bay. Several other dogs now came up, and the boar was to all appearance overwhelmed with them, but with prodigious strength and fury he hurled them off right and left—three were killed on the spot, and to my inexpressible grief, my noble dog, Blitzen, was gored by the monster's huge tusks. The boar had no sooner cleared a space for an instant, than he bounded off with astonishing speed, and I now rode harder than before, resolved to avenge the death of my favourite dog. We rode hard for full two hours, and most of the sportsmen gave up the chase as hopeless, declaring Kaiser invincible, as he had hitherto been. This unusually long run was a proof of the noble quality of the boar; for it is very rare for one of them that has attained so large a growth, to keep at full speed for such a length of time: the younger animals generally affording the hardest chase.

"Only three of the sau-packers now continued the chase, and I was proud to find that my own dog, Schwarz, took the lead. At length, having the start by a few hundred yards, of my companions, I saw the boar begin to slacken his pace, and occasionally turn to aim a side blow at the dogs, and again went on as before, till he reached the foot of the Klein Winterberg. Here, beneath a gnarled and spreading oak, the savage animal, jaded and weary with so long a run, turned upon his pursuers to make his last defence. Schwarz was now the only dog that had kept close upon him, and boldly flew at his throat. I sprang instantly from my horse, and found myself in presence of the most formidable antagonist I had ever engaged. Bristling with rage, and all his strength rekindled, a lion could hardly be more terrific. No time was to be lost, I couched my short spear, and should have killed the boar with the first lunge, had he not, just as I made my thrust, by a sudden effort thrown Schwarz off, and in this manner my spear only grazed his shoulder. I fell with the exertion directly forward, almost beneath the boar's feet, and he would certainly have gored me to death, but my pet sau-finder just at that instant came up, and seizing him by the leg, drew off his attention, this gave me time to draw my *couteau de chasse*, when, with a well-aimed thrust, I ended the career of Kaiser.

"Ah, Wolfenbuttel, you should have seen the noble beast as he lay stretched beneath that oak. The whole of those who had continued the chase, now soon collected around. All were amazed at his broad and sinewy limbs, and every one was anxious to bear away some memorial of the day's sport. The Graf Von S. declared the tusks to be mine, by right of conquest. This which you see I accepted, and I returned the other to the Graf, thus sealing a compact of friendship, which has lasted ever since between us."

Such was my uncle's narrative of his hazardous exploit. I have myself seen some of the best boar hunts in Germany, but have never yet seen tusks equal to that at my uncle's chateau. What became of it when Yagerchloss was sacked and burnt I know not, but probably it has found its way into some cabinet of natural history.

ALBERT ENGELHORN.

GREYHOUND AND WHELPS.

WHAT can be said about the Greyhound that is not already known? What of the beauty and gracefulness of its form, that has not been again and again repeated? Or what of its speed that is not sufficiently commemorated in the wonderful feats of Czarina, Major, and Snowball?

The handsomest whelps do not, however, in general turn out the handsomest and swiftest dogs. The following were the rules formerly observed in their choice:—

In choosing a whelp, the choice was governed by the weight, and that which was the lightest, it was supposed, would prove the nimblest and best. The raw-boned, lean, loose-made, and unseemly whelps, grew up well-shaped dogs; whereas those that, after three or four months appeared round, close trussed, and well built in every part, were not worth the rearing, seldom proving swift or comely. It was also an observation formerly, that *bitches* were commonly more *speedy* than dogs.

The time to first try and train them to their game was at twelve months old; and there is little variation in this respect at the present day.

At two years old the greyhound is full grown; and the choice of one at that age was to be directed by his having a fine skin, with soft thin hair; a long lean head, with a nose sharp from the eye downwards; a full clear eye, with large eyelids; little ears; a long neck bending like a drake, with a loose hanging weasand; broad breast; his body neither too long nor too great; a back straight and square, having a rising in the middle; a small belly, broad shoulders; round ribs, with a long space between his hips; a strong stern, a round foot with large clefts, and his fore-legs straighter than his hinder.

These directions were more briefly comprised in the following rhymes, well known to every courser:—

Head like a snake,
Neck'd like a drake,
Back'd like a beam,
Sided like a bream,
Tailed like a rat,
And footed like a cat.

GREYHOUND AND WHELPS.

JOHN WINTER,

Late Huntsman to the Right Hon.ble John Lambton Esq.r of Durham.

JOHN WINTER,

LATE HUNTSMAN TO RALPH LAMBTON, ESQ., OF MERTON HOUSE, DURHAM.

This is not the first time that I have been called upon to commemorate the character and performances of a huntsman; neither will I in the present instance omit what I have already done, in calling the attention of my brother sportsmen to the peculiar situation of this class of servants, as also of their subordinates,—whippers-in. I allude to the dangerous nature of their calling, and the total want of any certain provision for their families or themselves, when they may either lose their lives, or be disabled by accidents in following their hounds which they are obliged to do at all hazards; and of those who have been either killed or disabled, I have rather a considerable list in my possession. I have always been of opinion that there should be a general fund, after the manner of the Benevolent Whip Club fund, for the benefit of servants belonging to hounds, whose situation may require temporary or permanent relief. Very trifling contributions from each of our hunts would be sufficient for this benevolent purpose. But to my subject,—the late huntsman to the Lambton hounds, with a few particulars of that celebrated pack.

Mr. William Lambton, brother to Mr. Ralph, who had served an apprenticeship in Leicestershire, in the great Meynell's day, was the first owner of what are called the Lambton hounds, but his career was cut short by death. His pack was purchased in 1793, of the Lord Talbot of those days, who hunted a part of Staffordshire, afterwards hunted by the Sir Edward Littleton of that day, with whom the celebrated John Lockley used to boast, and with truth, of having enjoyed a good run in the morning, previously to his meeting Lord Stamford's hounds on the other side of the county, on the same day. The pack consisted of thirty couples of old, with about the same number of young hounds, and the purchase money was five hundred pounds. From this stock, however, it may fairly be concluded the renowned Lambton pack sprang, and which, by the judgment and experience of their late owner, Mr. Ralph Lambton, realised when sold, very nearly as many thousands, as their progenitors cost hundreds.*

The first huntsman to the Lambton hounds was James Shelley, who hunted them when Lord Talbot's, with George Deane for his first whip, formerly in the service of George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales,—and the well known Dick Norman, whose brother I knew, when he rode the late Mr. Loraine Smith's second horse, in Leicestershire, and who afterwards performed that office for Mr. Ralph Lambton, for his second. Who succeeded Shelley

* The price given by Lord Suffield was 4,500 guineas. I have reason to believe that Lord Talbot's blood, and Lord Stamford's were a good deal mixed. Of the latter, Mr. Beckford, in his Thoughts on Hunting, speaks favourably.

as huntsman to the Lambton hounds, I am not able to say, but as by the short memoir given of John Winter in the New Sporting Magazine for 1833, it appears he had been forty-six years in Mr. Ralph Lambton's service, having entered it in his thirteenth year, we may conclude that he proceeded regularly in his degrees from second horseman, first and second whipper-in, to the more honourable situation of huntsman, in which I found him on my return from my Northern Tour, his worthy master feeling himself at that time, from his various bad falls, unequal to fill it himself, as he had done for a long series of years.

As may be supposed, John Winter was born in Durham, and is the son of one Sandy Winter, whose life had been passed in the service of the Lambton family, celebrated for the lengthened services of their domestics. At what period he commenced as *second* whip to Mr. Ralph Lambton, I am unable to say, but it was when Dick Norman relinquished that situation in the establishment, whenever that might have been. He was promoted to the office of *first* whip, in consequence of George Deane (of whom I have spoken, as having come from Lord Talbot with the hounds), being accidentally drowned in crossing the river Wear; and his (Winter's) place was filled up by a man of the name of Emmet, commonly called "one-eyed Jack." It was however in the season of 1825, in which Mr. Ralph Lambton met with his first serious accident, by his horse falling at a fence, and himself alighting on his head, from the consequences of which it was doubtful whether he would ever be able to take the field again, still less act as huntsman to his hounds—that he first took the command of the pack, in the field. In this proud situation, however, did he continue, until the season of 1827, when the pluck of his worthy master, backed by a naturally good constitution, pulled him through, and he again took the command, assisted of course by John Winter; and it is worthy of record, that in the season of that and the following year, his hounds showed some of the most remarkable sport,—in the Sedgefield country especially, that ever took place within the recollection of the oldest members of the hunt. In January 1829, Mr. Lambton experienced another bad fall, obliging him once more to resign his post, and Winter again became huntsman, remaining as such until the pack was purchased by Lord Suffield; although on the recovery of Mr. Lambton, he was again ably assisted by him, as was the case in that justly celebrated run from Long Newton, in the Sedgefield country (recorded by me in my Yorkshire Tour), of which, only sixteen, of one hundred and fifty well-mounted horsemen, saw the finish, but of which number I had the good fortune to make one.

That Winter, educated as it were by so clever and experienced a sportsman as Mr. Ralph Lambton, should have failed to arrive at a certain degree of excellence, is scarcely credible—disproved, indeed, by the fact of his remaining in his service so long as he did; for, had he not shown some talent, assuredly so quick-sighted a master would not have been troubled with him for such a lengthened period as that to which his services extended. I have good reason to believe him to be a sportsman of more than average acquirements, although, as a huntsman, there is one department in his calling by which, as he was but little concerned with it, we are unable to test his talent as a perfect master of his art. I allude to the breeding of hounds, which, in the Lambton kennel was almost exclusively attended to by the master of the pack, although we may naturally suppose he disregarded not the *practical* remarks of so experienced a servant as John Winter.

After what I have just said of him, were I to pronounce John Winter a first-rate artist in his line, I might overstep the bounds of truth. There was, to my eye, scarcely enough of the *vivida vis animi* in his temperament, to enable him to arrive at perfection; rather was there something inducing one to believe, that, in any active station in life, he would be content with being considered as a second class man. As a servant, however, he was invaluable to Mr. Lambton; for not only did he perform his duties in the field to his satisfaction, but he had the entire superintendence of the stud, which I stated in my Yorkshire Tour to have been in excellent condition, and their number may be guessed at, by the fact of five hunters being in the field on each day, and the fixtures never less than four, often five in each week.

Then there was another duty not often imposed upon John Winter, one in which much judgment is called into play, I allude to the feeding of his hounds, which was generally performed by Mr. Lambton—in the season always; and it was on his return from performing this office that he met with the second serious accident, which so nearly cost him his life, by his hack falling with him on the road, and his being again pitched on his head. Neither must I here omit the peculiarity of Mr. Lambton's system of feeding hounds, to which I am unable to find a parallel, although Mr. Nicoll in the April month, in the New Forest, approached the nearest to it. *The Lambton hounds ate no flesh on the days preceding their hunting, at any period of the season*, their owner being of opinion, that their noses were better for abstaining from it; and who can dispute authority, based on experience of full forty years? That their being thus denied flesh did not detract from their stoutness, I was myself a witness, for if ever the condition of hounds was put to the test, and not found wanting, it was at the finish of the Long Newton run, of which I have already spoken. After these hounds had been running (they changed their fox at the end of the first hour) over a deep and severe country, with a good deal of plough, and still more fencing, for two hours, save seven minutes, they carried such a head for the two last miles of the chase, as is not often surpassed in a ten minutes burst, with a burning scent, and a fresh fox; and I shall never forget the pace they ran, up hill, over a large field, which led to the gorse in which their fox died. Indeed I gave it as my opinion, that, on this day, they showed that their condition was too good for nine horses out of ten that started with them. But, as I once before observed, if such men as the late Duke of Cleveland, and Mr. Ralph Lambton, had not learned their trade, there is no longer truth in the proverb, that wisdom is the child of experience. That Mr. Lambton arrived at excellence as a master of hounds and a huntsman is established by the fact of his having had the offer of the celebrated countries of the Quorn, the Belvoir, and the Burton, in the course of his long career. It appears that he commenced hunting his own hounds in the year 1809, on the death of Shelley, who came with the original pack from Staffordshire, continuing to hunt them, without intermission, up to that of 1825, with John Winter first whip for the greater part of the time; taking to them again when recovered from his first fall; and from this period, to their being sold, the duty may be said to have been divided between himself and John Winter.

As regards a huntsman, and his performance, country has a good deal to do with success. Strange to say, it being contrary to general experience, notwithstanding the land

in the county of Durham is, for the most part very inferior in quality, so much so indeed, that if left to clothe itself, scarcely any description of stock, not pressed by hunger, will eat the herbage it produces,—it is generally favourable to scent. It struck me that what is called the Sedgefield country,—allowing it this merit—is favourable to hounds in their work, and also to the men who have the handling of them in the field, inasmuch as there is very little woodland, no hills to climb, enabling them to run away from the horses; and, from the inferior nature of the soil no impracticable bull-fences—added to which, the enclosures are of fair size, not large enough to render the casting of hounds, when at fault, difficult as is the case in the swell grass countries, in which huntsmen are often so puzzled, when the scent fails in the centre of an eighty-acre piece.

The skill of the artist has been judiciously called into operation in illustrating various characters belonging to the Lambton hounds. The celebrated picture by Warde, from which an excellent engraving was published, of the master of them, on his favourite horse, Undertaker, in the act of calling his hounds out of cover, is too well known to require another word respecting it. Even an earth-stopper—old Nathaniel, is handed down to fame by the artist's brush, as well as Fenwick, the feeder. Of course John Winter "smiles upon canvass," to use the words of Mr. Warde, when speaking of his own portrait, and an admirable likeness of him appears opposite, by Scott, from a painting by Ferneley, of Melton Mowbray; and independently of its being a good representation of the man, it is still more so of the huntsman whose character and calling are hit off to a T. He is capitally mounted, on a horse bred by his master, fit for any country, or any pace; has two couples of hounds in the front of him, endeavouring to attract his notice, whilst, by the turn of his head, his eye appears directed towards a cover in the distance, in which he thinks to find his fox.

As may be imagined, John Winter is now enjoying the fruits of long and faithful servitude, although still in the employment of Mr. Lambton, as a superintendent of things about home. Long may he continue to enjoy himself in this comparative state of ease which should be the reward of all servants who have long and faithfully discharged their duties towards their masters. It is only to be regretted that there is no talismanic power by which himself and his master can be restored to youth and health, and thus afford the sportsmen of Durham a second edition of that gratification in the field, as well as in the social hour, which their combined exertions produced for such a lengthened period of their lives. This being a hopeless case, it is pleasing to reflect, that when their race is run, honours have been paid to their memory.

NIMROD.

PERCH.

THE PERCH.

"He tries the deep, the shoal, the stream,
Where'er of prey hope gives a gleam,
Where lurk the nations of the Perch
No hole escapes the angler's search.
His joy the diving quill."—OLD SONG.

WHAT the trout is to the north country angler, we midlanders consider the perch to us—the crack fish of the stream, and we feel as much pride when returning home at eve, through the new shorn meadows that stretch along the margin of our loved Nene, our panier well filled with the spoils of a good day's perch fishing, as ever does the fly-fisher when bending under the weight of a well-filled creel, he wends his homeward path at night across the barren moor, through which runs his favourite burn. Both fish stand high on the list, both afford excellent sport, and we scarcely know to which we give the preference, when served up at the frugal, but well relished meal, at the close of the angler's day.

The habits of the perch must be familiar to every angler, from the little urchin whose hazel rod, and horse-hair line are held in his simple eye in as high esteem as the best tackle that Crooked Lane can turn out to the more finished, but not a bit more enthusiastic fisherman. Scarcely a stream is without the perch, and no one fish is more generally distributed. If we want a dish of perch, we either repair to the old water mill (the monotonous hum of whose wheel is scarcely ever still, "from morn till dewy eve, and morn again,") and if the water is still, we are safe for a catch in the mill tail. We are sure of a brace or more on the gravelly ford opposite the old church; the tall wooden bridge that heads over the back brook is a favourite haunt, and the deep still hole at the corner of the reed bed, where the dark water and rippling eddy mark the depth and strength of the current, has furnished us with many a dozen both of chub and heavy perch. Each and all have we tried at times, and never has it been our lot to bring back an empty creel.

A description of the fish would be superfluous. Suffice it to say both in or out of the water, in beauty (we were going to say of *plumage*) it scarcely yields to any fish that swims. And such of our readers who know it not, have but to turn their eyes to the engraving, and it will require but a slight stretch of imagination to fancy the dying perch just landed on the bank of the stream, like the dolphin, the beautiful and varied hue of its scales, more and more resplendent as life fades away.

It is strictly a gregarious fish, and wherever one is caught the angler always looks for more. It spawns early in the spring, is as prolific as most others of the race, and as far as our own observation leads us, is a fish of slow growth, after having attained about one pound weight. The perch is rarely taken above 3lb. weight, we have heard of a five pound perch, but we never had the luck to catch cne above three pounds and a half. They grow

much faster and firmer in swift running streams, than in ponds, and being of a roving, voracious disposition, wander about from place to place in search of food, and are sure to frequent gravels and shoals, to which the small fry of the river resort. In *our* river they are generally taken from half a pound to a pound and a half, and a perch of a pound is looked upon as a prize by the Midland angler.

The season for perch-fishing, strictly speaking, begins as soon as they have done spawning, and lasts till about October, we however never begin perch fishing till the end of June, and our season closes about the end of September, when roach and dace come in. Various are the baits used, various are the kinds of tackle adopted, and various are the instructions laid down for catching the perch;—our method is this, our rod is of white hickory, three jointed, fourteen foot long; our landing net is on a bamboo stock, and in this we carry a couple of spare tops,—a reel and spike in the end of the but are indispensables. Our bottom line on the reel, is from fifteen to twenty yards long, no matter what the material, and our gut bottom, four feet, is made of the cleanest and roundest salmon gut, with one small swivel to fix it on to the line. If we use a float (and in fishing with a live bait it is the best), we prefer a *long* cork one (not round), colour, green and white, and of course our shotting depends upon the weight of the float. Our hook, No. 5, *Limerick* bend,—if fishing with a worm two sizes smaller, but *always* tied on gut. The minnow, stone, loach, and gudgeon are equally good for baits, we *rather* prefer the minnow, as the other two are apt to be sulky. Always give time enough before you strike, as a pricked fish often scares the shoal. If we fish with a worm we never use a float, and take it altogether, this is the most destructive mode of angling; by raising and sinking the bait all depths are fished, and whether for the trout or the perch, if we want a creel full, and the colour of the water suits, give us a worm. The brandling and the common gravel worm are both good,—to scour them put them in a pipkin, sprinkle with a little salt, wash them clean, and then put them in a pot with damp moss, in a few days they will be fit for use. The general rules of angling are applicable to perch, as well as other fishing, and if the wind be right, and the day cloudy, we will always back ourselves to fill our basket,—we are very particular as to our tackle, and although none of our friends can accuse us of *over fastidiousness,* yet we certainly do pride ourselves not a little upon our stock. We do not wish to make your pages the medium of puff, but as a cheap good tackle maker, we can safely recommend to any brother angler, Clark, of St. John's Lane, Smithfield, he has made our tackle for years, and we trust will continue so to do, for many years to come.

It would far exceed our limits were we to treat fully on the nature and habits of any one bird or fish which has formed the subject of our little sketches in the Book of Sports, all we can hope is, that a perusal of what we may have written will induce our readers to pursue the subject, and by uniting practice with theory, follow the interesting study far deeper than we can lead them,—where the seed is once sown we may in due season look for the fruit.

Enthusiastically devoted to field sports from our youth up, we have followed them in all their branches, and by blending the study of nature with the pastime of the field, we have ever derived true pleasure from the pursuit. But no one has yielded us so much

THE TERRIER.

real gratification, so much pure calm delight as angling. It is true that this sport neither boasts of the boisterous excitement of the chase, nor the social fellowship of the battue. But still let us not stigmatize it as a *solitary sport*, nor think because the angler depends alone upon himself for sport, he must be a selfish solitary man. No,—the man whose life is spent by the stream, be the situation ever so lonely, can never be solitary. The swallow that skims over the surface of the mead, the kingfisher that dashes by him down the stream, the little water ouzel as it flits from stone to stone, the thrush that carols forth its clear note from the tall ash that overhangs the river, all hail him as a brother, and no matter what the season, a pleasing variety ever attends the angler's sport. Little need is there for us to stand up as his champion after Walton, Cotton, Hofland or Davy; but we must say we feel a pride in associating ourselves in any way with men whose actions have been marked by kindness and benevolence, and whose very maxims and writings breathe contentment and peace. Long, long, may the angle flourish.

Toho.

THE TERRIER.

The wiry-haired gentleman who sat for this elegant portrait (equal we think to any of the *beauties* that have appeared in the Annuals of this season) is a scientific vermin destroyer, and an indefatigable enemy to all rats and other live lumber. He is represented in the act of waiting for one of these troublesome wretches, of whom he will doubtless make a similar example to the one that already lies dead at his side. We have always been partial to Terriers, which we think the most useful and economical of the canine tribe. They are strong and hardy, possessed of great courage, very sagacious, and exceedingly faithful; added to which their cost (bating the tax) is a mere trifle, for anything is considered good enough for the poor terrier, who has often to tarry a long time for his food. No country house, we think, ought to be without one or two, more especially in countries often crossed by fox-hounds; for there is always a demand for a spade and a terrier when they get near a gentleman's seat, in consequence of the number of drains generally open. Terriers cannot be bred too small, provided strength is not lost sight of; but they should not be quite thorough-bred, for the jaw is not then sufficiently strong to grapple with a powerful adversary like a full-grown fox; but a rough Scotch terrier, with a touch of the bull-dog in the muzzle, will face almost anything in the shape of vermin. A really good one is invaluable.

THE CHILLINGHAM BULL.

At a meeting of the "British Association for the Advancement of Science," at Newcastle, about four or five years ago, Mr. J. Hindmarsh read a paper on the "Wild Cattle of Chillingham Park;" in the course of which he introduced the following interesting letter on their history and habits, received by him from their noble owner, the Earl of Tankerville, and which furnishes us with all the information we are now likely to obtain of their origin.

"Sir, "*Grosvenor Square, 8th June,* 1838.

Some time since I promised to put down upon paper whatever I knew as to the origin, or thought most deserving of notice, in respect to the habits and peculiarities of the wild cattle at Chillingham. I now proceed to redeem my promise, begging pardon for the delay. In the first place I must premise that our information as to their origin is very scanty; all that we know and believe in respect to it rests in great measure on conjecture, supported, however, by certain facts and reasonings, which lead us to believe in their ancient origin, not so much from any direct evidence, as from the improbability of any hypothesis ascribing to them a more *recent* date. I remember an old gardener of the name of Moscrop, who died about thirty years ago, at the age of perhaps eighty, who used to tell of what his father had told him as happening to him, when a boy, relative to these wild cattle, which were then spoken of as wild cattle, and with the same sort of curiosity as exists with regard to them at the present day. In my father and grandfather's time we know that the same obscurity as to their origin prevailed; and if we suppose (as was no doubt the case) that there were old persons in their time capable of carrying back their recollections to the conversation still antecedent to them, this enables us at once to look back to a very considerable period, during which no greater knowledge existed as to their origin than at the present period. It is fair, however, to say, that I know of no document in which they are mentioned at any past period. Any reasoning, however, that might be built on their not being so noticed, would equally apply to the want of evidence of that which would be more easily remembered or recollected—the fact of their recent introduction. The probability is, that they were the ancient breed of the island, enclosed long since within the boundary of the park. Sir Walter Scott rather particularly supposes that they are the descendants of those which inhabited the Great Caledonian Forest, extending from the Tweed to Glasgow, at the two extremities of which, namely, Chillingham and Hamilton, they are found. His lines in the ballad 'Cadyow Castle,' describe them pretty accurately at the present day:

'Mightiest of all the beasts of chase
That roam o'er woody Caledon,
Crushing the forest in his race,
The mountain bull comes thundering on:

THE CHILLINGHAM BULL.

Fierce on the hunter's quivered band
He rolls his eye of swarthy glow,
Spurns with black hoof and horns the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow,'

"I must observe, however, that those of Hamilton, if ever they were of the same breed, have much degenerated.

"The park of Chillingham is a very ancient one. By a copy of the endowment of the vicarage, extracted from the records at Durham, and referring to a period certainly as early as the reign of King John, about which time, viz., 1220, the church of Chillingham was built, the vicar of Chillingham was, by an agreement with Robert de Muschamp, to be allowed as much timber as he wanted for repairs, of the best oak out of the Great Wood of Chillingham, the remains of which were extant in the time of my grandfather. The more ancient part of the castle also appears to have been built in the next reign, that of Henry III., since which it has been held, without interruption, by the family of Grey. At what period, or by what process, the park became enclosed, it is impossible to say; but it was closely bounded by the domains of the Percys on the one side, and by the Hibburnes on the other, the latter of whom had been seated there since the time of King John; and as the chief branch of the Greys always made Chillingham their principal residence, until it passed into the hands of Lord Ossulston by his marriage with the daughter and heiress of Ford Lord Grey, it is reasonable to suppose that, in order to secure their cattle, wild and tame, they had recourse to an enclosure probably at an early period. It is said there are some other places in which a similar breed is found: Lyme Park, in Cheshire; Hamilton, as I before mentioned; and Chartley Park (Lord Ferrers'). The first I have not seen, but they are described as of a different colour, and different in every respect. Those at Hamilton, or, rather, Chatelherault, I have seen; and they in no degree resemble those at Chillingham. They have no beauty, no marks of high breeding, no wild habits, being kept, when I saw them, in a sort of paddock; and I could hear no history nor tradition about them which entitled them to be called wild cattle. Those at Chartley Park, on the contrary, closely resemble ours in every particular; in their colour, except some small difference in the colour of their ears—their size,—general appearance: and, as well as I could collect, in their habits. This was a very ancient park, belonging formerly to Devereux, Earl of Essex, who built the bridge on the Trent, to communicate with his chase at Channock, and Beaudesert, then belonging to him; and the belief is, that these cattle had been there from time immemorial. With respect to their habits, it is probable that you will learn more from Cole, who has now been park-keeper at Chillingham for many years, than from any information I can give. I can mention, however, some particulars. They have, in the first place, pre-eminently, all the characteristics of wild animals, with some peculiarities that are sometimes very curious and amusing. They hide their young, feed in the night, basking or sleeping during the day; they are fierce when pressed, but, generally speaking, very timorous, moving off on the appearance of any one, even at a great distance. Yet this varies very much in different seasons of the year, according to the manner in which they are approached. In summer I have been for several weeks at a time without getting a sight of them—they, on the slightest appearance of any one, retiring into a wood, which serves them as a

sanctuary. On the other hand, in winter, when coming down for food into the inner park, and being in contact with the people, they will let you almost come among them, particularly if on horseback. But then they have also a thousand peculiarities. They will be feeding somesimes quietly, when if any one appear suddenly near them—particularly coming down the wind, they will be struck with a sudden panic, and gallop off, running one after another, and never stopping till they get into their sanctuary. It is observable of them as of red deer, that they have a peculiar faculty of taking advantage of the irregularities of the ground, so that on being disturbed, they may traverse the whole park, and yet you hardly get a sight of them. Their usual mode of retreat is to get up slowly, set off in a walk, then a trot, and seldom begin to gallop till they have put the ground between you and them in the manner that I have described. In form, they are beautifully shaped, short legs, straight back, horns of a very fine texture, thin skin, so that some of the bulls appear of a cream colour; and they have a peculiar cry, more like that of a wild beast than ordinary cattle. With all the marks of high breeding, they have also some of its defects. They are bad breeders, and are much subject to the *rush*, a complaint common to animals bred in and in, which is unquestionably the case with these as long as we have any account of them. When they come down into the lower part of the park, which they do at stated hours, they move like a regiment of cavalry in single files, the bulls leading the van, as in retreat it is the bulls that bring up the rear. Lord Ossulston was witness to a curious way in which they took possession, as it were, of some new pasture recently laid open to them. It was in the evening, about sunset. They began by lining the front of a small wood, which seemed quite alive with them, when all of a sudden they made a dash forward altogether in a line, and charging close by him across the plain, they then spread out, and after a little time began feeding. Of their tenacity of life the following is an instance. An old bull being to be killed, one of the keepers had proceeded to separate him from the rest of the herd, which were feeding in the outer park. This the bull resenting, and having been frustrated in several attempts to join them by the keeper's interposing (the latter doing it incautiously), the bull made a rush at him and got him down; he then tossed him three several times, and afterwards knelt down upon him, and broke several of his ribs. There being no other person present but, a boy, the only assistance that could be given him was, by letting loose a deer-hound belonging to Lord Ossulston, who immediately attacked the bull, and by biting his heels drew him off the man and eventually saved his life. The bull, however, never left the keeper, but kept continually watching and returning to him, giving him a toss from time to time, In this state of things, and while the dog with singular sagacity and courage was holding the bull at bay, a messenger came up to the castle, when all the gentlemen came out with their rifles, and commenced a fire upon the bull, principally by a steady good marksman from behind a fence at the distance of twenty-five yards; but it was not till six or seven balls had actually entered the head of the animal (one of them passing in at the eye), that he at last fell. During the whole time he never flinched nor changed his ground, merely shaking his head as he received the several shots. Many more stories might be told of hair-breadth escapes, accidents of sundry kinds, and an endless variety of peculiar habits observable in these animals, as more or less in all animals existing

J.S.W.S.E.DRAX Esq^r CHARBOROUGH PARK.

Driving to Cover.

in a wild state: but I think I have recapitulated nearly all that my memory suggests to me, as most deserving of notice; and will only add, that if you continue in the intention of preparing a paper to be read before the approaching Scientific Association at Newcastle, on this subject, you are welcome to append this letter to it, as containing all the information I am able to give.—I have the pleasure, &c.

To L. J. Hindmarsh, Esq.,

TANKERVILLE."

DRIVING TO COVER:

PORTRAIT OF J. S. W. S. ERLE DRAX, ESQ., CHARBOROUGH PARK, DORSETSHIRE.

HERE is the Master of the Charborough hounds just leaving the entrance of the park, and proceeding "on wheels" to the meet. He is accompanied by his "tiger," who appears of diminutive size, when seated beside his master, who not only has the longest name of any master of fox-hounds in the kingdom, but is himself one of the tallest. The grey—Blue-Ruin—that Mr. Drax is driving, looks like one that has a little blood in him; and from the fit of his harness we could almost swear to its being the make of Finnie of Piccadilly, who turns out as prime a hunting-saddle, and as neat a set of harness, as any maker in London. Nothing is more difficult to an artist than to give the animals he paints, the appearance of being really in motion,—that is, of advancing forward, and not being fastened to the ground by their hind legs, and seeming rather to swing up and down like a rocking-horse, than to gallop or trot. The dog running by the side of the gig is full of spirit, and from the pleasant glance that we are afforded of the park, looking through the gate, we perceive that it is well stocked with deer.

Though the country hunted by Mr. Drax is not of great extent, it affords a fair average of sport. The master of the Charborough hounds is a good, as well as a fearless rider, and he must be a bold horseman who dare take the leap that he refuses. Though Mr. Drax does not keep race-horses, he is nevertheless a promoter of the sport; and gives annually two cups to be run for at the Charborough races. The family name of Mr. Drax is Sawbridge; he took the name of Erle Drax in addition to his own, on his marriage with the heiress of the late Hon. Grosvenor Erle Drax. Charborough Park first came into the possession of the Erles, a family of great antiquity in Somersetshire, in the reign of Henry VIII.: and within the last hundred years it has thrice passed in succession with heiresses to members of the families of Drax, Grosvenor, and Sawbridge. In the reign of Henry III. the manor of Charborough was held of the king, in chief, by Richard Marshall, by the service of annually delivering to the sheriff—"*unum strigilum*"—a strickle, an instrument to scrape horses with. In the reign of Henry V. the service seems to have been changed to the annual delivery of a "horse comb, value four pence."

WILD FOWL SHOOTING.

I HAVE always considered this sport as the gunner's *ne plus ultra*, quite the fox-hunting of shooting, and am one of those who would sooner be all day in mud up to my hips, amid Ducks and Snipes, than lounging in Bond Street, though prepared for the occasion by Stultz and Humby; and having a friend whose appetite for the sport is quite as keen as my own, we are very frequently seen together, and are intended by Mr. Cooper to be represented in the accompanying illustration (like Falstaff) at our avocations,

"Quashing the Marsh among the Snipes."

Wild Fowl are seldom to be found in situations where there can be anything like preservation, except in the vicinity of decoys, and there the iron arm of the law prevents the shooter from exercising his skill; therefore it is absolutely necessary to start early in the morning, or all the ground will have been beaten before you get there, for it matters little to you whether he who has preceded you, is a good or bad shot, for if he is a *local*, as I term them, he will be acquainted with the usual haunts of the birds, and have disturbed every thing, and not improbably bagged most of them. Therefore let me again recommend the reader to start early, and beat the best places first, unless they are so situated that you cannot get at them without loss of time and ground. My object for directing him to do so is, that those places are more likely to contain Duck, Wigeon, and Teal; and should he fire in the immediate neighbourhood, they will become alarmed at the report of his gun, and take wing, leaving him to console himself under the mortification of having unwittingly destroyed his own sport. I have often found the necessity of attending to the above rule; at any rate, as Wild Fowl come into the marshes at night-time to feed, and leave early in the morning, he who gets to work at peep of day, will be more likely to succeed than he who starts two or three hours later.

I should have said that my friend is a most anxious creature about every thing he undertakes, but perhaps more so with shooting than any thing else; and this anxiety transforms every human being within optical reach into a shooter. I much question if the redoubted knight of La Mancha was more expert in his transformation of the barber's basin into the celebrated helmet of Mambrino, than was my friend on this occasion, in turning a crooked ash stick, with a wire hook at one end, into a Joe Manton; and I shall not soon forget the intense tremor with which he expressed the words "Look yonder! who's that? as I live he's got a gun! no, yes—'tis a gun; no, he's a marshman with a jumping pole; no, it's a gun, I saw it glitter." "Nonsense," I replied, thinking to appease him, "it is only an old woman gathering water-cresses, who has neither gun nor pole;" this, unfortunately had the contrary effect. "Water-cresses!" he exclaimed, "I wish water-cresses would be

WILD FOWL SHOOTING.

good enough to grow any where else, for those people disturb more Snipes and Ducks than that d—d fellow Devil-Dick, as you call him, and he's the greatest pest the poor things* have." "Speak of the Devil," I observed, "and up he jumps—there is the very fellow in *propriâ personâ* you have been denouncing." "Where?" my friend ejaculated, "where?" Pointing him out, "Why there! making his way as fast as possible to the Rand, and if we don't cut him off at the turn of the creek, he will be there before us." "But what shall we do," my friend inquired, "about beating this swamp?" "Do, why nothing," I said, "leave it till we have beaten the Rand, which is much the best place; it will be very easy for us to return this way. Dick will imagine, seeing us here, that we have beaten it; and now to beat him at the Rand; holloa!! what is Dick going at? I'll be shot if he is not attempting to wade the creek." "By Jupiter," exclaims my friend, "he's in for it, the mad fool will be over head and ears in mud, let's make that way, for I fear he'll be smothered." "Not he," I replied; but I still had fears about his safety; "'tis just as I said, there he is getting out, the very image of his namesake emerging from the infernal regions." "Well," my friend observed, "much as the fellow annoys me, I am right glad to see him safe out;" and there he was on the bank shaking himself like a great black poodle, and seeming to me quite as qualified to represent the good people of Preston as any blacking merchant in the universe. After he had removed, by scraping some of the filth from his outward person, we overtook him. "Well, Dick," said I, "what could induce you to take a cold bath such a morning as this?" "Why do you know, sur, I thought you was them are strange men wat comes here at times, and I said to myself I had as good a right to try the Rand first as they; but if I had known it was you, sur, I'm d—d if I would'nt have seen the creek as dry as a lime basket before I'd agone through it." "There for once I believe you, Dick; now, Dick, get you back again, call at T—t's, and get some brandy, I'll pay for it, then go home and change yourself." "Thanky, sur, I have killed a couple of snipes, will ye accept um." "No, I am no pot-hunter, my object is sport, Dick, therefore take yourself and snipes home." "Why I thinks that's best, for I feels very cold;" touching his hat, away he went, but had only advanced a few steps, when he turned round and said, "the best place as is in the Rand now, is that are piece on t'other side, wat George cut the reeds from, and I dare maintain you'll find some Teal or Duck at the Splash if you keep your dogs back over the plank wats put across the great ditch by the old Willy." This piece of information was quite superfluous, as we were as well acquainted with the spot as Dick himself, and this the dissembling devil was aware of.

"Pray, Dick, as you know every poacher about this part of the country, have the goodness to tell me who was down at the Splash the night before last, as yesterday morning

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* My friend, from his pathetic manner frequently reminds me of Colman's Sir Thomas Erpingham, who was so full of commiseration for the victims that fell under his hand—

"Much did he grieve,
To any inconvenience to put 'em:
'It quite distressed his feelings,' he would cry,
'That he must cut their throats,'—and then he cut 'em."

my dog found a winged mallard in the ditch." "Why, sur, I thinks it might be the barber, he comes down at times to have a *cut* as he calls it at the wild *fools*." "The barber! it certainly was a *barbarous* act; now you tell him from me to stay at home, and *cut* the *tame* fools, who trust their noses between his fingers, and leave the wild ones to other people, or I'll inform Bl—d of it, and then I think he will find this wild fool shooting quite as hot to his fingers as his curling-tongs were to my ear the other day." Leaving the barber, as he left the mallard, to his fate, we proceeded to the Rand, where the first thing that occurred was my dog (the liver-coloured one) putting his foot on a jack-snipe; the French say these birds are deaf, and from this we might conclude they were blind also. I laid hold of Master John, examined him, found him sound in wing and limb; and not thinking it fair or sportsmanlike to bag him without a shot, I let him fly, forgetting the old adage,

"One bird in hand is better far
Than two that in the bushes are."

Now, gentle reader, do not laugh when I tell you the truth (my friend complimented me in that way, and I really could not resist the temptation to join in with him); well, I let him fly, I have already informed you, and fly he did, scatheless for me, for whatever might have been my wishes at the time, I can only say they were not accomplished. We finished beating the Rand, killed a few snipes, and then betook ourselves to the Splash, *the place represented in the engraving*; on crossing the plank, my friend became much alarmed, aye, and at the very same thing that frightened Robinson Crusoe, the impress of a man's foot; indeed I wish Stothard could have seen his attitude and expression, before he made the designs for that excellent work; for admirable as is everything that comes from the hand of this veteran, who will be bold enough to assert that the sight of my friend would not have improved the idea? O how I wish you had heard him exclaim, "Look! somebody has been in here already this morning." "I tell you that is not the foot of a shooter," was my immediate reply; "it's too narrow, added to which, I see no track whatever of a dog, and therefore am indifferent about it, for of one thing I am certain, no dandy, with such a *sole* as this, would ever venture into the sedges and mud on the margin of this water; and look! I am right, for here he, with the narrow *sole*, turned on his heel and went back, therefore leave thy d—ble fears, and go on, and I'll lay two to one we have sport."—This assertion was very soon proved to be correct, for my friend almost immediately sprung a Teal, which fell to his deadly aim, and at the same moment his dog found a Snipe close under my feet, and which was, to use a racing term, rather a speedy one, but Maltby's patent number seven overtook him, and in spite of Devil Dick and the barber, we had an excellent day's sport.

BOGTROTTER.

THE COURSER.

COURSING: THE GREYHOUND.

From a remote age the Greyhound appears to have been a favourite with the sportsman, and to have been used by the Greeks and Romans, in coursing the hare, in the same manner as with us at the present time. Among the remains of ancient sculpture, the figure of the greyhound is of frequent occurrence, both in the act of running and at rest; and on an Etruscan vase, in the Hamilton collection in the British Museum, is the figure of a female holding a greyhound in a slip. In the forest laws of Canute, as given by Spelman—which contain the most odious of the penalties generally supposed to have been introduced by the Norman kings—greyhounds are expressly mentioned by their present name; and all persons beneath the condition of a franklin, or free landholder—for so we would translate *liberalis* in this instance—are forbidden to possess or keep them. Greyhounds which were kept within ten miles of a royal forest were to be cut in the knee in the presence of the chief forester; but on the precise mode of performing this operation, which was to prevent their chasing the king's game, antiquaries are not agreed. Persons having greyhounds beyond this limit might keep them without mutilation; but for every mile that an uncut dog was found within this distance, a fine of a shilling was to be levied on the owner. King John, who like his father Henry the Second, was passionately fond of the chase, and who spared no expense to procure good horses and swift hounds, appears frequently to have received greyhounds in lieu of money on the issue or renewal of grants; and in the reign of Edward the First, Bertram de Criol held the manor of Seaton, in Kent, on condition of finding a "fouterer*" to lead three greyhounds when the king went into Gascony, so long as a pair of shoes, valued at four pence, should last him. Edward the Third appears also to have been partial to greyhounds; for we are informed by Froissart, than even when engaged in war with France, he had with him in his army sixty couple of large hunting dogs, with as many greyhounds, with which he amused himself in the chase. About this period greyhounds for coursing the hare were in great request with ladies and the clergy, who preferred this more quiet style of hunting to the bustle and confusion incident to the grand chase of the deer or wild boar. In the romance of "Sir Eglamore," a princess thus addresses a knight—

"Syr, yf you be on huntynge found,
I shall you gyve a good greyhounde,
That is as dunne as a doe:
For as I am a treue gentylwoman,
There was never deer that he at ran,
That myght yscape him fro."

* Veltrarius.

The fondness of the clergy at this period for the chase is frequently alluded to by co-temporary poets and annalists; and in the prologue to the Canterbury Tales, Chaucer thus describes the jolly monk, who

"—— gave not of the text a pulled hen
That saith that hunters ben not holy men;"

and who, slighting the rules of St. Maur and St. Benedict, followed the fashion of the time and took his pleasure in the world:

"A monk there was, a fayre for the maistrie,
An outrider that loved venerie;
A manly man, to ben an abbot able,
Full many a deinte hors hadde he in stable;
* * * *
Greihounds he hadde as swift as fowl of flight:
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust, for no cost wolde he spare."

In the treatise on hunting, contained in the work usually known as the "Book of St. Albans," written about the year 1481, by Dame Juliana Barnes, or Berners, prioress of the nunnery of Lopewell, the properties of a good greyhound are thus described:—

"A greyhounde should be heeded like a snake, and neckyd lyke a drake:
Fotyd like a cat—taylld lyke a ratte—
Syded lyke a teme—and chyned lyke a bream.
The fyrste yere he must lerne to fede—
The second yere to feld him lede—
The thyrde yere he is felow lyke—
The fourth yere there is none syke—
The fyfth yere he is good ynough—
The syxth yere he shall hold the plough*—
The seventh yere he woll avayle
Grete bytches for to assayle—
The eyththe yere lyck ladylle—
The ninth yere cart sadyll.
And when he is come to that yere, have him to the tannere;
For the best hounde that ever bytche had, at the ninth yere is full bad."

During the sixteenth century the love of greyhound-coursing continued to increase, and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth a code of laws was drawn up for the regulation of coursing, which has, with a few alterations suitable to particular circumstances, continued to be generally observed to the present day.

As the greyhound was frequently used in hunting the deer and the roebuck, a stronger and hardier breed than that now almost exclusively employed in coursing the hare was cultivated for that purpose. Dogs of this description were larger in size, stouter in make, and with longer and more wiry hair than the modern greyhound; and as they bore a considerable likeness to the lurcher, they also resembled him in his qualities, for they were able to follow their game by the scent as well as the view. On the borders of Scotland and in

* Run last.

J. E. Nicholson, sculpt.

HARD PRESSED.

THE DEATH.

Cumberland, greyhounds of this breed are still to be met with. They are mostly of a sandy colour, with a coarse coat like that of a terrier, and are more intelligent than the common greyhound. Those dogs are mostly kept by persons whose object is chiefly to kill hares however they can, without attending to the laws of coursing established for such as chase them for amusement, and as a trial of the comparative merit of a couple of greyhounds. They possess great spirit, and considerable sagacity; and if they cannot run down a hare in the style of regularly trained greyhounds—whose performances at Malton, Swaffham, and Lowth, excite so much interest among the lovers of coursing—their cunning makes amends for their want of speed, and they will often take hares in less time by lurching, or "waiting to kill," than swifter greyhounds which run true. Greyhounds of a still larger description were formerly common in England and Scotland, and were employed in hunting the wolf and wild boar, and continued to be bred in Ireland—where the last wolf was killed so recently as 1710—long after their services ceased to be required in this island; from which circumstance they have probably acquired the distinctive name of the "Irish Greyhound." They were formerly in great request among the princes and nobles of France and Italy, and the Irish greyhound is mentioned in terms of praise by a Spanish poet, who flourished about the year 1530. In 1615, Sir Thomas Roe presented some of these dogs to the Great Mogul, which were so well received that in return he was loaded with favours; and in 1623, the Duke of Buckingham wrote to Viscount Falkland, Lord Deputy of Ireland, to procure some large greyhounds which were wanted for the purpose of presenting to "divers princes and other noble persons." The great size of those dogs is spoken of by most writers in terms which seem to border on exaggeration. Campian, who wrote in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, says of them in his History of Ireland, "they are bigger of bone and limb than a colte," by "colte" probably meaning a foal; while some other writers have described them as upwards of three feet high. In 1794, eight of those dogs, belonging to the Earl of Altamont, were considered the only ones of the kind in the kingdom, and the height of the largest was only twenty-eight inches and a half at the shoulder, thus proving that the breed must either have considerably degenerated in point of size, or that the representations of former writers have been exaggerated. There is probably truth in each of these suppositions; for the last of a breed of animals, kept rather for show than use, and deprived of that exercise and excitement necessary to a perfect developement of their powers, may naturally be expected to decline both in size and spirit; and it is well known that when writers guess at number, weight, and size, more especially when they have a leaning to magnify, they generally guess wrong. Even the accurate Captain Cook, with all his mathematical precision in other respects, guessed an assemblage of the inhabitants of one of the South Sea Islands at upwards of 100,000, though actual enumeration afterwards proved the whole population to be less than a fourth of that number; and the sea serpent, which the American captains guessed—brother Jonathan's "*guesses*" are notorious—to be about four leagues long, a mile more or less, turned out at last to be only so many fathoms.

Buffon states that the best greyhounds are brought from the Levant; and it is probable that the smooth-haired breed, for which England is now so celebrated, was thence introduced into this country by the crusaders. The famous hunting dogs which St. Louis brought with him into France on his return from the Holy Land were most likely of this

description; and this superior race of domestic animals, with ranunculuses, hyacinths, and roses, are enumerated by an author*, who has written on the influence of the Crusades, among the advantages which Europe derived from those memorable expeditions.

From an occurrence on Doncaster Race Course, in 1800, some persons have inferred that the speed of the greyhound is equal to that of the race-horse. A match was to have been run, but one of the horses not making his appearance, a mare, that was to have been opposed to him, started alone. For three miles she was accompanied by a greyhound bitch, which ran side by side with her, and the mare only arrived first at the winning-post by half a neck. When we consider that the mare only started to "walk over the ground," this fact forms but a slender foundation for forming an opinion on the comparative speed of the race-horse and the greyhound; and more so, from it being highly probable that as this happened in December, and not during the regular races, the mare was not one of the first of her class. Daniel, in his "Rural Sports," relates "that a gentleman, to whom he had put the question, gave it as his opinion that the race-horse was superior to the greyhound on level ground, but that the greyhound had the advantage in a hilly country"—a well-founded, doubtless, but not a remarkably acute decision. There is scarcely a man-milliner's apprentice, who knew a horse from a dog, who on being asked the question, would not have returned the same answer. Until a well-authenticated fact proves a greyhound to have run four miles within eight minutes, I must still retain my opinion in favour of the race-horse. To institute a comparison from the greyhound's advantage on uneven or hilly ground, is about the same as saying "a terrier can outrun a cat in the open field, but puss can show him her tail over the house-tops." With respect to the comparative speed of the greyhound and the hare, it is extremely difficult to arrive at a precise conclusion. A hare is often chased when out of condition and unable to exert her utmost speed, and is thus quickly overtaken by the geeyhound; and again, a stout hare, with no very great law, will some times lead the best dogs in a two-mile course and escape after all. Taking into account the law allowed to the hare and the dogs' slipping and over-running, and comparing them with the doublings of the hare, it does not seem to be an improbable conclusion, that they cover nearly equal spaces in equal times.

The thorough-bred greyhound is essentially distinguished from other varieties of the same species, by the fineness of his skin and hair, in the same manner as the blood horse is distinguished from the thick-hided, coarse-maned, draught horses of Suffolk and Clydesdale. A finely-tapered muzzle, thin lips, small head, and slender tail, are also considered among the characteristics of a pure descent, uncontaminated, for so we consider it, with bull-dog or lurcher. The greyhound is described by naturalists as acute of sight and hearing, though deficient in the sense of smelling, owing to the small developement in this species of the pituitary membrane, which according to Cuvier, is the seat of that organ. The false or dew claw on the hind leg, is not so frequently met with in the greyhound as in several other dogs, and the skull is of less comparative capacity, they are of limited intelligence, little susceptible of education, are fond of caresses even from strangers, and display but little attachment to their masters, passing from one owner to another with great indifference.

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* Lemoine, Discours sur l'Influence des Croisades.

YACHTS OFF COWES.

THE REGATTA.

"THOMAS! is my anchor come from the smith's?" "Yes, sir, I have sent it on board, and a block for the jib-haulyards." "Cook! have you made a pigeon-pie?" "Yes, sir! and put a beefsteak at the bottom." "Let a ham be boiled,—roast those three couple of chickens, and have the ten gallon cask filled with ale out of 'Sampson,' but don't draw it off until the morning. Put half a dozen of champagne in ice by six o'clock to-morrow morning, Joseph, and pack six bottles of punch with it." "Yes sir!"

Such and such like, were the dialogues that took place between the captains of the boats and the heads of the several parties we shall hereafter allude to, and their mates, cooks, and butlers, on the 13th of June, the day which preceded *The Regatta.* Each host providing to suit the tastes of his friends, all the requisites for a pic-nic were pressed into the service, from cider and lemonade to be sipped with delicately-cut sandwiches, to the more substantial *ballast* of beef and strong ale, together with grog of all colours, cigars, pipes, and tobacco. Gentle reader, the crews and passengers of the vessels which sailed for the Cup, on the 14th, were not flesh-abhorring Brahmins, nor had they enrolled themselves members of the Temperance Society, the rules of which would not allow even seven-water grog; nevertheless, I assure you, every one was temperate, but "not by compulsion." Captain Marryatt, R.N., who is good authority on this matter, says, "of all the amusements entered into by the nobility and gentry of our island, there is not one so manly, so exciting, so patriotic, or so national, as Yacht-sailing." But to my yarn about the 14th.

The vessels were as various as numerous, from the aristocratic reg'lar built cutter to the plebeian turf-boat. In noticing the reg'lar built, I shall begin with "The Black Dwarf,' owner, Mr. F. J. Jenkins. She is of six tons and cutter-rigged, as pretty a little craft as ever swam, and, give her but plenty of wind and water, decidedly the best boat of the fleet, although, on this day, her sailing could not be estimated, being on the ground the whole, way; she carries an immense spread of canvass, and is stiff under it, sails fast, goes near the wind, and in tacking is the handiest that can be wished for, having been frequently put about in five seconds. "The Black Dwarf" is decked, and has a cabin conveniently fitted up. Her owner has obtained the rank and title of "Commodore," not only from his vessel being of the greatest tonnage, but also from his well-known aquatic propensities, jolly disposition, manly bearing, and being a good sailor.

The next in consequence, and fastest this day, was "The Will-o'-the Wisp," from Cambridge, Mr. Reeve owner, accompanied by several gentlemen of St. John's. She is of rather less tonnage than The Black Dwarf, draws less water, and sails fast, but from a want of more canvass aft, does not stay well. She is also decked, and has a cabin, which if it were lopped off about a foot, and that added to the mainsail, would make her a very superior

boat. In point of speed I must next notice "The Barley-meal Tub," Mr. Harvey, owner, This boat is dandy-rigged, and, although with a crew of sixteen on board, cuts her way at a good pace. The fourth place must undoubtedly be given to "The Ariel," owner, Mr. Samuel Buckle. She is allowed by all to be as trim and ship-shape as anything afloat, sails in the wind's eye, and is fast, is cutter-rigged, and carries her canvass well; in a breeze "she walks the waters like a thing of life." Her owner is never better pleased than when his friends are cruising with him, and "the wild waves heaving high." I shall certainly put "The Python" amongst the best of the small craft. Had she a little more canvass, she would, upon a trial, be found well a-head, but not coming until late in the day, her comparative sailing could not be judged of. Her owner, Mr. Lewin, is a prime fellow, and a good sailor. Next comes "The Scout," Mr. E. R. Theid, owner. She is a well-built boat, and since the addition of two inches more keel, goes better to windward and looks well on the water, but alas! it is my unpleasant duty to report that this day, in wearing, she capsized, and with "the freighting souls within her," went down, reposing for a time on the oozy bed of the river, with gunwale just below the water's edge; nothing worse happened to her crew than a ducking, as the hands of "The Black Dwarf," and "The Ariel," assisted in getting her up, and baling out. The owner was not on board, and the helm was taken by so good a fellow, that I cannot find it in my head to call him *lubberly* lest it should disgust him for the future with Regattas; indeed, I should not have recorded this mishap of "The Scout," but that her *log* was amongst the several articles that were missing when she righted, and her captain (though "up to every thing") too much in the wrong to venture to write another.

"What sail is that about a mile to leeward?" "The Swift," was the quick reply from half-a-dozen voices. She had been beating up to windward all the morning, but made little way. The reason is soon seen, she is all hull in the water, and scarcely any canvass above it; give her half as much more and she would show a lively forefoot. "The Swift" is a gondola-looking craft, and dandy-rigged; her owner, Mr. P. Sers, is a hearty fellow, and a capital fox-hunter, although rather timid at this work; nevertheless, reader, when you bring up and cast anchor for dinner, get alongside of him if you can, as you will then stand a chance of a prime glass of grog; his cognac is the best that ever was tipped, and he is extremely hospitable.

Last, in our catalogue, is a boat *sine nomine* we believe, as far as the owner is concerned, but which "the people" have facetiously given the *soubriquet* of "*The Tom and Jerry*," from the good-humoured owner, Mr. Whaite, being a small brewer, and lord of a score of beer shops. She has for several years been the "crack" boat, and is said, with some truth, to have beaten every thing; the fact is, that until this year she has had nothing to compete with but the slow and steady turf-boats, or small lighters, which she used to pass *gallantly* and leave astern, but on this day she cut a bad figure. The rest of the fleet consisted of heavy craft ("beasts of burden"), fishing, and other small boats.

Mr. Preston's band of about twenty excellent performers occupied one boat, and enlivened the scene by moving about and playing throughout the day. There was but little wind during the morning, so that it was two p. m., before the boats had beat up to windward, when they all cast anchor close in shore. The several parties landed at Sword's

Point, a projection of land, on which, as the seasons revolve, the snipe and the bullock by turns luxuriate. And here was "a gay and festive scene," the performers in the drama a motley group—old men and maidens, young men and children, with a small sprinkling of old women. The dresses of both ladies and gentlemen were as varied as an artist with a soul for the picturesque could desire; here you might see the delicate form of a damsel, arrayed in cool and comfortable muslin, finely relieved by the deep shade of her "dear Henry's" dark velveteen shooting-coat, under which he sweltered and truly looked in *melting mood*. There you might admire the blue-jackets, striped-shirts, and jerseys, and straw-hats of the captains and crews of the yachts, mingling and moving with the white gowns of the fair daughters of the neighbourhood, whilst bonnets, ribbons, and parasols of every hue, assisted to form a *tout ensemble* that would have gladdened the eye of a Stoic. Talk of rigging, you should have seen one landsman who came to this water frolic in a super coat with fancy buttons, lemon-coloured kid gloves, a white pocket-handkerchief scented with lavender-water, and his whiskers curled! yes, may I never go aboard again if the barber had not been at work; would you wonder then that so many who were bonneted should be captivated with him?

The crews and passengers now became occupied in divers ways (I don't mean looking for pearls at the bottom of the river);– the prog and grog were handed ashore and spread upon the green grass table cloth, round which groups were seen busy stowing away beef, bread, and all the etceteras, whilst others were, by way of getting an appetite, dancing quadrilles to the music of the band; several young couples were seen to "pair off in favour of the proposition," as the Parliament men say, leaving the matrons to the contemplation of the prospect. Dining at last became general on board as well as ashore, the rattle of plates, knives and forks was the only music heard, as the band which had played so long was now hard at work. About four p. m. the breeze freshened, and the fleet was again under weigh, and remained so until evening came, when Phœbus "dowsed the glim" in the West as a signal for all to steer homeward. Thus ended a day which was designated, according to the age or sex of the commentator, as "lovely, jolly, splendid, magnificent, pleasant, de-e-lightful, glorious, or heavenly,"

BEN BRACE.

THE HUNTER'S CRY.

Oh! who would go a hunting?—none
But a right down silly elf;
I went to see the hounds throw off,
And got thrown off myself.

I gave a hundred pounds and odd,
For a hunter not worth half;
And when I showed my friends my horse,
They set up a horse-laugh.

I fitted up a saddle-horse—
(Alas! I'd little wit!)
With patent saddles hanging round,
And many a nice tit bit.

My horse (or groom) took so much corn,
So many bags of oats,
A *corn-ucopia*, nothing less,
Would fill their *gorge-ous* throats.

But this I had not cared about
If the horse had proved a crack horse;
But when I tried him with the pack,
He turned out quite a pack-horse.

They said he'd leap like anything,
And bade me mark his limb;
Perhaps he might last year, but this
Is no leap-year with him.

I tried him at a stile, the very
Smallest I could find;
And he got his *fore* feet over well,
But left his *two* behind.

Thinks I, I wish I'd never come,
I'm sure I'd no rights here—
At which the horse began to kick,
And set his front to rear,

With all my might I held his mane,
And lustily did roar;
And then he fell to wince behind,
Which he never did before.

Drawn by H. Alken. *Engraved by J.C. Zeitter.*

THE WATERFALL.

He threw me slap into a ditch—
They ask'd if I was hurt:
"Why no," said I, "there's no bones broke,
But I'm ditch'd all o'er with dirt."

The gravel got into my mouth,
But that I didn't mind:
It might have got into my eyes
And made me *gravel-blind.*

At last a sawyer saw my plight,
And sawed away the post:—
The hounds, meantime, were in full cry;
And so was I, almost.

We came to a canal—some pulled
Their horses in!—"Oh tut!"
Cried I, and thought to cut a dash,
So dashed into the cut.

How I got thro' the briny flood
I know no more than you;
But this I know—in getting through
The wet, I got wet through.

But on we went, o'er hill and dale,
Tally-ho! away we tore—
Diana never was so chased
In all her life before.

At last we came to a high fence,
Composed of quick and sloe;
My horse stopt short—"Well, this," said I,
"Is a very pretty go."

So I turned his stupid head tow'rds home,
And cried, half dead with hunger,
"If you think proper to stop short,
I shan't stop any longer."

I never saw the fox at all,
A fact which griev'd me sadly:
"Have you the brush?" cries one. Said I
"I want one very badly."

But I have made a vow—no more
I'll trust a horse's feet—
And if I meet those dogs again,
May I become dog's meat!

I'll be a foot-man all my days,
For, by Jove, I've no notion
Of subjecting myself again
To such a *low commotion!*

SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

SIR HERCULES.

SIR HERCULES was got by Whalebone, by Waxy, son of Pot-8-os, by Eclipse, his dam, Peri (now in the Royal Stud at Hampton Court), by Wanderer; grandam, Thalestris, by Alexander (son of Eclipse)—Rival, by Sir Peter—Hornet, by Drone—Manilla, by Goldfinder—Mr. Goodricke's Old England Mare, whose dam was by Cade out of Miss Makeless, &c., &c.

The history of Sir Hercules though brief is rather singular; he may be said to have crossed the Irish Channel four times, his dam, Peri, being sent to Ireland from the Earl of Egremont's stud at Petworth, when in foal with him, in which country he was produced. At two years old he won all his engagements, four, beating the celebrated Mount Eagle, and the best horses of his year. His early success induced his proprietor to engage him in England, and he sent him to Richmond in Yorkshire, under the care of Thomas Peirse. He came out in the York August Meeting, in a Sweepstakes of eight subscribers, which he won in good form. He now became a great and deserved favourite for the Doncaster St. Leger, and continued so in public estimation to the hour of starting; but, alas! Sir Hercules was *placed* two days previous to the race; or, in the more intelligible phraseology of the turf, was *made safe*. Yet, even under these disadvantages, from his native courage and great powers, with the aid of an honest jockey (Conolly), he was only defeated by two lengths, in a field of nineteen horses, being placed third to Rowton and Voltaire, both superior horses of their year. On the Friday in the same meeting, he won a Sweepstakes of twenty-three subscribers, and in the following Spring he won the Claret Stakes at Newmarket; after which he was sent to Ireland, where he covered in 1832 and 1833, at ten guineas, at Summer Hill House, county of Meath.

In the September of the latter year he was sent to Doncaster, with the entire racing stud of his proprietor, Lord Langford, where he came under the hammer and was sold for 750 gs., to an American gentleman, who, finding, upon the horse arriving at Liverpool, the season too far advanced to send him across the Atlantic with safety, sold him to his present proprietor.

In 1834, he stood at Mr. Tattersall's farm at Dawley, and from that time until the present has been at East Acton.

The stock of Sir Hercules have been well known to fame, numbering among their celebrated names, Coronation, Cruiskeen, Hyllus, Vibration, Robert de Gorham, Iole, Birdcatcher, Hydra, The Corsair, Maria, Jenny Jones, Mulgrave, Langford, Augean, and Waterwitch.

Painted by Hancock.

"SIR HERCULES."

PHEASANT SHOOTING.

MULE PHEASANT.

PHEASANT SHOOTING.

This delightful sport may be followed in three different ways* according to the taste or inclination of the shooter; first, with spaniels, which by most persons is considered the only legitimate one; there are others who, delighting in the music of beagles, prefer those beautiful little creatures; while pointers and setters have also their advocates, and I beg to say that I think where pheasants have been much disturbed, this method a good one, particularly in low-cut brushwood and hedge-rows. To a sportsman who shoots single-handed this will be found the most certain way of getting shots, as he will be able to approach the dog that has the point. When pointers or setters are used in cover they should have bells placed on their necks, and I would advise bells of a different tone or size, which will let you know the dog you are seeking. I should say a brace of pointers or setters are quite sufficient for this purpose, and if possible they should be conspicuously marked dogs, as indeed should all dogs that are used in cover-shooting, or you may chance to shoot the pursuer instead of the pursued.

Pheasants are said by most writers to be easily shot; in some situations they certainly are, but in those situations they are only now and then found; and let any man who has *not quite* the strength of Hercules to struggle through a thick cover interspersed with trees, between which the birds delight to thread their way, say if he has not (however good a shot he may be) found some difficulty in killing all he shoots at? There are situations in which it is next to impossible to shoot, though the birds rise at your feet, for they are out of sight before they are ten yards from your gun; added to which, boughs too often interfere with your aim, and thereby prevent you from getting your gun on the object; and be it remembered that though a pheasant cannot fly far, he can fly fast, and the bustle and noise he makes in rising too often unnerves the shooter, who either fires before the gun is to his shoulder or not at all.

In this sport a dog that will retrieve is a *sine quâ non*. Newfoundland dogs are generally used for this purpose, but they should be under the best possible command, or much mischief and disappointment will ensue. I remember having been one of a party who had their sport spoiled in consequence of one being set on the foot of a winged cock pheasant†. If the bird has doubled back there can be no reason why you should not try to retrieve him, but they mostly take forward, and I think it better to leave him alone for the moment, as in beating the cover it is more than probable you will find him. They are

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* Indeed I ought to have said four, as I know a keeper in Hertfordshire who always shot pheasants to terriers, and very clever they were, always hunting within shot.

† For he drove every bird and hare out of cover in the pursuit, and after all did not retrieve the wounded one.

fond of low swampy parts in and about woods, ozier-beds, &c. and are frequently found there in the afternoon, therefore in beating such situations must not be forgotten.

Perhaps as I am on the subject of shooting, you will permit me, in concluding these remarks, to add a "few hints" which are very good, but like many good things there is not enough of them; and should they have the effect of *preserving the life or limb* of any individual, my object in thus trespassing on your valuable pages will be answered.

In the first place, I should advise every shooter in loading his gun, to be very careful in ascertaining that no particle of tow has escaped from the cleaning rod, and lodged in the barrel, as great danger may be apprehended from this neglect; the squibbing, or even the first discharge, does not always remove it, and it remains mouldering in the breech of the gun, and in all probabillty ignites the next charge, which is immediately communicated to the flask, and the loss of a hand, or perhaps worse, is then the consequence of this seemingly trifling neglect. And while on the subject of loading a gun, let me remark that I think it best to load a percussion gun with the cock down, thereby preventing an escape of powder through the nipple, and put the copper-cap on last*; this renders the loading of a single gun perfectly secure. Those who shoot with a double gun, must invariably place *on the shot of their second barrel*, a stout piece of wadding, such as will prevent the shot getting loose by the discharge of the first; the failing to attend to this, has, in my humble opinion, burst more double guns than any other cause.

In shooting with a companion, observe, *nay* insist, if he prefer the right hand of you in walking up to birds, that he keep his gun on his right shoulder, with his right hand on the grip; the muzzle of course will then point upwards and backwards; and I am convinced a gun when carried in this way may be brought as quick on birds as in any other position; but should your friend object to this, go on his right hand, where you are more safe, and show him how easily the thing may be effected. Having once narrowly escaped with life, I never again will shoot with a man on my right hand that carries his gun as many do, resting on his left arm.

Be sure if you use a double gun, and have fired the first barrel only, to let down the cock of the second previous to loading again, and always try with your ramrod if the charge in it is safe.

It sometimes happens that you have to creep, or rather struggle through an awkward gap in a hedge, let your companion go first, pushing his gun, *muzzle first*, before him; put your dogs through, then follow with your gun *vice versa;* in these positions should either gun accidentally go off, no party will be injured.

And let me caution those who shoot with *flint guns* in rainy weather, not to be too hasty in taking them from their shoulder should a missfire occur, for I have known guns some seconds after the flash in the pan go off, to the great danger of both men and dogs.

In wood-shooting, let birds get well up, that is, at least higher than any man's head, before you shoot; and take care in shooting at hares or rabbits that you do not fire in the direction of either man or dog.

BOGTROTTER.

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* When loading as above directed, ascertain previously to putting on the cap, if the powder has passed into the nipple, and if the cap be perfect; with these precautions a missfire is next to impossible.

SPANIEL & GAME.

THE RACE.

THE HUMOURS OF A RACE DAY

For the Races, take yonr places,
Here's the phaeton at the door.
We'll be in it, in a minute;
How it rains! Oh, what a bore!

I shall drive, Bob; you contrive, Bob,
To keep sister Susan dry;
As she's dressed though, she had best go
Up in front with Jane and I.

Is the prog in, and the grog in,—
And the champagne stowed away?
And the ham, too, and cold lamb, too,
And the salad—where are they?

They're all right, sir,—put in quite, sir,
At the back of where you sit.
Off we go then—Hey-hey, ho, then!
I say, George, though,—wait a bit.

Now all's right, George:—stay, not quite, George;
There is something yet forgot.
We shan't miss it, pray what is it?
'Tis the—'tis the,—you know what.

Take this seat, miss, move your feet, miss;
Tuck my coat in; there, that's right.
Do I squeeze you? does that ease you?
No, you've jammed my leg quite tight.

We must stay now, here, and pay now.
I've got money. Very well.
What?—"A Joe."—Woey, horse, wo!—
And the letter?—U. X. L.

On we rumble, horses stumble,
Splashing, dashing, through the wet;
Now it's dropping, from the top in,—
What a soaking we shall get!

At the races—what a place 'tis!
  Crowds of 'busses, chays, and carts;
Horses fretting, people betting
  On each nag before he starts.

Off they run now. Five to one now,
  Green and white, against the blue!
Won't you stake it? I'll not take it,
  No such odds, sir;—thanks to you.

If you bet it, why you'll get it.—
  Oh! confound this cursed rain;
It keeps pouring, the chaise more in;—
  Where the devil's the champagne?

Get the prog out, and the grog out;
  Ladies, that's a leg of lamb;
There's a pie, though, perhaps you'll try though,
  'Tis, I think, a veal and ham.

Mind your head now,—where's the bread now?
  Gad! it's much too wet to eat;
Where was *it* put? Every bit put
  Underneath the carriage seat.

That can't be, Bob;—only see, Bob—
  Why it's really all a sop.
I say, Thomas,—how far from us
  Is the nearest baker's shop?

Reach the glasses,—fill the lasses
  Each a bumper of champagne.
Oh! my bonnet!—what's upon it?
  That cursed hood's come down again.

There's a fight now,—shocking sight now;
  Captain Bowles, what is *he* at?
Hold your tongue, sir!—You be hung, sir!
  There, you rascal, pocket that.

Now, my lady, are you ready,
  Wo'n't you like your fortune told?
Tell you all things—great and small things,
  If your pretty hand you'll hold.

Will you play, sir?—Here, this way, sir,
  Just for what you please to stake;
That's the pea, sir;—let it be, sir.
  How the fellow's fingers shake!

COLONEL.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S STATE CREAM-COLOURED HORSES

Yes, I'll try then, just one shy, then ;—
I say, Bobby, do you twig
Which it's under,—which, I wonder ?
That ? No ;—damn this thimble-rig !

Try a throw now,—just do so now ;—
If it comes to forty-four,
You'll just nick it,—that's the ticket !
Only thirty ;—try once more !

Now the rain's gone, and champagne's gone,
And the race done,—wherefore stay ?
All the lamb too, and the ham too,
And the salad :—Let's away !

Where's my whip, Bob ?—Let that slip, Bob ;
Girth this mare a little more ;
She's a lame 'un.—It's the same un
What your honour had afore.

Now then, woey !—one more Joey ;—
Stand aside, you turnpike clown.
Damn him, floor him, drive on o'er him !
That's your sort, George,—there, he's down !

Home we get now, stiff from wet now ;
But our clothes we soon replace :—
George is chaffing, and I'm laughing
At the humours of the race.

F. W. B.

COLONEL,

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S STATE CREAM-COLOURED HORSES.

This horse belongs to the set used on the meeting, prorogation, dissolution of parliament, and other state occasions, when eight of these horses, caparisoned with superb and elegant red morocco harness, covered with ornaments of exquisite workmanship, and adorned with blue ribbon, are yoked to the splendid state carriage, and form a more gorgeous sight than any eastern monarch's glittering equipage.

This horse is a fine specimen of the thorough Hanoverian breed. He is about sixteen hands two inches in height.

HINTS FOR THE SHOOTING SEASON.

In September partridges may generally be met with feeding in stubble-fields from sunrise until about nine o'clock in the morning; in October from sunrise until ten. During the middle of the day, when clear and fine, they will be found basking in rushes, fern, heath, potatoes, turnips, vetches, or beans, or under a tree, bush, or hedge. They return to the stubbles in September, between four and five, and in October, between three and four in the afternoon, where they remain till sunset. In wet and foggy weather they will remain in the stubbles all day long, and sometimes even in the hottest days, they will return to the stubbles about noon for a short time. As long as corn remains standing, birds will seldom leave it: during a wet day, however, they will not lie in standing corn, but generally remain in the same field, close to and ready to run into it on the least alarm. Whenever birds are disturbed near a field of standing corn, the old ones will fly to it. During the early part of September birds bask in potatoes or turnips, or on the side of a sunk or bank fence, adjoining or contiguous to the stubble in which they feed; but later in the season they more frequently bask at a few fields' distance from the stubble to which they belong. After the month of October birds are more irregular in their habits; it being then difficult to guess at any hour where a covey may be found, except very early in the morning, or very late in the evening, when the birds are feeding; and then, if there be more than one stubble-field within half a mile from the one they frequented at the commencement of the season, it is quite an uncertainty in which they will be found.

When you break a covey in September you should proceed without loss of time in search of the dispersed birds, for the parent-birds begin calling almost immediately on their alighting—the young ones answer, and in less than half-an-hour, if not prevented by the presence of the sportsman and his dogs, they will re-assemble, probably in security, in some snug place, where you least think of looking for them. It is necessary to beat very closely for dispersed birds, as they do not stir for some time after dropping, on which account dogs cannot wind them until nearly upon them, especially in the rough places, whither, when dispersed, they for the most part resort. The best of dogs will sometimes flush a single bird. When you disperse a covey during any part of the season after September, you may follow them leisurely, for they will then lie several hours at the place where they alight, which is chosen with much tact on the part of the birds, as a patch of rushes, a gorse-bush, a holly-bush, the bottom of a double bank-fence, or a coppice or wood. Partridges afford excellent diversion when driven into woods.

The best time to find pheasants out of cover is the first hour after sunrise, when they are feeding in the adjacent stubble and potatoe-fields. A few stragglers may often be found in hedges near the closes in which the pheasants feed. At noon, when the sun shines bright, they will sometimes venture out of the woods, and bask under thick hedges or holly-bushes,

A. Cooper R. A. pinx.t J. W. Archer sculp.t

POP, A FAVORITE POINTER.

The Property of Sir John Shelley Bar.t

THE WARREN.

but at no great distance from cover. During a dense fog pheasants venture farthest from the woods. It is not sportsmanlike to kill a pheasant out of cover: but it is certainly more humane to fire at them where they can be more speedily gathered, if only wounded, and where they cannot easily evade the dogs by running or availing themselves of the protection of branches and underwood.

In the early part of the season young pheasants are more alarmed at the dog than the shooter, and consequently to avoid the former they will fly almost in the face of the latter.

Pheasants and black-game do not pair, like red-grouse and partridges. It is unsportsmanlike to kill either a grey-hen (which is the female of the black-cock) or a hen-pheasant.

Hares remain in growing corn until the operation of the sickle compels them to seek some other shelter. When driven from their summer quarters they betake themselves to the woods, or conceal themselves under hedges or bushes, or on the steep sides of brakes or cloughs where there is plenty of cover; all which situations they, in a great measure, abandon, when the autumnal leaves begin to fall; their next location is in patches of grass, fern, heath, or rushes, where they are to be found all the winter, though the best place to look for them in the month of November, and oftentimes in October and December, is the stubble-field: and in January they will often lie in fallow-fields. Should the weather be warm and open during the last fortnight of January they will be found in the vicinity of marshes, or in other low moist situations.

Woodcocks leave England in March, and return in October. They are to be seen in abundance, in October, in covers near the sea-coast. In the inland counties cocks may be found on the moors in October, and in the woods in November, December, and January November is the prime month. They are rarely to be met with far from the sea in February, but frequently in March. In February they are found near the coast, but they return to the inlandcovers in March, where they will remain a week or a fortnight previously to their departure from our shores to their summer haunts amidst Norwegian woods and wilds, or marshes.

Snipes, like woodcocks, are migratory; but some few remain on the marshes and in the neighbourhood of fresh-water springs during the summer months. Those that have not been summer sojourners here begin to make their appearance in October; they are most plentiful in November, December, and until the frost breaks up in January.

There are no fence months for snipes and hares, but they should not be killed between April and September. The snipes that remain during summer, rear their young on our marshes.

The jack-snipe makes its appearance contemporaneously with the woodcock, but is so diminutive a bird as to be scarcely worth the sportsman's notice. It may afford fine practice for the tyro.

The common, or full snipe, is a shy bird when in company, but when alone, will allow you to get within a dozen paces of him before he springs. When he does spring, however, he moves with a velocity that defies the epithet slow. I find it best to shoot as soon as possible. I can bring down a snipe with much less difficulty at from fifteen to twenty paces than at any other distance. The aim is thus taken just as he begins to make his

cross flights, but before he has attained his full speed. The irreguarity of his flight is of little consequence during his first and second twirling, before he is safely on the wing, or, in other words, before he has gotten ten paces from whence he sprung, when you are prepared with a detonater. But let him fly ten yards from whence he sprung—let him be, for instance, twenty-five paces distant from the gun, he is then at the top of his speed, and in the very midst of his eliptical gyrations, and more than a match, especially if the day be windy, for your humble servant, Tom Oakleigh. It has been urged that a snipe killed with No. 7 shot, the aim true, will be struck with thirty or forty pellets—it may be so—but the chances are more than twenty to one against the aim being true at a snipe flying—so experience proves at Oakleigh. Perhaps we are bunglers; we are hillsmen. The dalesmen are more able to form a correct opinion on this subject than we are. We maintain, however, in support of what we said before on the subject, that nineteen out of twenty snipes killed at from thirteen to twenty paces' distance, must be struck by the outside straggling pellets, with three or four pellets, or by a portion of the body, not being the immediate centre of the charge, with some eight or ten pellets, the bird being generally, when stricken, three or four inches at least, which makes a deal of difference, from the exact centre of the body of the charge as it is thrown. It may be otherwise with *crack* shots. A section of the body of a snipe does not present a surface as large as that of a penny piece. If any one will fire at a barn-door (which, however is a very dangerous practice), at fifteen or twenty paces, he will find that a snipe would not be cut to pieces at that distance, unless in the very centre of the charge. When speaking of a snipe presenting no larger a surface as a mark than a penny-piece, we of course mean a snipe flying directly from the shooter. It would be imprudent to shoot at a snipe flying across at less than twenty paces' distance, as it then presents more than double the mark of one going straight from you; thirty paces would be the distance we should prefer for a cross or oblique shot. It is amusing sometimes to hear persons talk of the distances at which they have effected their shots, when they have been *watched;* they ever think the game so much further off than it really was. The self-deluded sportsman, who has not convinced himself by actual measurement, often seems to be labouring under a species of hallucination when speaking of his distances, and, if he bets on them, to a certainty loses. Birds killed at fifteen paces are thought to be at twenty-five, and those at twenty-five are estimated at thirty-five or forty, and so on to the end of the story.

TOM OAKLEIGH.

KEAN WRESTLED BY WOLVES.

ELK PURSUED BY WOLVES.

The Elk, or Moose-deer, is found in Europe, America, and Asia, as far as Japan; but it is met with in greatest quantity in the northern parts of both continents, where it frequents the forests. It is often larger than the horse, both in height and bulk; but the length of the legs, the bulk of the body, the shortness of the neck, and uncommon length of the head and ears, without any appearance of a tail, render its form very awkward. The hair of the male (which far exceeds the female in size), is black at the points, cinerous in the middle, and at the roots perfectly white. That of the female is of a sandy-brown, but whitish under the throat, belly, and flank. The upper-lip is square, very broad, deeply furrowed and hangs much over the mouth; the nose is broad, and the nostrils extremely large and wide. The horns which are found only on the males, have no brow-antlers, and the palms are extremely broad They are shed annually, and some have been seen that weighed upwards of sixty pounds.

Their faculty of hearing is supposed to be more acute than either their sight or scent, which renders it very difficult to kill them in the summer time, and the Indians have then no other method of doing this, but by creeping after them among the trees and bushes, till they get within gun shot. In winter, when the snow is so hard frozen that the natives can go upon it in their snow-shoes, they are able frequently to run them down, for their slender legs break through the snow at every step, and plunge them up to the belly. They are so tender-footed, and so short-winded, that a good runner will generally tire them in less than a day; there have been some, however, that have kept the hunters in chase for two days.

The Elk is the easiest to tame and domesticate of any of the deer kind.

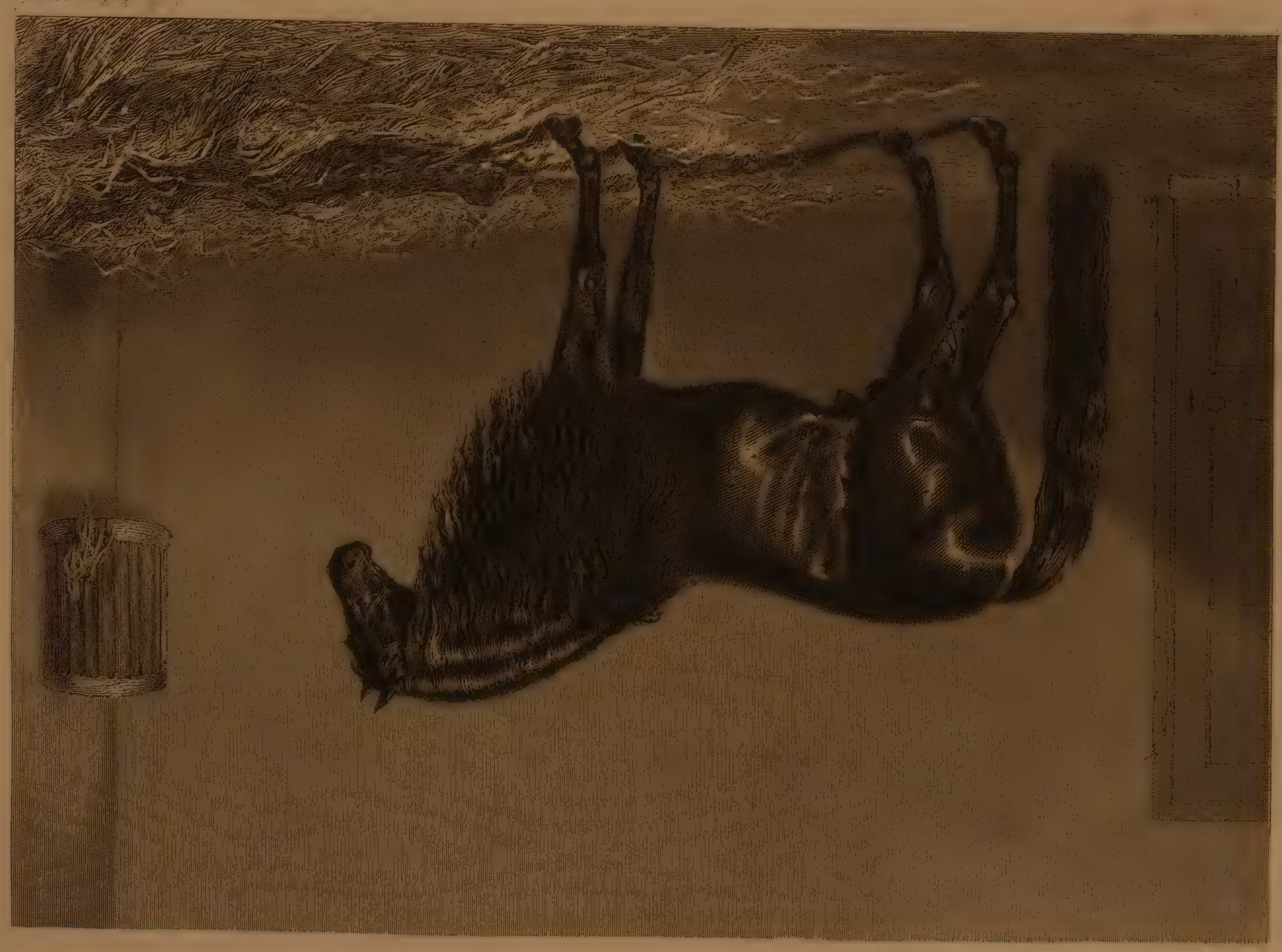
When wounded they sometimes become furious, rush boldly on the hunters, and endeavour to tread them down: in this case the men are frequently compelled to leave their outer-garments (on which the animals wreak their vengeance), and escape into the trees.

Mr. Chancellor Livingston, the president of the New York Society, had two of these animals broken to harness, Though they had been only twice bitted, and were two years old, they appeared to be equally docile with colts of the same age. They applied their whole strength to the draught, and went on at a steady pace. Their mouths appeared very tender, and some care was necessary to prevent them from being injured by the bit. If, upon trial, it is found that the Elks can be rendered useful in harness, it will be a considerable acquisition to the Americans. As their trot is very rapid, it is probable that, in light carriages, they would out-travel the horse. They are also less delicate in their food than that animal, becoming fat on hay only. They are long-lived, and more productive than any beast of burthen.

THE MOOR-HEN.

Coor and moor-hen shooting (though one is always sorry to hear of so innocent a bird as the latter being destroyed) often affords good diversion to the young sportsman, in the months of July and August, along the banks of rivers, and other places where there are many osier and reed beds frequented by these birds. A boat, and a good team of quiet active water-dogs are indispensably necessary, and few dogs, for this kind of sport, will beat a well-broken poodle. The sportsman will find along the shores of the Thames, and on the islands and willow-beds in the neighbourhood of Chertsey, Marlow, Walton, and other parts of the river, a great variety of birds, such as flappers, coots, moor-hens, water-rails, sand-pipers, and dab-chicks, rats in abundance, and now and then an otter, all of which are considered fair game on such occasions; and the eagerness of the dogs, the frequent sound of the gun, and the constant chase which is kept up, cause no little amusement. Rats are extremely numerous in those places, and the dogs from natural antipathy or some other cause, seem to prefer hunting these animals to looking after the water-fowl. Speaking of rat-shooting, perhaps I may be excused mentioning the following occurrence which took place some years ago. A friend and myself each procured an air-gun, like a cane walking-stick, which in taking aim was placed immediately beneath the eye, and the slightest pressure with the finger on a little projecting knob on one side of the barrel discharged it without any noise or the slightest recoil. The charge was sixteen middling, or eight large sized shot, or a small pistol bullet, with any of which it would shoot very correctly about twelve or fourteen yards. Provided with this sportsman-like apparatus, my friend and a one fine summer evening walked down on opposite sides of a celebrated trout stream, about thirty feet across, for the purpose of destroying the water-rats. By going very quietly we could frequently hear the rats long before we could see them. Carefully listening to the sound, we frequently discovered the rat, generally on the stump of some old tree, or on the bare part of the bank overhanging the water, sitting upon his hind-legs, holding in his fore-feet the root of a bulrush (a favourite food of the water-rat), at which it was champing away with its long teeth so as to be heard at a considerable distance. The gun was then raised to the eye, and without any sound or apparent force, the rat, as if by magic, was tumbled lifeless into the stream. The result of our walk was the destruction of sixteen rats, all killed within a period of about two hours, and I may say a very useful evening's occupation, more especially where trout are worth preserving, as they certainly were in this river; for through the kindness of a friend, I have more than once received as a present a brace of beautiful trout in the May-fly season, weighing eleven pounds the brace. If a calculation were made of the number of fish, young wild ducks, and game of different sorts, which are destroyed every season by rats—more especially by the common or Norway rat —the "total of the whole," would almost exceed belief.

THE MOORHEN.



The moor-hen frequents quiet sequestered places by the sides of pools and slow running streams, seldom venturing far from shore. The upper part of the moor-hen's plumage is of an olive colour, nearly approaching to brown, and the under parts of the body dark lead colour. They swim and dive without any difficulty, and run over the top of the floating masses of weed, with the greatest ease and quickness. They are of a most innocent and patient nature, and if disturbed when on their nests, they immediately jump off, and dropping quietly into the water, skulk along amidst the reeds or overhanging bushes, and then make their appearance a few yards off, uttering a gentle cry as if purposely to attract attention to themselves, and divert the intruder from the spot where their nest is concealed. I have frequently watched a moor-hen, for several hours together, waiting for an opportunity of returning to her nest without being perceived; the moment I disappeared, the poor bird swam to her eggs, and immediately I returned, she left her nest and resumed her former position at some short distance off, quite exposed to view, and apparently without any fear on her own account. Though the eggs were exposed to the wet and damp during the time that the moor-hen was so frequently driven from her nest, it being built near a favourite spot for angling, yet they seem to have received no injury from this circumstance, for they were all hatched. It has been said that the eggs of the divers, whose nests are constantly saturated with water, sustain no injury, but rather derive benefit from that circumstance; for it is asserted that the warmth of the bird's body producing fermentation in the sedge and rushes of which the nest is formed, occasions a head which is retained, though the bird should be some time absent.

A Salopian.

BEAUTY.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S STATE BLACK HORSES.

Beauty was bred at the stables in Hanover, at that time belonging to George the Fourth, and was sent to this country in the year 1821, when six years of age, to belong to the set of horses used by the Master of the Horse on state occasions.

He was much admired for his extraordinary mane, it being, ten or eleven years ago, forty-five inches in length. At the coronations of William the Fourth, and our present Queen, he was led, splendidly caparisoned, by two grooms, in the procession from the Palace to Westminster Abbey, and attracted great attention. Within these few years old age began to show itself by his mane becoming thinner, while his handsome form got much fatter, in consequence of the little work he did, and also by a few white hairs showing themselves in a coat as glossy and as soft as satin. He was killed at the latter end of April, 1839, in consequence of a diseased foot, which was incurable. In height, he was about sixteen hands, and in age twenty-four years. He was a true Hanoverian horse.

THE SPRING BOK.

The Spring-bock, or White Antelope, is one of the prettiest of the many varieties of the Gazelle which inhabit the southern portion of Africa. In the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope it is frequently met with in large herds—thousands of these elegant animals, literally speckling the extensive plains, and exhibiting one of the most pleasing sights of that interesting portion of the globe. The size of the Spring-bok is about that of a small deer; its length three feet, and its height from two to three feet; its colour is a light brown, or rather fawn, a dark-brown stripe bordering the general colour of the flanks, and serving to give greater brilliancy to the snow-white haunches and belly. A similar dark stripe extends down each side of the face from the eye to the mouth, giving it a most knowing and spirited look. The horns, like those of all antelopes, are marked with annular ridges. They grow from the head almost close to each other, then expand, and again curve inwards, something in the form of a lyre. After severe droughts, when the supply of herbage in the more remote country has been exhausted or burnt up, the herds will often approach the settlements of the colonists and cause great devastation of the crops. They are followed by the lion and other beasts of prey, which are equally compelled to relinquish the arid regions in search of food. The spring-boks will, on these occasions, make frequent bounds over each others backs, casting at the same time fearful glances behind them. Their varied colours then show to the greatest advantage, the long hair, forming the dark stripes bordering the buttocks, spreading flat on the haunches when the animal is leaping. They are not so shy as many other antelopes, but their speed is equal to that of a good horse. The boors go in chase, armed with a long gun, and having pursued at full speed till they arrive at a suitable spot, suddenly dismount, and with surprising rapidity despatch a well-aimed ball, rarely missing the mark.

The Spring Bok is supposed to be the Pygarg mentioned in the Sacred Writings.

THE SPRING BOK.

LEOPARD SEIZING AN ANTELOPE.

THE JAGUAR AND THE ANTELOPE.

Tis even thus! Howe'er we deem
Ourselves secure from fate's dread blow,
In hall, or bower,—by brake or stream,—
Or in fair fortune's sunniest beam,—
Insidious lurks the secret foe!
Hah! noble stag!—so quick of ear!
No sound warns thee that danger's near.
Thy dark and full-orbed eye but sees
The curling mistcloud of thy breath,
And if some rustling stirs the trees,
Thou deem'st it but the fresh'ning breeze
And not the sound of coming death!

* * * *

With stealthy tread, yet fierce desire,
With eyes that glow like balls of fire,
His posture for the death spring placed
Yet patience tempering his haste,
The spoiler comes, no branch is stirred—
No form is seen—no sound is heard.—
With instinct true the prey he scans.—
With foresight sure the spring he spans.—
And e'er a motion's heard or seen,
His bound is made,—his fangs are in!
Then like the arrow from the bow
Flies o'er the plain the startled doe,—
The stag in vain essays to rise,—
His fate is fixed—he gasps—and dies.

CLAUDE HALCRO.

TARTAR.

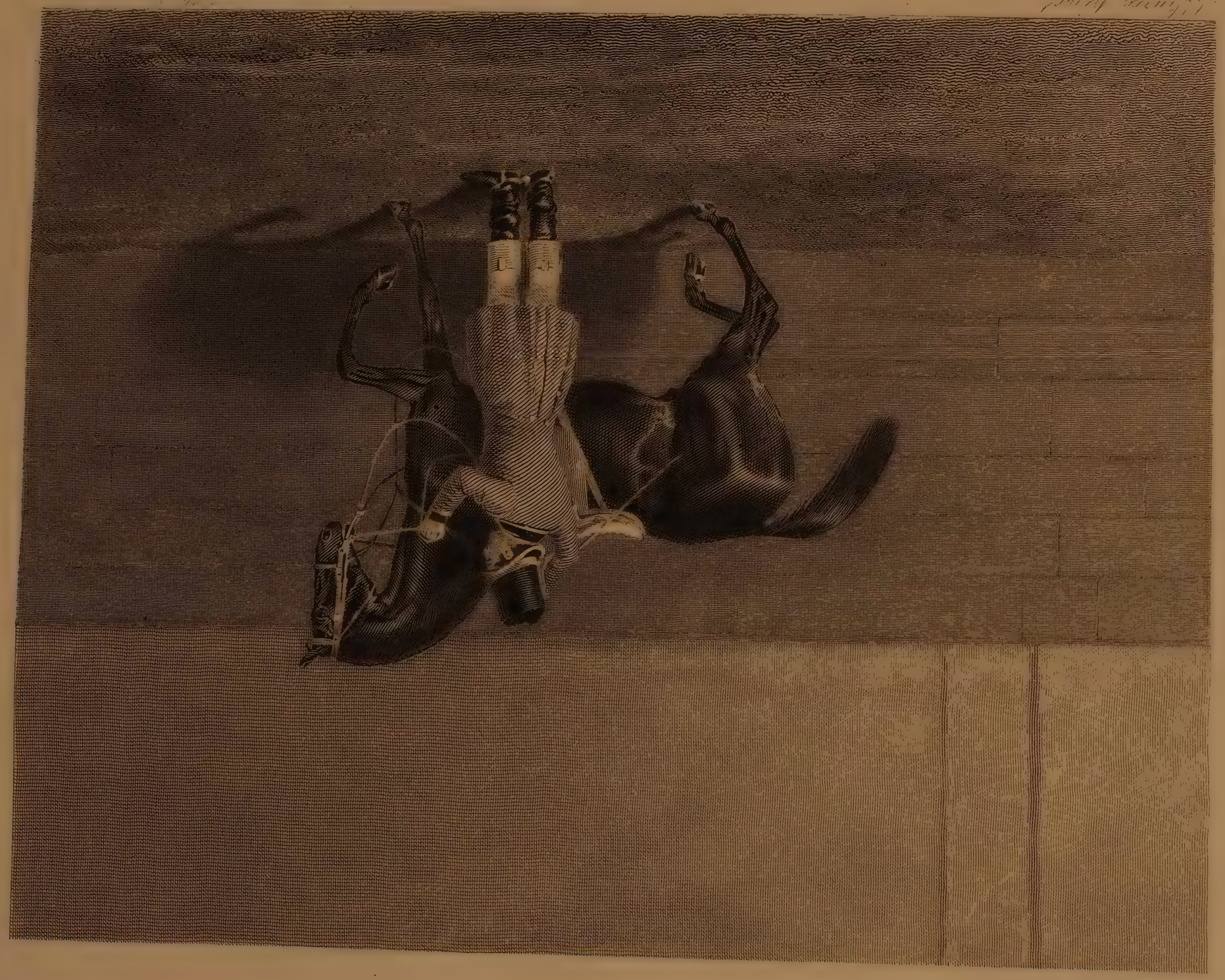
A FAVOURITE SADDLE HORSE OF HER MAJESTY.

THE subject of our present engraving,—Her Majesty's honoured favourite, Tartar, seems certainly to show a consciousness of the royal favour conferred upon him,—both by his form and bearing; and, loyally and heartily do we wish. that he may long proudly carry himself under the gracious sovereign,—who permits him to be her favourite horse. How perfect he is as a fine light compact graceful animal!—What beauty in his arched and crested neck!—What delicacy of head!—What arms—hocks and feet!—What beauty of back and quarters! Who would not rejoice at *catching such a Tartar!*

Tartar is a dark brown horse, aged about ten years; in height 15 hands 1 inch. He is from "Erin's Green Isle,"—a land which never furnished a bad horse. Lord Crofton had the *honour* of being the breeder. From his Lordship's hands, he passed into those of the Marquis of Conyngham; who, discerning his fine powers and tractability,—and beauty; parted with him to those empowered to select for her Majesty's stable. He is now the Queen's petted saddle-horse; and his action is perfect!

Tartar is an *educated* horse,—as all horses should be, that are admitted into such illustrious society. The position chosen in the picture, from which the engraving has been taken, is the *Piafe.* To those not versed in the exercises and spaces of the *manêge*, we may be excused for mentioning that the *Piafe* is the raising alternately of the feet,—neither advancing nor retreating,—*dancing* in fact, on one spot of ground; the purport of which is chiefly to throw the horse on his haunches, and to give suppleness of limb.

The back-ground is part of the interior of the Royal Riding House, at the Queen's Mews,—where that admirable and skilful horsewoman, Miss Quentin, prepares the horses for her Majesty's riding.



TARTAR.

Her Majesty's Favorite Saddle Horse.

WAPITI DEER.

WAPITI DEER.

The head of the Wapiti resembles that of the common American deer and of the horse; but it is pointed, and is in its action like the camel. The legs are admirably formed for strength and activity, resembling those of the race-horse, particularly the hinder legs.

The Wapiti has an oblique slit or opening under each eye, of nearly an inch long, which appears to be an auxiliary nostril. The animal has no voice like the horse or the ox, and this organ seems to be given him as a compensation, for with it he can make a noise or loud whistle.

The Wapiti have the cloven foot and chew the cud like an ox; but they have the bridle tusk like the horse. The Wapiti are about twelve years old before they come to maturity, and they are then about sixteen hands high. Their horns, which are nearly five feet in length, weigh upwards of fifty pounds. They live to a great age, so that the Indians, when speaking of an old man, say he is as old as a Wapiti. The food of the Wapiti, in a domestic state, is the same as the horse; and they are, if properly managed, as tractable.

The Wapiti is justly esteemed the pride of the American forest, and is the handsomest and most noble quadruped yet discovered in that country.

WILD DUCK SHOOTING.

"Wild Duck oh!"—Country Cry.

I once went out to shoot wild duck,
It was a wild goose chase!
I never shall forget the time,
And less forget the place.
'Twas night, and in an osier bed
On sheets of snow lay we;
I never felt so cold as in
That fleecy osiery.

For full two hours in that sad spot
Stock still did we remain:
My blood was chilled, I tried to make
It circulate in vein.
Our conversation was quite low—
"Don't speak a word!" cries Will;
But ah! my teeth, poor shiv'ring things!
My teeth would chatter still.

Our dog lay panting at our feet,
As sly as any fox,
Covered, like Bramah's windows, with
Impenetrable locks.
No sound was heard but the rippling wave,
And the cattle bellowing harsh;
Such "water-music" I don't like,
Nor yet such *Rans des Vaches*.

I'd often felt the toils of sport,
As well as other men,
But never knew I in my life
Such shooting pains as then.
My limbs were all in Limbo put,
A cruel fate indeed!
And though I was beau-legged before,
I now became knock-kneed.

At length we heard a rushing wing;
And after that a quack;
But couldn't see the ducks alight,
It was so very dark.

We fir'd, however—slap—pop—bang—
And echo fired again.
What echo kill'd I cannot say,
But we kill'd nought, I ken.

"Come, now let's go!"—"I can't," cried I,
And roared like any bull,
"I'm numb all o'er, numb feet, numb legs,
Numb hands, numb arms, numb scull!
I'm overpowered by numbers—oh!
My shivering increases!
And this blow'd wind, I fear, will soon
Shiver me to pieces!"

Then Will pull'd out a brandy flask,
I bless'd the ruby store,
And such a game of draughts we play'd
As ne'er was played before.
The spirits in that deep red sea
(Dear Will had laid 'em in it)
We gobbled up, like goblins as
They were, in half a minute.

But when we tried to walk off home
We lost our way. Cried I,
"No duck shall e'er catch me again
At such night errantry."
The stars they looked like diamonds
Bedecking night's dark air;
But ah! we were "*non compass*," and
For them wé didn't care.

I never met with such a night
In all my days before;
We signalized ourselves with shouts
Till we could shout no more.
And when we had no longer bawls,
We tried what shots would do,
Firing away our *feux de joies*,
Whose joys, alas! were few.

Our friends distinctly heard the shots,
But dreamt not of our fuss;
They thought we'd glorious sport; 'twas sport
To them, but death to us.
At last I fell in a sunk fence,
'Twas ankle-deep in water,
"Ha-ha!" cried Will, and I got out
"In most admired disorder."

Just then the wind came whistling on.
As sharp as any thistle;
And then the sleet began to fall,
As tho' 'twould wet its whistle.
Our hearts were now no longer trump,
It was a joke no more;
And straightway we began to pray;
We'd only sworn before.

Then soon, in sweet monotony,
The curfew we heard ringing;
No song was e'er like that great bell's,
It's tenor solo singing.
Rejoicing now we hurried home,
By its lov'd accents led,
Where, as we brought no ducks to roast,
They roasted us instead.

SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

Spaniel.